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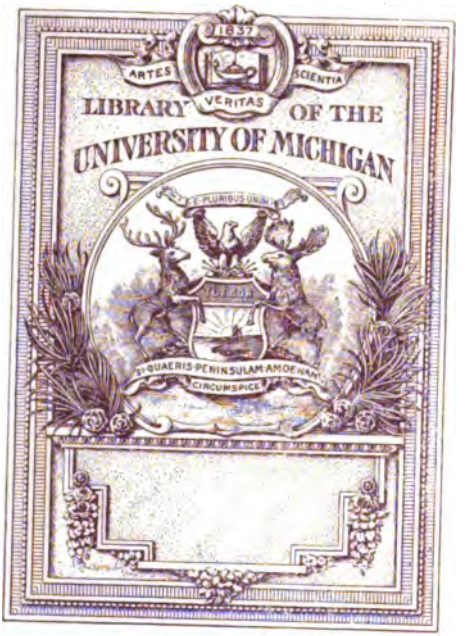
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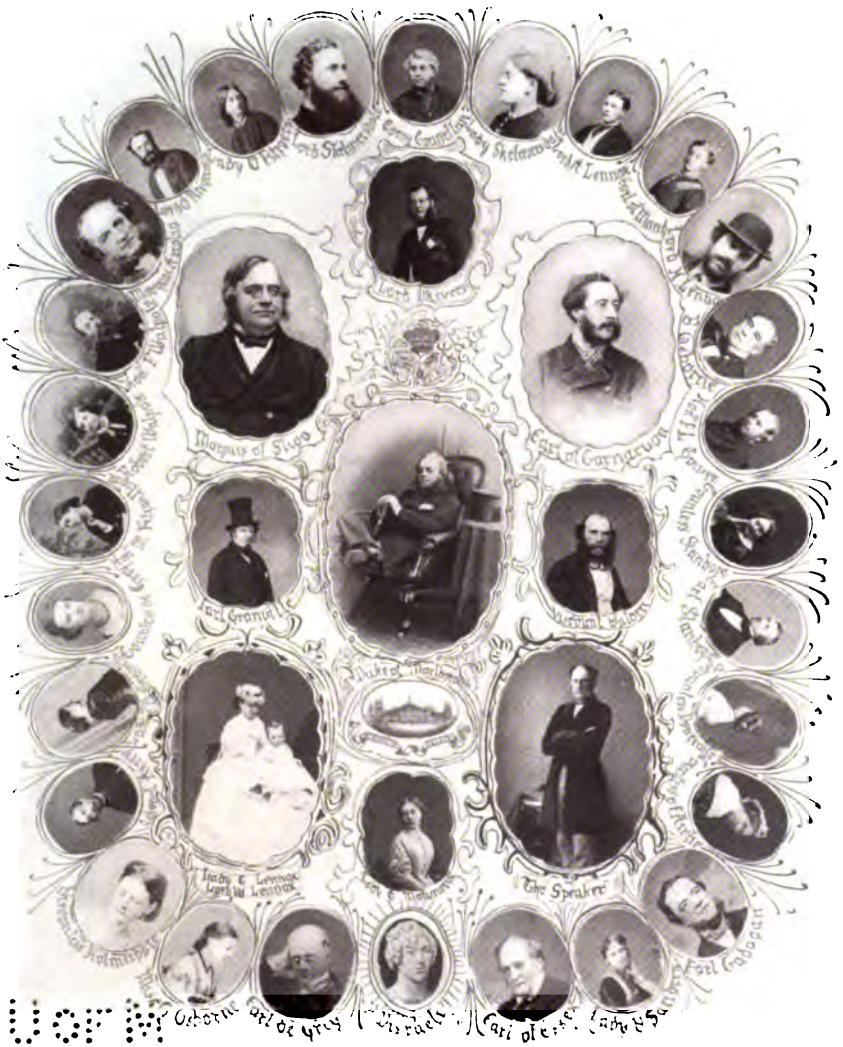

A PAGE FROM THE PAST

UNDER FIVE REIGNS

BY

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

EDITED BY HER SON

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
THE JOHN LANE COMPANY
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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THIS volume has been written in the hope that it may prove of interest to the many readers who welcomed my *Reminiscences* published four years ago.

Since that time I have come across further notes and letters connected with the social life of the Victorian and Edwardian eras, a number of which it seemed to me might not prove unacceptable to that indulgent public which accorded my previous effort such an encouraging and kindly reception.

Dorothy Neville
July 1910

215472

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UNDER FIVE REIGNS

I

Old days in Dorsetshire — Children of the past — Amateur authors—Sir John Mitchel—Mr. Bellendon Ker—Coaching days —Puddletown Church — Ruthless restoration — Election humour — A cool tailor — The butler's mistake — Anecdotes — Old country life — The "Grand Duke" — Old-fashioned Radicalism — Political turncoats — The Peerage — "L'appétit vient en mangeant."

MUCH of my childhood was spent in Dorsetshire, at Ilsington House, a fine old place, with a porch and walls on each side down to the road. The Walpoles had long owned this estate, though they had seen very little of it. For years before we went to live there it had been let to a General Grant—a great friend of King George III, and here was brought up the General's adopted son, Thomas Grant, of sporting celebrity.

Those were the days when bad taste reigned supreme—poor satin-wood furniture enjoyed a great vogue. There was a great upholsterer, called Dowbiggin, who must have profited hugely by this, for most of the splendid old furniture in numberless country houses was either consigned to the attics or sold, its place being taken by tasteless

satin-wood suites. My father shared the prevailing craze, though he abstained from discarding some very beautiful French tapestry chairs and sofas at Wolterton, our Norfolk home. Well do I remember pondering over the designs from Æsop's Fables which ornamented the seats and backs. This was the suite which fetched some six thousand guineas at the Amherst sale last year—Lord Amherst had bought it at my father's death about fifty years ago for something under five hundred pounds.

At Ilsington my father conducted his operations in much the same way as in Norfolk, but there he could not do so much harm, as, with the exception of three magnificent pieces of tapestry, there was little of value to discard. Eventually, however, he did remove these tapestries, evidently designed for the room in which they hung, to Norfolk. They are now, I must add, in the possession of Colonel Walpole, of Heckfield Place, Hants. Embellished with an ornate border, and bearing the Walpole arms, the designs represent various phases of the battle of Solebay, the ships engaged in that sea-fight being most artistically depicted. These tapestries are English, and, I believe, were woven at Mortlake, being signed Poyntz, as is a similar piece of tapestry, which does not bear the Walpole arms, at Hampton Court. This latter piece, I may add, is the only other tapestry of this kind of which I have ever heard.

Ilsington had once been famous for its many gardens, but as I remember the place as a child,

there was but one dear little garden surrounded by a box hedge. The estate, together with another at Heanton, in Devonshire—sold long ago—had come into our family through a marriage with Baroness Clinton and Trefusis, and had been rather neglected by the Walpoles, who were always more attached to Norfolk. The eccentric Lord Orford, who sold the Houghton gallery, never saw his property in Devonshire at all—he did once determine to make an expedition to these domains, and ordered his seats in the West country to be aired and prepared for his reception, his lawyer, Lucas, being dispatched to notify his arrival and invite the neighbouring gentry to the ceremony of inauguration. Lord Orford himself followed, but never got any farther than the town of Puddletown, where he changed his mind and returned to his favourite abode, a parsonage hovel in the fens at Criswell, in Suffolk. The Devonshire property ceased to belong to our family long ago, but Lady Clinton told me that relics of the Walpoles, in the shape of coats of arms and the like, still remain there. Ilsington my brother sold to the late Mr. Brymer, and so ended our connection with a county which has always been very dear to me.

My brother parted with this property for no pressing reason. He did not share my sentimental attachment to the place. As a matter of fact, not a few owners of old domains seem to set less value upon the associations connected with them than is generally supposed. Many even, when forced to sell, bear the loss of their ancestral acres with

considerable fortitude. Perhaps, as was once wittily said, they have a lively sense of how little they have done for their estates, and in consequence part with them with a proportionate degree of indifference.

Our main amusements at Ilsington consisted in long and delightful rides, which my sister and I took with my father all over the lovely wild country, as it was in those far-away days before it had been defiled by horrible villas and worse cottages—lovely breezy rides they were, and full of interest to us children, who loved to explore the spots frequented by smugglers in the good old days.

How beautiful Dorsetshire seemed to us, with its breezy commons and heaths purpled over with the bloom of the heather, or shining with the golden blossoms of that English furze, before which Linnæus fell down in admiration on his knees, when he first beheld what had been to him an unknown plant, "to thank God for its beauty."

One of our greatest pleasures, I remember, was to ride over to Frampton, a charming old house, formerly belonging to Sir Colquhoun Grant, whose only daughter had married Mr. Sheridan. The latter, a most delightful, courtly-mannered man, was the brother of the three beautiful sisters who became the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Dufferin, and Mrs. Norton, all three of them most gifted women.

Children at that time were kept in great order, and generally forbidden to do anything they par-

ticularly liked—more, I think, on general principle than for any sufficient reason. Their books were then of a totally different sort from those of to-day; most of them contained poetry, or rather versification, inculcating good behaviour, especially with regard to that moderation which childhood usually, and perhaps not unnaturally, abominates. The highly salutary precepts enjoined in books such as Mrs. Turner's *Cautionary Stories*, were in great favour with parents. Some of the lines in this volume with regard to gluttony are highly characteristic of infantile education as it was understood in the past—

> "Mamma, why mayn't I, when I dine,
> Eat ham and goose, and drink port wine?
> And why mayn't I, as well as you,
> Eat pudding, soup, and mutton, too?"

Then comes the quiet dignity of the reply—

> "Because, my dear, it is not right,
> To spoil the youthful appetite."

The daily life of a child seventy years ago or so was of a far simpler description than at present, when even quite small children are in something of touch with public events. Unlike the young people of to-day, who regard their elders with good-humoured toleration, if not with a feeling of positive superiority, we stood in awe of our older relatives; as for our parents, their wishes were regarded more or less as irrevocable decrees.

My father was an autocrat, whose rule over his family was absolutely unquestioned. Well do I

remember how, at breakfast (which all of us were always expected to attend), my mother would on certain days catch my eye and significantly look down at her plate where her knife and fork had been carefully crossed—a sign to the family that its head was in no mood for conversation. My father, though a most good-natured man, was at times easily roused to temporary fury by anything which clashed with his mood. How angry he got, for instance, when Sir John Mitchel (a neighbour of ours in Dorsetshire, and married to our cousin) suggested that he should purchase a copy of a historical novel which he had just published, *Henry of Monmouth, or the Field of Agincourt.* It was in three volumes, which cost a guinea and a half, a price which aroused in my father the most excessive expressions of indignation. In those days amateur authors, who wrote books, did all they could to sell them amongst their friends, who were, much to their disgust, coerced into buying them. At Ilsington we used to see something of a Mr. Bellendon Ker, who in 1837 published a work which Lord Brougham described as being either a dream or a miracle. Mr. Ker, though a most amiable and good-natured man, was from a social point of view something of an infliction, for he was so deaf that it was painful to converse with him. However, this disturbed him little, for what he liked best was for others to sit and listen. One of his favourite theories was that all Dr. Johnson's derivations were wrong, and that in consequence of his researches an entirely new dictionary of the

English language must be written. He also made considerable researches into the history of nursery rhymes, as to the origin of which he held some very original theories.

Though fond of everything connected with his estates, my father cared little for a rural existence. He was full of superabundant nervous energy, which found little outlet in the country, and therefore took the form of house alteration, building, or cutting down or planting trees—he was never at rest. A great deal of his time, when not engaged in carrying out some new plan, was passed with my sister and myself—his babies, as he called us—with whom he constantly went for long rides, and whose studies he supervised—a somewhat queer occupation for one whose principal interest really lay in the racehorses which proved so disastrous to his pocket. His thoughts were always running on the turf, and pleading some excuse or other, he would, full of eagerness, dash off by the coach on his way to London and to Newmarket, the ever-delusive Mecca of his dreams. Here, as a general rule, alas! his racehorses failed to win. This, however, he bore with cheerful equanimity, though at times he had very bad luck, being second in a great many races. So much so was this the case, that when one of his horses did win a big race, he made the remark, "I see I am out of my place." This cheerfulness about his horses was, however, more conspicuous abroad than at home, and his love of the Turf caused us all some very gloomy moments—in fact, so vivid are my recollections of the unpleasant

impressions produced by his racing defeats, that I have ever since retained a great dislike for this very costly sport, which has been the ruin of so many old families. My father, I must add, owing to the vivacious originality of his disposition, did not give himself the best possible chance of proving a successful owner. At times he would even go so far as to run his horses when they were quite out of condition, whilst, when in the mood, he would back very indifferent animals, provided they were his own, for sums quite out of proportion to their chance of winning. Nevertheless, he had his occasional triumphs—he won one or two classic races, and was only just beaten for the Derby.

Like most people fond of excitement he took care not to remain in the country for any length of time, though he thought it an admirable place for his family. In spite of the failings I have described we were devoted to him, and looked forward to his coming. How carefully we studied the time of the Magnet coach's arrival in order to rush across the fields to greet him! At that time the glories of the road had not entirely departed, though coach proprietors had ceased to make large sums of money, as in the days when the old Weymouth Union left London at three o'clock in the afternoon and snailed it down to Weymouth at three the next day, a rate of progression which caused the stock to last for years. At one time a stage or two of a coach was a regular little fortune, and it was notorious that a certain Mayor on the Western Road got about forty

miles of an old coach's journey as his wife's dowry.

My father was very unconventional in his ways, and never troubled to move his household during the constant alterations which he liked making in his country houses. At Ilsington he set afoot a veritable internal reconstruction, and took away all the old windows, through the unglazed frames of which the wind used to blow clouds of dust. The only reception room for a time was our schoolroom, and here he received Colonel Chatterton and his wife, who came over from Dorchester, where the former commanded the 6th Dragoon Guards (now the Carbineers). The gallant soldier in question must have been considerably astonished at the sort of house to which a noble Earl invited them. Well do I remember how delighted we children were when we rode into the old Dorsetshire town to see the red coats of the soldiers, for in those days (1836) these Dragoons were not dressed in blue, which they only assumed some twenty years later for the purpose, it was said, of putting money into the pockets of some military tailor who managed to influence the authorities. The officers' full dress at that time was gorgeous—huge golden epaulettes and crested Roman helmets. It is sad to think that of all these magnificent warriors who so pleased my childish eyes not one can be alive now.

The neighbourhood round Ilsington was very primitive in its ways at that time, many of the villagers being employed in the button industry—

"buttony," of which I spoke in my former volume. Within recent years some attempt has, I believe, been made to revive button-making near Blandford, but the modern hand-made buttons cannot, of course, be compared with the old ones produced by workers who were carrying on artistic traditions bequeathed to them by their ancestors of hundreds of years ago.

Not very far from Ilsington is the quaint old town of Puddletown, which, I believe, took its name from the de Pydeles, one of those Norman families which came into England with the Conqueror. The church is particularly interesting, being one of the very few unrestored ones in Dorsetshire—a county which has suffered terribly at the hands of the restorer.

But a short time ago I was pained to hear a rumour that this dear old church, with its old-fashioned oak seating and pews (in one of which, belonging to Ilsington House, I sat as a child over seventy years ago), was about to undergo restoration, and I trembled for the quaint gallery bearing the Royal arms in which, as I perfectly remember, sat the village talent which contributed the music. I was, however, somewhat relieved to learn that the proposed alterations were to consist merely in the prolongation of the chancel and side aisle to their (supposed) original length. The ancient interior fittings, I was told, would be left practically untouched, whilst the sounding-board which was formerly suspended over the pulpit is to be replaced. At the time I am writing I have

still some hope that the hand of the restorer may be altogether stayed—amongst others my friend Sir Frederick Treves, the author of a most delightful book about Dorsetshire, has publicly protested against what seems in reality to be an uncalled-for alteration. How much harm, alas! has been done to English village churches by well-meaning people, only too frequently clergymen, animated by the desire of setting their mark upon some ancient building, where the handiwork of successive generations conveyed the impression of an unbroken continuity.

If only because Puddletown Church is the church of Mr. Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*, it should be left untouched.

Nothing is more deplorable than the havoc which has been wrought by restorers upon village churches, and as a rule they have been absolutely ruthless as regards the quaint old inscriptions, many of them no doubt the work of an unlettered muse, which nevertheless possessed an old-world charm of their own which caught the attention and perhaps served their purpose of teaching the rustic moralist to die.

There is indeed much truth in the saying that when the restorer comes in by the door good taste and sense generally fly out of the window.

Restorations generally entail the destruction of much that recalls the life of the past; too often, indeed, woodwork of the highest artistic value is ruthlessly discarded,—witness the case of the fine panelling in the Winchester College Chapel, which

some thirty years ago was ruthlessly discarded in favour of modern so-called Gothic work. The fine old panelling in question is now one of the principal art treasures of Hursley Park, not very many miles away from Winchester. The memory of the vandalism displayed by the College authorities in this matter should be kept green as a warning to all restorers.

In Puddletown Church is the tomb of the last of the Martins, a family founded by "Martin of Tours," which occupies the south-west corner of the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, known as the Athelhampton aisle. Within recent years the chapel in question, which had been sadly neglected by successive generations, has been once again placed in thorough repair by the owner of Athelhampton Hall, Mr. de La Fontaine, who has enriched it by a beautiful window of stained glass. The tomb of Nicholas Martin, with its three monkeys or "martins segeant," bears this epitaph, "Nicholas ye first and Martin ye last. Good-night, Nicholas." A somewhat humorous but sad contrast to the pious inscription on the brass to an earlier member of the family.

Churches are often restored in memory of some celebrated person who attended service there, the main object, as a rule, seemingly being to obliterate everything connected with the individual somewhat dubiously honoured. Thus St. Nicholas's Church, Brighton, was entirely transformed in memory of the great Duke of Wellington, and the church at Burnham Thorpe presents quite a different appearance

to that which it did in Nelson's day. In most cases the very pew in which some celebrated individual sat has been cut down or removed—surely a strange and inappropriate way of honouring the illustrious dead?

Athelhampton Hall, not very far away (now, owing to its owner's good taste, again one of the most picturesque and beautiful houses in Dorsetshire), was for a time the property of the fifth Earl of Mornington, great-nephew of the "Iron Duke." This house, it is curious to note, has only changed hands three times through purchase since it was built at the end of the fifteenth century. As a child I remember it a deserted and seemingly ruined building used as a farm. The garden was a wilderness, through which cattle roamed right up to the door. The whole of the ancient structure, however, was then in existence, and as lately as the year 1862 the house and quadrangles seem to have remained practically untouched. In that year, however, the chapel gatehouse, together with the enclosing walls of the two front quadrangles, and part of the house were pulled down—the present stables being built from the stones of the gatehouse.

During my childhood at Ilsington the vicar of Puddletown was of the fox-hunting sort, quite different to the modern conception of a clergyman. He was popular enough with his parishioners, though I suspect he never saw half of them till they came up to be buried.

Country life was very different in those days. The whole time and attention of the country gentry and farmers were absorbed in local affairs,

to them a source of pleasure as well as of profit. It was a prosperous period, and the leisure which prosperity engendered had not yet begun to give that taste for luxuries which is such a feature of the present age. The men fished, shot, hunted, raised and sold stock, sowed and reaped, and in their own way looked after their families; this, with a little parish business, and an occasional county election, made up their life. On the whole, though party feeling ran high, faint interest was taken in politics as compared with now. Elections, however, were lively enough, so lively, indeed, that they often degenerated into a sort of saturnalia.

The rough humour which was such a prominent feature of old-time elections is now more or less a thing of the past, politics being taken more seriously than of yore. Occasionally, however, a humorous incident enlivens party warfare. We have all heard of the old lady who, attending a funeral, and being told Mr. Gladstone was present, said, "Oh, I do hope he won't make a disturbance!"

At Ipswich during the present elections (January 1910) curiously enough an old lady also distinguished herself in somewhat the same way. Great crowds having assembled, she was convinced that this was caused by the opening of the Quarter Sessions.

"They are only waiting for Mr. Balfour," said an acquaintance.

"Well," replied she, "I suppose if the poor man has done anything wrong he'll have to suffer for it now."

Great families used formerly to regard certain

seats in Parliament almost as their own property, and Peers often forced their eldest sons into politics against their will.

Directly my father determined that my eldest brother should stand for the division of Norfolk over which he exerted considerable political influence, the latter wrote from Dresden, where he then was, that illness prevented his return to England. This caused considerable annoyance to an impatient electorate, anxious to catch a glimpse of their new member, who, himself hating politics, was not at all eager to see them. My brother was not the only unwilling aspirant for parliamentary honours. At that time the sons of peers were often practically forced to stand by their fathers for constituencies which they had never visited, for which reason the Tories were often twitted by the Whigs for electing, what they called, "invisible members."

Such men of the people who took any serious interest in political matters were generally self-educated—strong, rugged individuals, personalities of which the type has to-day become extinct. When the State left children to themselves—and a great many parents followed the example of the State—there was, no doubt, a great deal of ignorance and a large tract of brain lay fallow. Here and there, however, as if to compensate for this, a boy or man took the work into his own hands, and educated himself; and of all modes of education this, if not the best, is the most fruitful in results.

The spirit of the age favoured individualism

far more than is the case to-day, and independence of character was to be found amongst every class.

A conspicuous example of this was the tailor who, after a great political meeting in a country town, pushed his way up to Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Cardwell, both of whom had for some reason exhibited nervousness in the course of their speeches, and said—

"You thought too 'ighly of 'em, gentlemen. When I speaks to such a crowd, I treats them just as so many cabbage stalks."

The landowners in Dorsetshire lived on very pleasant terms with the peasantry in old days, and mutual sympathy prevailed, which is now, I fear, somewhat rare. Only a short time ago I heard that the present owner of a certain country house had created a most unfavourable impression in the district. In former days a number of aged women of the village close by were allowed, after a storm, to collect the wood and sticks which had been blown down in the garden. This kindly permission has now been revoked, and when, after a gale, the aged dames arrived according to custom, they were roughly ordered away by the new squire, who declared that he was not going to have any widows on his lawn. It is by acts such as this that socialists are created, and the good feeling formerly prevailing between landlord and tenant destroyed.

There was a good deal of originality, which sometimes merged into eccentricity, amongst the county gentlemen of the Victorian Age. One of

these, an old baronet, noted for his contempt of convention, arrived from a visit to London one autumn evening to find that the temperature was distinctly low. Seized with a bright idea, he bade the coachman, who had come to meet him in a dog-cart, take off his livery greatcoat, which the baronet put on, and drove off, the coachman being told to remain in the waiting-room till the trap and his greatcoat were sent back to fetch him. Arrived at his mansion, the owner, who, it should be added, had on a top-hat, was greeted by the butler at the door with "Well, what have you done with the old devil? I suppose he's missed the train." "I am the old devil," was the reply, "and you go to-morrow." Knowing the pompous character of the baronet, the incident amused me very much—a good deal more than it did a friend of mine, a rather straitlaced peer, at whose luncheon table I once mentioned it, with the result that my host and his family seemed very shocked—the only person, indeed, who showed any signs of amusement was the French governess, whose eyes twinkled as, following the example of her very-well-brought-up charges, she looked down at her plate.

There were many queer characters who lived in the country in those days, and some of the individuals who had, owing to their worldly means, contrived to push through the barriers with which at that time the aristocracy still fenced themselves in, were absurdly pompous. Such an one was a certain landowner who, himself of plebeian descent, had married the daughter of a peer—he was so

proud of this that he made it an invariable rule to speak of his wife as Lady ——. If a neighbour asked him, "How's your wife?" it was well known that the reply would be, "Lady ——, I thank you, is in perfect health," or "Lady ——, I thank you, is slightly indisposed," as the case might be; but one thing was certain, he would never speak of her as "she" or "my wife," for her title was sacrosanct to this gentleman, who was a good deal of a dandy, always wearing lavender kid gloves and rather affecting to despise country ways and habits, for which reason the countryside was vastly amused at a great rebuff which he received.

Having business to transact in the local town, this gentleman deigned to take lunch at the local hostelry, an old inn presided over by a landlord of considerable character, who was by no means prepared to regard this visit as the great condescension which his fine visitor considered it to be.

Drawing off his lavender gloves he somewhat disparagingly surveyed the room, and after a few inquiries for dishes which could not be provided, ordered a pint of wine and a chop. When, however, this arrived he found it anything but to his taste, and, sending for the landlord, told him it was execrable. The latter, who was in no way impressed by his guest, declared that all the local squires had lunched at his inn, and were satisfied with what was served to them. "As, however," he added, "you don't appear to like our cooking, and kick up such a fuss about this chop, I shan't charge you anything —I make you a present of it."

Completely horrified at the man's assurance, the visitor was about to make a dignified reply, when, to his horror, a bumptious old waiter entered and said, "Your missus 'as called for you," an announcement which filled the poor dandy's cup of sorrow to the brim.

In the vanished past, not only did all classes below the highest aristocracy mix and mingle much more easily than they do now, but the trading classes in country towns, at least, and the working class approached very closely to each other, an association which is unheard of at the present day. There was, indeed, no great social gap between a well-to-do merchant and his housemaid or shop boys. They all dined together in the kitchen, and often passed the evening in the same apartment. The middle class in the country had not yet taken that upward bound which has carried it to the very top of the tree, and the labouring classes had not yet begun a descent which has brought the great mass of them to a condition perpetually verging upon pauperism. The old-fashioned agricultural labourer, though receiving a very scant wage, lived happily enough—his wants were few, and landlords were kind to him in many small ways, which were highly appreciated. A number of these labourers working for small farmers were fed in the houses of their employers, who were not much superior to them in manners or in education. It was the period, perhaps, when the relations of the farmer and the labourer were closest to each other. The time was yet to come when they were to drift into the present

condition of latent antagonism. The farmer of to-day has a hard struggle to maintain his position, and the more enterprising spirits eventually relinquish agriculture for some more profitable calling which enables them to rise in the social scale. The agricultural labourer, on the other hand, tends to sink into apathetic pauperism, for he has little chance of laying by a sufficiency for his old age, though in recent times his wages have become larger, whilst the conditions of his existence have been greatly improved.

Many things, however, have occurred to make him discontented with his lot, and the life of cities attracts him as a candle does a moth.

Formerly the countryman rather despised town life, and owing to various causes his existence was more satisfying than it is to-day, when the unexciting news of the countryside has ceased to arouse anything but a languid interest amongst the well-to-do. Every little country town was formerly a real centre of vitality, and its shops did a thriving business, which enabled their owners to live and die well assured of their own and their children's moderate prosperity. In a great measure, of course, they depended upon the local gentry for support, who in turn depended upon the land. To-day the local gentry, when able to reside on their estates, procure most of their supplies from the huge emporiums in town, and the village shops generally find considerable difficulty in maintaining a mere existence. Many of these modest establishments had passed for generations from father to son, but

this state of affairs, except in rare instances, has also ceased, for young men of intelligence are naturally eager to go out into the world and attempt to snatch a prize from the lucky-bag of urban toil and excitement.

In the thirties and forties of the last century there was a good deal of poverty amongst the labouring classes. The following letter, written to my mother-in-law about 1839, touches on this question, and suggests a remedy which a certain number of landed proprietors were already trying to adopt—

ASHGROVE COTTAGE
February 25th

Your letters are always most welcome to me, dear Mrs. Nevill, as they never fail assuring me of his Lordship's good health, which we drank *last Thursday*, I don't doubt in unison with many who must be praying for its longest possible continuance. Certainly there are few whose power extends so far and wide as Lord Abergavenny, in employing great numbers of people upon his estates, but if all Proprietors of Land would do the same *in Proportion* we should not be stunned by such lives of poverty as at present, and which I fear are in general but too well founded. At the same time I am always sorry to read our neighbour, Lord Stanhope's, inflammatory speeches on the subject, which are indiscreet and dangerous. His temper is so violent, that if he begins right he is sure to end wrong. We had a letter from his Lady a while ago to announce their Expectation of an Heir Lady Mahon

is in the way to produce, which they have been in anxious Hopes and Fears about for some time. People are looking out now for Lord Essex's marriage with Miss Stephens which has been so long predicted and they say will certainly take place. If she should produce him an Heir it will be a terrible Blow upon the Capels. I saw him last year at Cashiobury and he really does not appear as old as the Peerage makes him by a dozen years at least. Miss Stephens was staying in the House. She has very pretty pleasing Manners and I daresay has good sense enough to make her way very well in the great World. Lord Essex was very kind to my poor crazy Cousin Sir John Lade, and particularly so in helping forward his Petition for a Continuation of his Pension, which he was in the utmost Anxiety about the last Time I saw him in Town just before I came here the End of October and both Lord Anglesea and Lord Sefton were always kind Friends to him.

Poor Creature, his Case indeed was truly deplorable! Reduced by Vice and Folly to a state of actual Poverty, for the last five-and-twenty years of his Life, or even more—after coming into the World with a Strength of Constitution and a Splendor of Fortune that it took nearly sixty years of his mad Career to destroy! This very severe Winter has carried off a great many in delicate Health, both of young and old.

Henry, Earl of Abergavenny, spoken of in this letter, was a well-known character in Sussex. As

an old man he seldom left the precincts of Eridge Park, and when he drove out did so in the old style of a coach and four. A confirmed valetudinarian, he was nevertheless of autocratic character, which had procured him the nickname of the "Grand Duke." He thoroughly realised the responsibilities which a large landowner should undertake, and took the greatest interest in the affairs of the country, as the following, written by a cousin, Mr. Edward Walpole, shows—

You did not tell me on what day the Ashburnham dinner was to take place. I am well pleased, for the credit of the Grand Duke, that he screwed up his courage to send the invitation, tho' as we say at the theatre, *on a very short notice*, because, as he has ridden the race over a course 82 years long like a perfect gentleman, one would be sorry he should flag, when (as in the course of nature he must be thought to be) he is within a distance of the winning post. I rather regret the prophet was not of the party: for I am sure he merits every mark of grace and attention from the Grand Duke. I think I should have substituted his name for that of Dr. Thompson, but I suppose the Grand Duke resembles another celebrated Governour, namely, Sancho Panza, and cannot dine, unless his physician be present.

The steam engine first roused the countryside from its old condition of not unprosperous torpor,

and now the motor car is completing the work, and soon in all England no sleepy hollow will be left.

The opposition to railroads was not confined to any particular class, and agriculturists were particularly violent against them. At first there were a good many cases of cattle straying on to the line, which produced violent denunciations from local papers, one of which once became so excited that it said that, owing to the new-fangled invention, an inoffensive cow had been cut into calves!

The staunch old Tories of the past who looked askance at the progress of steam were in some respects not so short-sighted as they seemed—they maintained that railways would destroy the old English country life which, with but slight change, had endured for generations, and time has proved that they were right. The pleasant relations which formerly existed between landlord and tenant are now, except in a few instances, things of the past, whilst the time seems rapidly approaching when class will regard class with feelings of dislike on the one side, and hatred on the other. The good fellowship formerly prevailing between high and low is gone.

Some sixty or seventy years ago Radicals were looked upon by the county gentry as dangerous and ferocious men, with principles nearly allied to Atheism and Republicanism. The local conception of a Radical had been formed in the early days of the nineteenth century, when Crown and Church and Aristocracy were all-powerful, and the

excesses of the French Revolution had created such a strong feeling against popular concessions that a group of men had arisen who had been driven into the opposite extreme of thinking that liberty could only be secured by a Republic, and that Monarchy was another name for despotism. Nevertheless, such Radicalism was of quite a harmless kind, it was often merely academic and literary rather than political. It showed itself in quotations from Milton, and, above all, from Shakespeare and the classics, to which no one would probably listen in these days.

On the other hand there were a certain number of fighting stalwarts who lived almost isolated lives in an unsympathetic age.

Such Radicals as these remembered times when their forefathers had to contend with real dangers to liberty, of which a later generation remembered little, and were prepared to "champion" their principles to the bitter end. Exile and imprisonment, if not worse, were always in the probabilities of the "old Radical." No wonder they were a little stern and sour, and looked with a certain contempt on the Radicals of a later age, who had never known a Pitt or Castlereagh, nor faced an Ellenborough.

The old Tories would have regarded some of our modern Conservatives as violent revolutionaries. Compromise was not a popular word with them, and to do them justice they were thoroughly in earnest when they defended their somewhat narrow political convictions. Those who did change their

principles did not do so in the cynical manner of some latter-day politicians.

Within the last few years a certain number of Conservatives, perhaps inspired by the not very edifying example of Mr. Winston Churchill, have changed camps and become active workers for the Radical cause. The wife of a peer of this sort, now as ardent an admirer of the principles of Mr. Lloyd George as she had once been of those of Lord Salisbury, canvassing amongst her husband's tenants, met an old farmer to whom she expressed the hope that he was going to vote for the right side. "And what be that, my lady?" inquired the old man. "Why, the Liberals, of course," was the reply. "Well, my lady," said he, turning back the lapel of his coat and showing a Primrose badge, "twenty years ago you told me to vote for the Conservatives, and Conservative I be going to remain. I can't keep changing sides as easily as some people."

For a few political turncoats there is real excuse. One can hardly blame those whom one ministry have seen fit to throw overboard for having the strength to swim to the other side.

Then as now, of course, there were people who changed their political convictions on occasion, but they were more exposed to hearing unpleasant reflections upon their behaviour than is the case to-day.

Lord Alvanley once administered a rather crushing rebuke to Sir Francis Burdett, whose political views had changed. The liveries of both were light blue and silver, and one day Lord Alvanley said—

"We're always mistaken for each other. Couldn't we hit on a way to prevent it?" "I'm willing," replied the baronet, "if I only knew how." "Then I'll tell you," said Alvanley. "Make your people follow your own example and turn their coats—that will do it."

Much is heard as to the not very reputable origin of the large properties belonging to certain peers and dukes whose ancestors are supposed to have obtained them by no very scrupulous methods. As a matter of fact, most of the founders of wealthy families amassed their fortunes in quite respectable, if prosaic, trade, having been merely shrewd investors. The great Grosvenor fortune is a conspicuous instance of this.

To cite some other examples, the families of Cornwallis and Coventry, the Earls of Radnor, Essex, Dartmouth, Craven, Warwick, Tankerville, Pomfret, are respectively descended from a City merchant, a London mercer, a silk manufacturer, a City alderman, a member of the Skinners' Company, a merchant tailor (the "Flower of woolstaplers" Greville was called, from whom the Earl of Warwick is lineally descended), a mercer, and a Calais merchant, for such was Fermour, the ancestor of the Earls of Pomfret. He it was who had Will Somers in his service before the latter became fool to Henry the Eighth. This list might be enlarged to a very large extent, for good plain London citizens have been the ancestors of many peers of comparatively ancient creation.

Peerages have sometimes been acquired in

curious ways. When the head of a well-known West country family was raised to the Upper House a good deal of surprise was expressed at such a distinction being conferred upon him, for he had not rendered any particular services to his party, having lost practically every election he had contested. Lord Beaconsfield furnished me with the key to this enigma. "Well," said he, "we really did not know what to do with him, for he was positively doing us harm. Wherever he stood he was beaten, so at last we thought the best way to get rid of him would be to send him to the Upper House."

Many political peers have gone somewhat unwillingly to the Upper Chamber. Mr. Lowe was a case in point.

There was, I think, something of the Louis Quatorze spirit about Mr. Gladstone, and with a certain amount of reason he believed himself to be different from the ordinary run of humanity.

At the end of his career, before Mr. Lowe was made Lord Sherbrooke, Mr. Gladstone said to him, "You are too old to be in the Government; not but that you are younger than I—but then I am an exception!"

I fancy a good many politicians got their peerages because they were considered past work.

During the latter years of the Victorian Era a tendency to regard the Second Chamber as a place of retirement for politicians whose work was done began to increase, and it gradually became recognised

as a convenient retreat for men who were deemed ripe for the shelf.

After all, as an optimistic member of the House of Commons once remarked, the House of Lords is but a political long home, and we can all comfort ourselves that, though peers cannot return to us, we may all go to them.

Science and learning, though represented in the House of Lords, have not, some people think, obtained their due share of recognition. In all probability, in the case of the latter, this has done no great harm, for very learned men are not always fitted to exercise rule. In the case of science, however, it is a different matter, for the whole progress of the modern world really rests upon scientific discovery, invention, and organisation, the latter especially being of the highest importance, and surely a great biologist or authority on public health is fully as worthy of having a voice in the affairs of the nation as a successful manufacturer or employer of labour.

Of late years, however, I think the creation of certain peerages has impaired the prestige which was formerly attached to membership of the Upper House.

Some of the comments as to prospective peerages passed in modern days are instructive as to the way in which such matters are regarded. "I hear so-and-so is to be made a peer," we hear some one say. "Impossible," replies another, "he is really too bad; why, he can hardly speak English. Still, he has lots of money, and I am told is quite a nice

man. Besides, he is no worse than lots of others, and at any rate his wife is charming!"

Unquestionable qualifications, perhaps, for social popularity, but scarcely defensible credentials for being accorded a perpetual vote in deciding questions which may affect the destinies of the English people.

In old days there were occasional murmurings (and worse at the time of the first Reform Bill in 1832) against the House of Lords; but at heart the spirit of the country, with a certain number of fanatical exceptions, was scarcely hostile to the existence of such an institution. A great proportion of the peers were large landowners, and through various channels thoroughly in touch with the ideas of the inhabitants of certain tracts of country. To-day, except in a limited number of instances, all this is changed, and a totally different class has gradually assumed the functions of hereditary legislators. The enormous increase in the number of peers within the last hundred and fifty years is very striking.

In 1778 there were but two hundred and three, increased to two hundred and seventy-five by 1798, which caused a contemporary cynic to say that, at a period when scarcity was becoming general, there was at least one great reason to be thankful—the absolute impossibility of its extending to the members of the House of Lords.

Since then the list of peers has been gradually further augmented, till at the present time there are more than eight hundred upon the roll.

Both political parties, it is to be feared, have favoured the bestowal of an honour which should be reserved only for really distinguished men upon those who, in not a few instances, could show but well-filled money-bags as their credentials.

Except from the point of view that party funds must be kept in a flourishing condition at all costs, many creations of the last fifty years must seem totally unjustifiable, especially during an epoch which has boasted that it ever set worth before wealth.

There is some excuse, perhaps, for rewarding conspicuous services to one or other of the two great political parties with a peerage. A man who has fought many elections, and given his health and strength to such campaigns, may perhaps justly be considered worthy of being accorded a place in the gilded chamber as a reward for a strenuous career; but the bestowal of a peerage upon some rich millionaire of small attainments, or of no attainments at all, must seem to thoughtful people little short of a disgraceful scandal. Without doubt, it is the not infrequent occurrence of this sort of thing which has produced a certain feeling that the whole constitution of the Second Chamber requires revision.

If peerages are to be bought, as some have been, merely by money, the transaction should be openly tolerated, and a regular tariff set up, so that rich manufacturers, newly naturalised millionaires, and successful business men might, if they desired some

II

The last post-boy—The Derby Dilly—Steam packets—Travelling abroad—A silent Duke—Pretty customs—Picturesque Bavaria—An appropriate punishment—Anecdotes—An unfortunate inscription—Thiers and his schoolmaster—Prince Demidoff—"The common lot"—Lady Strachan's villa—Rome under Papal rule—Il conde Halifato.

A SHORT time ago I read that the oldest and really the last post-boy—John Wilson, of Dartford—had died at the age of ninety-six in Dartford Workhouse. He was described as having been a quaint figure, standing scarcely five feet, upon legs much bowed from many years of riding, during which he had been post-boy to the late Queen on several occasions on journeys from Dover to London. He worked at the Bull Hotel in Dartford, the famous old coaching house, still standing, I believe, with a gallery round the courtyard

Ultra Conservatives like Lord Brougham considered posting an agreeable relaxation. "Formerly," said he, "I could go eight or ten miles an hour along excellent roads, stay at excellent inns, could stop when convenient, and sleep when convenient." Had he survived to the present age of motor cars, this nobleman would have found all his requirements

once more realised, with the exception of excellent inns, of which there is indeed a sad lack in small country towns. It is curious that English hotel-keepers in general have not grasped the great opportunities for making money which modern accommodation and good, simple food would afford. Motorists in general, I fancy, would be prepared to spend a good deal more if their requirements were attended to in an attractive manner.

The last of the regular mail coaches would seem to have been the old Derby mail, which made its final journey out of Manchester in 1858. When the rivalry of rails and steam had run all other coaches off the road, the "Derby Dilly" still held its own, and the well-known route through Buxton and Bakewell to Rowsley could still boast its "four-in-hand," though the "team" was hardly equal to what had been seen when coaching was in its best days. It was thought that railways would not find their way through the Peak, but the Midland line penetrated as far as Rowsley in a short time, and in due course the London and North-Western reached Whaley Bridge on the other side, leaving but a short link to be filled up, when the last of the old four-in-hand mails succumbed to the competition of the iron horse.

In the early days of railways the population generally mistrusted the new mode of conveyance. Some of the poetical effusions which figured on triumphal arches during Royal visits in the early days of railways expressed this feeling. An

enthusiastic Birmingham tradesman, for instance—probably with a painful recollection of his own railway experiences—put up the following distich outside his shop—

> Hail to Prince Albert, the pride of the nation!
> May his journey be safe when he goes from the station!

Looking through an old chest of letters some time ago I came upon one which brought vividly to my mind those far-away days when railways hardly existed, and when travellers were exposed to inconveniences and adventures quite undreamt of at the present time. It was sent by my father to my sister and myself, at that time enjoying the delights of Ilsington, the sweet Dorsetshire home, which has now, alas! passed out of the possession of our family. The letter ran thus—

AIX LA CHAPELLE
5th July 1838

MY DEAREST BABIES,—You will be sorry to hear that I have lost everything brought with me from Dresden. My old family repeater, seals, £25 in gold and notes, several trinkets, all my papers and letters, plans of Ilsington estate, etc., with a good many clothes; they were in a portmanteau strapped behind, and safe till within a quarter of an hour from this town, when a peasant was seen to cut the straps about 5 o'clock in the day; since which nothing has been heard of them—numerous carts were passing and many persons at work on and near the roads. It is a very serious

REGINALD NEVILL

(FROM A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH MADE AT ERIDGE IN 1814)

Mau

loss to me, and added to a slight tendency to cholera has much annoyed me.

The loss of my things will perhaps detain me here for a few days, and delay my arrival in London; and what with illness, and these annoyances, I am quite unequal to any exertion.

Should anything be heard from Munich of the Countess of Richtberg's servant, Schmidt, let me know, for it is useless having such a fool as Newstead; the former ought not to have more than 16, or at most 17 florins per month with clothes and board. My best love to all.—Yours affectionately, ORFORD

In the early days of steam people regarded voyages in vessels propelled by the new method as hazardous in the extreme. In 1838 my future husband, Mr. Reginald Nevill, set out on a voyage in one of the new steam packets. His relatives were quite alarmed for his safety, as the following extract from a letter written by his uncle, Mr. Edward Walpole, shows. He wrote—

To tell the truth, before Reginald started, I was rather fidgety at the thought of his crossing the Bay of Biscay in a steamer, and am now the more thankful at his having done so with safety, as it appears a steam vessel called the *Royal Tar*, which lately sailed from Falmouth for Gibraltar, met with a violent storm in the bay and was all but lost. . . .

Passports were the curses of the traveller on the

Continent in old days. No one can imagine the constant inconvenience and worry caused by the necessity of having these somewhat cumbersome certificates of respectability signed and countersigned by pompous and often none too civil officials. Only in the late fifties did the very stringent regulations as to passports begin to be relaxed, but for years afterwards travellers were obliged to carry them, and even after all pressing need for taking passports had ceased, old-fashioned people continued to carry them, and this lasted in some cases up to the early eighties of the last century.

What discomfort travellers suffered at inns. One of the most unpleasant experiences of this sort I remember was when travelling on the Continent with my parents in the early forties of the last century. In the course of our wanderings we had to stop at Rastadt, in Bavaria, at which town we arrived at two in the morning, when there was not a living creature in the streets. Having groped our way up the staircase of the inn, the landlord appeared half-dressed at the top, looking angry and fierce, said he had but two rooms, and seemed ill-disposed to bestir himself about supper. He was probably offended at the evident disgust with which we shrank back from the first room he threw open, smelling strongly of mice, and the beds ready made up with sheets that had doubtless served many a traveller. The second room was so far better that the beds were not sheeted. On the outside of these we lay down in our clothes until six, and then, still fasting, except a piece of bread since breakfast the day before, we

resumed our journey. How glad we were to get away, and how pleased to reach the next stopping-place, where we were able to obtain bread, butter, and eggs, which sustained us until we arrived at Salzburg in the evening.

The greatest carelessness prevailed in most German inns as to bedroom accommodation, which was occasionally worse than scandalous.

At Salzburg we stayed at the Goldener Schiff, having failed to obtain rooms at the best inn next door, called the Herzog Karl. Every apartment here was occupied by two families, that of a young Hungarian Countess two months married, and the Polish Potoskas, who were waiting the arrival of the Minister of Naples to complete the marriage of their daughter. In due course the bridegroom arrived, and we saw the fair young bride in her wreath and flowing veil returning with a party of gaily-dressed, smiling, congratulating friends, from the private chapel in the Cardinal-Archbishop's palace, where the marriage ceremony had just been performed. While the wedding feast was spread in one part of the inn, the corpse of the scarcely older bride was laid out in another. After four days' illness the young Hungarian lady had died, at the age of eighteen, and one day, at noon, we saw her carried to the cemetery, a long train of the townspeople, male and female, following the hapless stranger to her foreign grave. Death apparently was lightly regarded by innkeepers.

The father of the fourth Duke of Devonshire, like his brother, Lord George Cavendish (great-grand-

father of the present duke), was a very silent man. When travelling through Germany, on stopping at an inn, they were told that they could only be accommodated with a chamber containing three beds, one of which was already occupied. They made no reply, but quietly retired to the apartment. They, however, felt some curiosity, and drawing aside the bed curtains, each took a momentary peep. They then immediately got into bed and slept soundly. Next morning, after they had breakfasted and paid their bill, the duke merely said to his brother, "George, did you see the dead body?" "Yes," was the reply, and they both got into their chaise and proceeded on their journey without another word.

Bavaria, notwithstanding unpleasant experiences like the one I have described, was at that time a most interesting country, retaining as it did many features connected with a past age.

The difference between travelling in those days and now can hardly be realised by the present generation. Railways scarcely existed, and there were no huge hotels, one exactly like another, filled with Germans, English, and Americans. You saw the country through which you passed in its every-day natural state, the people living their own lives in repose, unspoilt as yet by a constantly moving herd of travellers. Everything then seemed full of its own identity, and Europe was not ground down to one general level. For the most part the peasantry in the country districts were honest and simple, very religious, and very

fond of their country and local traditions. In Switzerland and Bavaria the spirit of Tell and of Hofer still lived. Life seemed to afford endless variety, for every district seemed to differ. The table d'hôte, now everywhere a copy of a pretentious meal, was literally what it professed to be: the master of the house presided, gave you the best he had, and told you all the news of the country round. Occasionally his wife or children were there, and often when one drove away flowers and fruit were put into the carriage. The traveller's arrival was a great excitement, and his departure a regret. Instead of the peculiarly ugly, common, and ill-dressed figures which one now sees working in the fields, every creature, man, woman, or child, generally wore some more or less picturesque dress. In Switzerland you could tell whenever you got into a new canton by a complete change in the costume.

How pretty were many of the customs of the peasantry all over the Continent in old days, especially in Italy. The Tuscan girls, for instance, invariably wore a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day; they had a proverb which said that a bride worthy of wearing such a nosegay was rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.

This cult of jasmine arose, it is said, from a Duke of Tuscany who was the first possessor of the jasmine in Europe, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, nor so much as a single flower,

to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry and his poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birthday of his mistress he presented her with a nosegay, and to render the bouquet more acceptable, ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The girl, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into fresh earth, and the branch remained green all the year. In the following spring it grew, and was covered with flowers. It flourished and multiplied so much under the fair one's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her, when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and wealth on the happy gardener of her heart.

In Bavaria the peasantry still adhered to their old dress, which was picturesque in the extreme in the case of the men, who wore long-tailed coats reaching to their heels, cocked hats, and Hessian boots. The postilions in particular caught our fancy; they had a gay and clean appearance rare among foreign post-boys, being dressed in bright Bavarian blue, trimmed with silver lace, their shiny hats decked with a tall blue and white feather. Alas! I fear all this has long ceased to be —such things have no place in the practical German Empire of to-day.

During this journey we passed some time at Munich, a town inseparably connected in my

mind with the recollection of a very curious wedding which we attended between an English lady and a Bavarian, celebrated according to the rites of the English Church. The bridegroom was quite ignorant of English, on account of which Mr. Lonsdale, an attaché at the Legation, stood by him during the service, repeating his responses for him, while the bridegroom kept murmuring "All dis I say," the only words of our language which he knew.

At Munich we saw a good deal of Mr. Hallam and his family, with whom we visited the Palace, which had only recently been finished.

The old King of Bavaria, in spite of some faults, amongst which, I suppose, the chief was his infatuation for Lola Montez, was a kindly old man.

One day a woman fainted in one of the streets of Munich. An elderly gentleman who approached the spot where she was lying requested some of the persons present to go and fetch a medical man. They all replied that they knew not where to find one. "Well, then," said he, "I will go myself," and in a few moments he returned with a doctor, who applied the proper remedies to the poor woman. The kind-hearted old gentleman was King Louis of Bavaria.

I think that the following act of generosity was also supposed to have been performed by this monarch—it was either he or the King of Prussia.

Resolving to relieve the needs of one of his poor but brave aides-de-camp he sent him a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five

hundred crowns. Some time afterwards he met the officer, and said to him, "Ah, well, how did you like the new work which I sent to you?" "Excessively, sire," replied the colonel; "I read it with such interest that I expect the second volume with impatience." The king smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived, he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it — "This book is complete in two volumes."

Even at that time the public gardens in Germany were well kept up, and great care taken to preserve their amenities.

At Frankfort, for instance, some mischievous wretch shot a nightingale in the beautiful public gardens, and was caught in the act. His punishment was characteristic: his hands were tied behind him, and a label setting forth his crime was fixed on his breast. In this guise, with a police officer on each side, he was marched all round the gardens, and made the circuit of the city, pursued by the hisses of the populace and the abhorrent looks of the upper classes. He was not otherwise punished; but he never again made his appearance in the town.

During our travels we made the acquaintance of the young Duchess of Nassau. Six months after we had met her, we learnt with sorrow of her death. When we had said good-bye she had been rejoicing in the prospect of an heir, though occasionally indulging in melancholy presentiments as to her confinement. They were unfortunately realised. When the time drew near the young duke was in

high spirits, saying repeatedly, "Our baby will soon be born now." It was born, but dead, and soon afterwards, to his extreme consternation, he was told his beloved wife was dying too. She herself had no idea of danger, and when the Greek priest entered to prepare her for death, she said, "Why do you come now? I never sent for you." The poor man was so overcome that he fainted away, and had only just time to administer the last sacraments to the expiring duchess. She made but one request in dying, that her body might never be put underground. The poor husband was at first inconsolable. He visited her corpse and the infant's every day; and said to a favourite attendant, pointing to them, "There lies all my happiness."

Though many modern hotels are, I believe, most luxurious palaces, my early experiences have always made me dislike the idea of people living anywhere but in a house of their own.

Anyone living in an hotel is like a grape-vine in a flower-pot—movable, carried round from place to place, docked at the root, and short at the top. Nowhere can any individual get real root-room, and spread out his branches till they touch the morning and the evening, but in his own house.

We went to some queer places during our travels. Once we crossed the Brenner Pass in carriages by the old road—a new one which was then being made was fast progressing—and before reaching Landeck encountered a terrible storm. Continuing our journey we breakfasted at St. Anthon, where we found fleas in the butter, fleas in the milk, and dirt everywhere,

but a very good new piano! This was a wretched post-house in Vorarlberg, where the Kellnerin assured us Herrschaft never came. We afterwards commenced the ascent of the Adlersberg; the view from the snow-clad summit was magnificent. Our postilion was one of the merriest creatures imaginable. As he walked beside his horses up the hill he whistled, sang, and trumpeted by turns. When we had reached the top he set off full trot, never stopping till he reached the post-house at the bottom, looking round into the carriage at every sharp turn of the winding descent to see how far his reckless speed was approved of. I remember my father enjoying this immensely, nodding and laughing in answer to the postilion's triumphant "Sind sie jetzt zufrieden," thereby encouraging him to greater daring.

The crossing of the Splugen Pass was another adventure.

The master of the post assured us the road was perfectly good and safe, and that though the carriages must be put on sledges, they would not be required for more than half an hour. How he deceived us! Some of us went in a britschka; I myself, however, chose the coach. We had eleven men with us, besides the postilions, and three sent forward to clear the road. About half an hour after quitting the village they began to remove the wheels of the carriages, and put them on sledges, so narrow and apparently insufficient that my father remonstrated, and thought we could do better without, but the post-master, who had himself come with us to see all rightly done, insisted; and

one of the men gravely told us that higher up we should find the snow no joke. They were right: the zig-zags began, and for a time all went on well; but the higher we got, the deeper became the snow, and the narrower the little track which alone remained to show the direction of the road. The snow, half-way up the mountain, was higher than the tops of the tall posts that marked the line of road. The heavy boxes had all been taken off the carriages and put on sledges, but the carriages themselves requiring all the attention of the eleven men, there were none to attend to the luggage sledges, and the first disaster occurred by one of the horses turning a corner too sharply, and tumbling over the boxes with two of the menservants, who were seated on them, into the snow. This accident only excited a laugh; but a minute or two afterwards the fourgon was overturned—a far more serious affair. All the men ran to assist in raising the ponderous vehicle. The next alarm was given by the heavy coach, which was so nearly overturned that my mother durst no longer remain in it. She got into the britschka, and I and she sat upon the sledges conveying the boxes. Every moment, as we wound higher, the road grew more dangerous; all track was soon lost, for it seems snow had fallen in the night, and obliterated it towards the summit. Our guides hallooed to the men who were gone before, and to those who lived at the top of the mountain to keep the road, to be quick, and clear away the snow. They owned to us there was danger, but promised to do their utmost for our

safety, and so I believe they did. The heat of the sun softened the snow so much that the men at the sides, holding up the carriages, sank frequently up to their knees; yet they jumped from side to side, being sometimes obliged to hang on with all their weight to prevent the carriage from rolling over—so active and invaluable that I blessed them for their care. Many a vow we made never to cross a high pass again, many a silent prayer we breathed for our preservation. We did not feel safe till we had gained the summit, 6814 feet above the sea, and 1800 above the village from which we started in the morning.

In descending we met the sledges conveying the diligence, and lower down a long train of mules laden with wine, bales of goods, and the like. A little beyond the Austrian frontier, which we passed without any delay, the carriages were again put upon wheels, and during the operation I heard a distant roar, and the guides pointed to a lofty rock from which an avalanche was falling. Afterwards I saw several—small ones, and at a safe distance. And now the wonders of the road began. We passed in a rapid but safe descent through many galleries, some more than a thousand feet long, cut out of the solid rock; some lighted by arched openings, some supported on pillars, some with shelving roofs to conduct the avalanches into the gulf below. Emerging from these we looked down some thousand feet upon the village of Isola, in the valley under our very feet, and here we passed the lovely cascade of the Medessino, which leaps down perpendicularly 800 feet, one of the finest in the Alps.

In the course of our wanderings we stayed some time at Wiesbaden, where we were invited to see Sir Frederick Trench's sketches, all of which had some little story connected with them. An indefatigable worker, he sketched everything, even to curious chimney-pots and grotesque extinguishers. He also showed us his plans for improving Piccadilly, the Royal Academy, and the banks of the Thames. Lady Ashbrook, who came to see us, also brought some beautiful sketches on the Moselle done by her daughter. Altogether our six weeks' stay was most agreeable, for there were many nice English people in the place. After this we spent a month at Mayence, where I went a good deal to the theatre with my dear governess, Miss Redgrave. We went alone, but never experienced any inconvenience. Once, on entering a box, there was one front place vacant—a gentleman and lady occupied the others —the gentleman immediately resigned his place to leave two front seats for us. Another time, when the house was very full, all the back seats in the box we sat in were occupied by officers of the Prussian garrison, but nobody molested us, nor attempted to occupy the vacant place in the front row beside us. We ever found the Germans a most well-bred people. They still retained, however, a hatred of the French, for many who remembered the invasion of Napoleon's troops were alive. Some of his generals had been very ruthless in their proceedings, especially General Vandamme, who, during the march of the *grande armée* to Russia, had had the garden of his house at Cassel surrounded by iron

railings of different patterns taken from German churches, and he had levied contributions on various German convents to fill his cellars with wine.

During the same campaign the French had erected a monument in the market-place of Coblentz on which was placed the following inscription—

Anno 1812.
Mémorable par la Campagne contre les Russes,
sous le Préfecture de Jules Douzan.

Two years later, when the historic retreat from Moscow had taken place, the following biting addition was subjoined—

Vu, et approuvé, par nous, Commandant Russe
de la Ville de Coblentz, le 1 Janvier, 1814.

How benighted the condition of most of the little Continental towns would seem to the up-to-date traveller of to-day. The inhabitants, for the most part, were entirely absorbed in their own affairs, and even local interests stirred them but little. As for the outside world, what happened there did not matter to them a jot. Even some of the larger cities knew little of men famous in the political world. This is well shown by a story of M. Thiers, stopping at Luxemburg whilst on a journey. The burgomaster came forth to do him honour, and by way of complimenting him, mentioned that an old man, a Marseillais, had performed the functions of schoolmaster in the town for about twenty years. The ex-Minister desired to be introduced to him, when the following dialogue ensued. Thiers commencing—

"Do you know me?" "No, sir." "You don't remember little Adolphe Thiers, one of your scholars at Marseilles?" "Wait, wait—yes, I do recollect such a name; a sly little monkey who used to play such pranks." "Just so." "Ah! it is you? I am very glad to see you. Have you succeeded? Have you made your fortune?" "Sufficiently so, I thank you." "So much the better—so much the better! Pardon my curiosity; I should like to know what you have been doing. Are you a notary, banker, merchant?" "I have retired from business, but I have been a minister." "Protestant?" asked the old man. "And this is glory!" said Thiers. He had never heard of Thiers, Minister of the Interior—Thiers, Minister of Commerce—Thiers, Minister of Foreign Affairs—or of Thiers, author of the *History of the Consulate and Empire!*

Those were the days when picturesque ceremonial was very conspicuous abroad. The public attendance of the military at High Mass, for instance, is in France and Italy at least a thing of the past. This function I saw at Bologna in 1843.

Walking about noon towards the Piazza di Nettuno, it was evident, from the open, draperied windows and the throngs of people, that something was going on. Just as I reached the front of S. Petronio a discharge of musketry startled me: the Piazza was crowded with soldiers, and full of smoke! Inside the church High Mass was being performed, the organ pealing, and a thousand voices joining in the anthem. The immense church was full: down the side aisles were ranged, in files of

four deep, five or six hundred soldiers—these were unarmed and bareheaded: the centre aisle was lined also with soldiers, but fully equipped. On the elevation of the Host, at the loudly uttered word of command (how strange it sounded in the house of God !) down dropped all the soldiers on their knees, grounded their arms, and touched their hats. The muskets in the Piazza were discharged simultaneously—and every head bowed, every knee bent. It was impossible not to be moved ! When the service was ended, the authorities of the town, officials and officers of the regiment, defiled down the centre aisle. The order to "March" again resounded through the church, the soldiers' regular tramp succeeded, and after them the crowd poured out to hear the martial music which immediately struck up. It was the celebration of the Feast of the Purification.

Military ceremonial in particular was especially dignified and impressive. I remember hearing of a most striking funeral of this kind—that of a French vivandière belonging to one of the regiments of the Garde Imperiale. The coffin was covered with a black pall, on which was embroidered a white crucifix. On the bier were placed her military coat and red petticoat, a poniard, and a small round hat ornamented with a plume of feathers. This young girl was greatly beloved and respected in the regiment. She had accompanied the corps all through the Crimean campaign. Her kind attentions to the wounded, her benevolence, and many good qualities had endeared her to all. She was carried to her last home with the same military honours as if she had

been a comrade, amidst the tears and regrets of many a veteran soldior.

In the old Italian cities much of the Middle Ages still survived. For instance, when we were at Verona, I remember the coffin of a poor man's child, attended by two or three little boys bearing torches, was carried into the church close to our inn. A few minutes after, the deep sounds of the bassoon, and the solemn funeral hymn, attracted us again to the window. The child of a rich man was now carried past, and laid beside the other little corpse. A long train of white-robed priests and torch-bearers attended. The coffin was covered with a pall of green and gold, with wreaths of artificial flowers upon it, and four boys walked at the four corners of the bier, wearing helmets with gaudy plumes, and a pair of immense wings flapping at their backs! Scarcely had we ventured to our seats, and begun to comment on what we had seen, when a third procession approached the church with all the pomp and peculiarities of the second, and a third corpse was laid in the chamber of the dead. The effect was solemn, almost alarming; it seemed as if we were in a city of the plague.

At some Italian cities travellers on arrival were greeted by a band of blind performers playing on stringed instruments.

At Florence, where we passed many happy days, enjoying the many delights of the beautiful city, elaborate festivals were common. June 23rd, 24th, and 25th were (and I suppose still are) great fête days. The chariot races which formerly took place in the

Piazza S. M. Novella were very interesting. Every house was hung with damask of brilliant colour, the centre of the Piazza opposite the church being occupied by a stand for the Corps Diplomatique. This, filled with brilliant uniforms and draped with silk hangings of crimson and gold, presented a brilliant appearance. The circuit of the Piazza was formed into an amphitheatre, with seats reaching up to the first-floor windows of the surrounding houses, every upper window and roof being also crowded with spectators. Guards cleared the way for the race in a quaint manner. Advancing slowly in a line, the crowd receded as slowly before them, till it was compressed into a very narrow space, when it was finally dispersed into the adjacent streets and avenues by the prancing and whirling round of the horses; everything, however, was very gently done and with good-humour. Four chariots, shaped like those of the Greeks of old, then appeared; these were gilded and painted, each drawn by two gaily caparisoned and befeathered horses, driven by a charioteer with two appropriately dressed attendants. We were told that the winner was selected beforehand, the prize being divided among the competitors. At the start the first chariot, the driver in pale pink and silver, was much behind the others, but, gradually gaining ground, appeared to win very fairly at the end of the third round, upon which the victor was crowned with laurels and a flag hoisted in his car. The crowd then surged into the Piazza, and the chariots triumphantly defiled before the Court Pavilion or

stand. In the evening fireworks, largely consisting of fire ballons with fiery parachutes, were sent up. There were also many ceremonies, one of which consisted in the Grand Duke offering tapers before the silver shrine. I remember also a convent near the Porta San Frediano, where the nuns were dressed in purple and wore white veils, the superior of which was over eighty, and was treated with the greatest respect, especially by the younger nuns, who knelt when they received her orders or spoke to her. A holy family in Court suits, given by the Grand Duchess, was a great treasure of this convent! The nuns were amiable and cheerful to excess, laughing at everything. There were several pianos for the use of pupils, and I was asked to play on one. I said I knew none but worldly tunes, but they willingly listened to some waltzes of Strauss.

Our house — the Palazzo St. Clemente — at Florence, like many of the Palazzi of the Florence of that day, was situated in the filthiest of streets; where groups of dirty and half-naked children played about, and where, without great care, you stumbled over cabbage stalks, or heaps of sweepings, and lumps of horrid hair thrown out of a barber's shop, and threatening to attach itself and its inhabitants to your petticoats. Enter the house, which towards the street presented no remarkable exterior, walk up to its saloons or terraces, and there burst upon you a sense of loveliness indeed! A garden of park-like size, graced with noble trees in spring's own richest, brightest foliage, whole banks of clustering roses, olive-crowned hills

covered with white villas, and a distant glimpse of the snow-capped Apennines in all their purple softness. Our landlord, the Marquis Torregiani, was above eighty years old. Tall, thin, and perfectly erect, he was to be seen early every morning walking among the groves of his own planting, sheltered by a green silk parasol. Local rumour said that in his youth he had loved a country girl, but pride had prevented a marriage. She died; and her noble lover built in his grounds a lofty tower, from the battlements of which he could see the distant village, doubly interesting to him as containing her home, and her grave.

Amongst other social amusements we often met to hear recitations from Dante at Lord Vernon's and Colonel Lindsay's.

At Florence we used to see a good deal of Prince Demidoff, in his way a most original character, and a confirmed wag, never able to resist playing practical jokes. So great was his reputation for this form of amusement, that when his wife received the news of his death, she treated it as a hoax—another of the Prince's pleasant jokes—but it was no joke this time. The Prince had often made sport of death, but now death had made sport of him. He once made a number of doctors in Vienna absolutely furious by an extraordinary prank. He sent to each of the doctors separately, requesting them to visit him and report upon some disease under which he laboured. About a score of them obeyed the summons, and each gave him a written opinion on his complaint. As he expected, they were all

different, no two of them agreed. This was exactly what he wanted. He called all the doctors together in a body, read their conflicting opinions to them, set them all by the ears, and laughed in their faces.

How happily the days passed amidst a round of amusements, diversified by pleasant rides with delightful people, for Florence was then the gayest of cities. Every one was very kind to me, and as was the fashion, a number of people wrote verses in a little book which I kept, and which I still retain. Looking through it the other day I found the following verses—dated 23rd March 1843—signed Montgomery. Alas! I cannot now recall who this Mr. Montgomery was. I do not think that it could have been Mr. Alfred Montgomery, though he was clever man enough. The lines are so pretty that I give them—

THE COMMON LOT

Once in the flight of ages past
There lived a man—and who was he?
Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died, unknown.
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone.

That joy and grief, and hope and fear
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile—a tear,
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit's rise and fall.
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb.
Oh, she was fair—but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shade and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man.

Florence was, I remember, full of rather scandalous gossip, much of which concerned the priests and monks, who in those days were much more in evidence than is now the case.

One story I remember of a certain priest in a rich abbey in Florence, who had been a fisherman's son. It had been his habit to cause a net to be spread every day on a table in his apartment in order to put him in mind of his origin, and when his abbot died this dissembling humility was the means of his being chosen abbot. The net was

now used no more. Some one who knew the story asked the new abbot why he had altered his habits. "Oh," replied he, "there is no occasion for the net now the fish is caught."

There was also another story about a somewhat eccentric monk who, on St. Stephen's day, was appointed to pronounce a long eulogium upon the saint. As the day was pretty well advanced, the priests, who were getting hungry, and were apprehensive of a tedious panegyric, whispered to their comrade to be brief. The monk mounted the pulpit, and, after a short preamble, said—"My brethren, it is only about a year since I told you all I knew about St. Stephen. As I have heard nothing new with regard to him since that time, I shall add nothing to what I said before." And so, making the sign of the cross, he walked off.

Amongst other places in Italy we stayed some time at Padua, from which I paid my first visit to Venice, going as far as Mestre by the railroad, and across the Lagune in a boat. The arches which were to support the railway bridge across the lagoon were already finished, and the romantic isolation of the Queen of the Adriatic was soon to come to an end.

Venice, beautiful, wonderful, strange, more than answered my expectations! Paintings and views have not exaggerated its brilliant beauty. Its gorgeous colouring, grand and picturesque architecture, the noiseless gliding of its luxurious gondolas, its historic interest, and romantic legendary fame, all conspired to dazzle and delight. It

was like a glimpse of Fairyland. On returning to our inn at Padua we found the Duke of Bordeaux and a small suite had arrived; he was on his way to the mud baths of Albano, recommended for his lameness. He passed once or twice through the common sitting-room, which we, while the only guests, had appropriated. I would gladly have thought him princely, but he looked only amiable. Twelve days passed very pleasantly at Padua. We rode generally every evening, and found the surrounding country rich and fertile, though not pretty. Near the baths of Albano it improves in beauty by the background of blue, sharply defined hills beyond. We had several days of intense heat, and many thunderstorms. To the others of our party it was a wearisome place, but the facility of admission to draw in the churches made it very agreeable to myself and my dear governess. During the burning heat of noontide it was pleasant to sit in St. Antonio, opposite some favourite fresco or interesting monument, enjoying the *dolce far niente*, and long reveries occupied the hours when exertion was, or seemed, impossible. When a storm, or the approach of evening, had cooled the air we rode forth to explore the flat and dreary suburbs. The town always looked empty, as the few inhabitants walked under the arches; but we used to see the students taking their evening exercise on the ruined ramparts, like a flight of crows on the walls and heights.

Primitive ways and customs prevailed in the Italy of those distant days.

On the outside of the Church of San Zaccaria, at Venice, a curious handbill was posted, which, after lamenting the prevalence of the sin of swearing in Venice, invited all the devout to pray for the repentance of those addicted to this grievous sin against their own souls, fixing the hour of prayer at three daily, when the church bell, tolling for vespers, would remind all who heard it, wherever they might be, and however employed, to pause and offer a petition for their erring brethren.

At Venice we saw a great deal of Mr. Rawdon Browne, a great authority upon art and antiquities.

He gave a very interesting account of his recovery, after great labour and difficulty, and his successful removal, of the gravestone with armorial bearings which once covered the bones of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, banished by our Richard II for his quarrel with Bolingbroke, who, after much fighting

> Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens,
> And toil'd with works of war retired himself
> To Italy, and there at Venice gave
> His body to that pleasant country's earth,
> And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
> Under whose colours he had fought so long.

About two hundred and fifty years after the death of the exile his bones were claimed by a descendant, who, it is said, was of a parsimonious turn, and drove a hard bargain for their transport to England. Mr. Browne, looking over some heraldic emblazonments of the tablets in St. Mark in an old book,

saw one which he immediately recognised as the arms of the Dukes of Norfolk. Conjecturing that this was the tombstone of the exiled duke, and that the parsimony of the transporter of his remains had not been willing to pay for the carriage of it along with the bones, he began a search for it, and when nearly in despair, luckily obtained a clue in some accounts of the reparation of the pavement, and found the tombstone at last, broken, but not otherwise injured, with the inscription downwards, forming part of the restored pavement. He obtained leave to remove it, on substituting a new stone in its place, and afterwards sent it, on their earnest request, to the Howards of Corby Castle.

When at Naples we went to see the villa of Lady Strachan, called, from her Italian possessions, Marchesa di Salsa. It was on the Strada Nuova, or at least the entrance was there. We had a winding descent to follow for a quarter of an hour, among rocks carpeted with flowers and canopied with vines, before we reached the little dwelling on the sands of the seashore. The high road passed over the garden, carried across an immense arch, through which was a lovely view of the sparkling sea and distant mountains, with a foreground of aloes and pines. Lady Strachan met us in the garden, and showed us first the interior of her villa, or cottage, as she persisted in calling it. All the arrangements had been made with a view to coolness: the floor with painted tiles, and furnished with light chintzes. The Villa-Rocca Matilda, as it was called, after one of the owner's daughters, was washed on three

sides by the sea. From her bed Lady Strachan could see the sun rising behind Vesuvius, or watch, at night, the flickering flames on its truncated cone; a balcony in the drawing-room actually overhung the sea; from the dining-room windows we looked at several caves, accessible dry-shod in summer, and at the spot where, tradition says, Lucullus fed the murænæ with the flesh of his slaves. Here we were refreshed with some Leman's biscuits and claret, before beginning our walk over the grounds. Two years before, this beautiful spot had been a wild, neglected vineyard, and the cottage a roofless ruin. The taste of its owner planned the restorations and improvements. In the picturesque garden, where was every variety of rock and cave, flowery bank and verdant dell, roses, geraniums, verbena, mignonette, jasmine, and myrtle, with many exotics whose names I did not know, were all in blossom; and the gardener, at her desire, gave each of us a bouquet of flowers, growing in the open air, close to the seashore, in December. The view of Naples from some points of this garden was perfect. My dear governess, Miss Redgrave, who was a very talented artist in water-colours, and myself, each made a little sketch of the villa, through the arch. I had seldom seen so lovely a place. It was about half an hour's drive from the Chiaja, where Lady Strachan had her town residence, and she told us she came nearly every day, in winter, to watch the progress of her flowers. The villa and its grounds formed a delightful retreat of quite a unique kind.

Sixty or seventy years ago Italy, or rather the various states which were afterwards unified into the present kingdom, was thought of by English people in a totally different way to that which prevails to-day, when the political intrigues which formerly abounded there have long become things of the past. Much has been written of the greater figures who moulded modern Italy, but many of the minor politicians of a past epoch are now forgotten. Amongst these is that curious character, Baron Ward—the Yorkshire groom—who in the fifties of the last century played such a conspicuous part in Italian political life, and became Prime Minister of Parma. Ward left Yorkshire as a boy in the pay of Prince Lichtenstein of Hungary, and after a four years' successful career on the turf at Vienna as a jockey, he was employed by the then reigning Duke of Lucca. He was at Lucca promoted from the stable to be valet to the Duke, in which comparatively humble position he remained up to 1846. About that period he was made Master of the Horse to the Ducal Court, and eventually became Minister of the Household and Minister of Finance, which office he held when the Duke abdicated in 1848. Ward then became an active agent of Austria during the revolution. As Austria triumphed he returned to Parma as Prime Minister, and negotiated the abdication of Charles II, and placed the youthful Charles III on the throne, who met with a tragic fate, being assassinated before his own palace in 1854. It should be observed that, as soon as Charles III came to the throne, the then

Baron Ward was sent to Germany by his patron as Minister Plenipotentiary, to represent Parma at the Court of Vienna. This post he held up to the time of his royal patron's tragical end. When a new Duchess-Regent assumed state authority, Ward retired from public life, and took to agricultural pursuits in the Austrian dominions. Without any educational foundation he contrived to write and speak German, French, and Italian, and conducted the affairs of state with considerable cleverness, if not with remarkable straightforwardness. Baron Ward was married to a humble person of Vienna, and left four children. Perhaps no man of modern times passed a more varied and romantic life than Ward the groom, statesman and friend of Sovereigns. From the stable he rose to the highest office of a little kingdom, at a period of great European political interest. He died in retirement, pursuing the rustic occupations of a farmer, and carried with him to the grave many curious State secrets which will now never be revealed.

Italy in former days was frequented by numbers of painters and architects. Many of the former had studios, where they spent much time copying the works of the old masters to sell to rich English travellers, then highly addicted to spending money on this kind of art.

As for the architects, they roamed about the country taking sketches of buildings and bits of buildings in order to incorporate ornamental details in their own designs and plans. Too often, alas! the methods some of the English architects

pursued produced very incongruous effects, for adaptations of ornate Italian façades are rarely satisfactory in our own country. In some instances, however, the result has been good. I have been told that for the design of the river front of the Houses of Parliament Barry borrowed largely from the Spedale Maggiore at Milan, founded by Francesco Sforza and his Duchess Maria in 1456, the centre of which immense building is beautifully ornamented with terra-cotta and red brick.

My father and mother were both somewhat artistic in their tastes, and consequently we visited a great many studios in the course of our wanderings. The most agreeable of these, I think, was at Antwerp, where we went to see the atelier of Keyser, who lived in a large and handsome house *à la vieille bourse*. A long, cool passage led from the *porte cochère* into a square court filled with flowers, and a broad marble staircase of mosaic to the living rooms. After waiting a few minutes, while my father sent in his name, in a pleasant parlour decorated with fine engravings and a number of good water-colour sketches, collected within a large frame, a pretty, civil maidservant pointed out the atelier in the court. It was a large, lofty room with an open chimney, hung with many fragments of rich tapestry, and the bare parts of the walls covered with armour, pictures, casts, curious old utensils, handsome pieces of antique furniture, chairs, and cabinets. The painter advanced from his easel to receive us, a handsome young man of good address, his hair and beard

trimmed after the fashion of Vandyke, and his dress rather fanciful, without being affected. He was employed on a picture representing Rubens in the midst of his family and friends. One of the party, with an old clasped volume resting on his knees, was reading aloud, as was the custom in the domestic circle of the great painter, the others in various attitudes of attention. The faces were all portraits. Among them was the famous "*Chapeau de paille.*" Two figures only were finished; but the rest of the picture was forward enough to enable us to see its great merit. The grouping was good, the colouring rich. The painter, in an easy, fluent manner, explained his ideas and intentions, then reverted to the state of the arts in England, inquired after our exhibitions and institutions, and mentioned several fine private collections with which he was acquainted. He seemed much pleased with my father, and showed his sketches very willingly. For the picture he was painting he was to have 10,000 francs. We complimented him on the tasteful arrangement of his painting-room, and he described to me how it was his intention further to decorate it with gilt leather hangings, so as to give it the appearance of an atelier of the Middle Ages. "He is a man of taste," we mutually agreed, as we retraced our steps through his cool court of flowers, and passed again at the foot of the marble staircase, and near the pleasant parlour, "well-born, no doubt, from his graceful manners and perfect self-possession before strangers, and highly educated, as his classic know-

ledge, general information, and fluent, elegant French plainly showed." Not at all! Our guide told us his history as we went along. He was like Giotto, a shepherd boy, and tended his sheep in the Polders, when some painter of animals came to study cattle from nature. The yet undeveloped artist watched the progress of the painter, and when he was absent, tried to imitate what he had done. He succeeded so well that another painter, chancing to see the sketches he had made, took him to Antwerp, introduced him to the Academy, where in two years he carried off all the prizes, and soon attained the excellence we saw.

We also went to see the works of Overbeck, the German painter, who only received visitors on Sundays or saints' days. We found his rooms thronged with people, examining a number of cartoons, and one or two designs in chiaroscuro. The painter was present—a thin figure, past the middle age, and looking as if he himself had walked out of a frame, so quaint and picturesque was his costume. It was difficult, on account of the crowd, to examine attentively any of the subjects, but they seemed to be full of religious feeling, and a serious majesty that was very pleasing. A cartoon of The Wise and Foolish Virgins represented an old subject treated in a very original manner. A large sketch in brown of a picture (I think sent to Dusseldorf) contained portraits of the most celebrated old masters.

One of the most curious collections we visited was at Pesaro, where we went to see the Cavaliere

Massa's Urbino porcelain, or Raphael ware. The plates were nailed against the wall like pictures, some of them framed. The whole suite of apartments was decorated in this manner. The owner, a man of ninety-four, sat motionless and solitary in one of the rooms, with his back to the wall, in a melancholy state of helplessness and imbecility. How sad to outlast one's faculties, still sadder to outlive wife, children, friends, and be thus, in the extremity of old age, alone! I felt almost disgusted with collections of art and virtu, thus powerless to amuse, serving only to expose the joyless possessor to the pity of strangers.

At Rome we, of course, went to numberless studios. Well do I recall that of Flatz, a painter who had a studio at the top of the Sala Palace. He was a most sympathetic man, and told us his simple history. In his younger days he had been a father, but wife and children were all dead, and he now lived only for his beloved art, on which, together with his pupil—Fink, a Tryolese—he bestowed all his affections. He was painting an enormous picture for a convent in Schwatz, in the Tyrol, for which his remuneration was to be very slight, for the monks were poor. Deeply imbued, however, with religion and love of art, he preferred making an offering of his very best to sending work merely proportionate to his pay. The whole appearance of his studio, so orderly and clean, with his few cartoons and studies, his shelf of grave and well-worn books, his neat and plain dress and furniture, betokened the hermit-like character of the man.

Here was no air of fashion or vestiges of lounging amateurs avid of sketches of favourite models or fashionable beauties. His was an art which sprung more from mind and feeling than from living nature—intellectual and spiritual rather than physical beauty was his aim.

Other studios which we frequented were those of Macdonald (who had just completed a pleasing bust of Mrs. Somerville, the paragon of female learning of her day, whom, as a great privilege, I was taken to see), Rinaldi, a pupil of Canova, Finelli, and Gibson, who was at work on a bust of Queen Victoria, preparatory to making a whole-length figure. From Roerich, a German caster in bronze, my father ordered a cast of the celebrated Dancing Faun. Blaise, a Tyrolese artist, painted my mother's portrait; he had done some pretty sketches of spots in the grounds of the Villa Borghese, and was considered a good artist.

Tenerani was another sculptor who enjoyed a great vogue. He had just finished a colossal statue of the Angel of the Last Judgment for the tomb of the Duchessa di Lanti; and another colossal statue of the King of Naples, to be put up at Messina, had just returned from Munich, where King Ludwig had desired it might be sent to be cast in bronze at his foundry.

Buckner, then a very young man, drew my portrait. He possessed the talent of beautifying his sitters amazingly, and therefore enjoyed an assured popularity.

Very unattractive was Lord Compton's studio,

which was disappointing by its bareness and lack of taste. There were, however, signs of talent, which were perhaps more to the purpose. His rough sketches of scenes in Sicily were clever, though they showed lack of study.

At that time we had apartments in the Palazzo Valiambrini. The works of art in the Vatican were a never-failing source of delight to us, and my youthful attention was, I remember, particularly drawn to the Minerva Pudicitia, whose face bears a stern and proud expression. The drapery is beautiful. It had an especial interest for us on account of the statue of Lady Walpole in Westminster Abbey being modelled after it.

Especially did we admire the statue of St. Bruno, by Houdon, in the vestibule of the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. This statue, much larger than life, was a great favourite with Clement XIV, who used to say it would speak if the rules of the Order did not forbid.

At that time, of course, the Pope was actual ruler of the Papal States. The Governor of Rome, Cardinal Guiseppe Zacchæa, was very kind to me, and gave me some relics, amongst others one of St. Dorothy, which I still have. A sketch of this governor, in his quaint costume of a past age, is also amongst my treasured possessions, recalling as it does many happy days amidst old-world surroundings and customs, now for ever passed away.

Under Papal rule, all the official personages of the Holy City were priests of some grade or other. Not a few resembled certain of our modern

politicians in one respect, which was that they would fill any office tendered to them, even to the command of the Roman navy, if such a force had existed.

In the course of our sojourn we were introduced to most of the English who were more or less permanent residents. The best known of these was General Ramsay, a rather portly old gentleman, who exercised a sort of absolute rule amongst English visitors to the Eternal City. He was always accompanied by a favourite poodle, which never left him. So much so was this the case that people habitually spoke of General Ramsay and his dog as if they were one entity. Of original character, the general had a peculiarly designed visiting card, on which his poodle was represented near a portfolio bearing his owner's name, the background filled with fragments of some ruined edifice of classical design.

The Eternal City was then a very different place to what it is to-day, when practical and utilitarian alterations have robbed it of much of its charm. Besides this, nearly all the state and elaborate ceremonial of the days of Papal rule have disappeared.

After Easter Day the illumination of St. Peter's was a particularly beautiful sight. All the outlines of the building and colonnades were first illuminated with paper lanterns; and we were early enough to see this gradually done as the twilight deepened into darkness. On the striking of the great bell to announce the second hour of the night, a

thousand torches, dispersed over the edifice, burst, as if by magic, into a blaze, as if noonday had suddenly succeeded to the pale light of the stars. Nothing could be more startling and beautiful. We afterwards drove to the Pincio, to see St. Peter's from thence. It had the appearance of a fairy palace. I thought the effect most beautiful from the Ponte St. Angelo, whence the paper lanterns looked like an outline of burnished silver surrounding the golden light of the torches. To illuminate the ball and cross was a work of so much danger that the workmen confessed and took the sacrament before they went up, and, we were told, were persuaded that if they should be killed in so holy a work, they would go straight to Paradise. Accidents, however, seldom occurred; but it was very nervous work watching the placing of the paper lanterns by men hanging to ropes, and looking no larger than spiders at the end of their threads.

Of course we went to see the Colosseum by moonlight, and a large party we were. On our way we found all the chandlers' shops illuminated very brilliantly, the bacon adorned with strips of coloured paper and coarse gilding, the butter moulded into various devices, one of which was an extremely well executed Pietà — the Virgin being in pale butter, the dead body in yellower. The group was tastefully placed on a mound of turf, besprinkled with daisy-roots in blossom. We had torches to ascend the ruins, and got as high as the plebeian range of seats, a giddy eminence now that no railing or breastwork exists, where

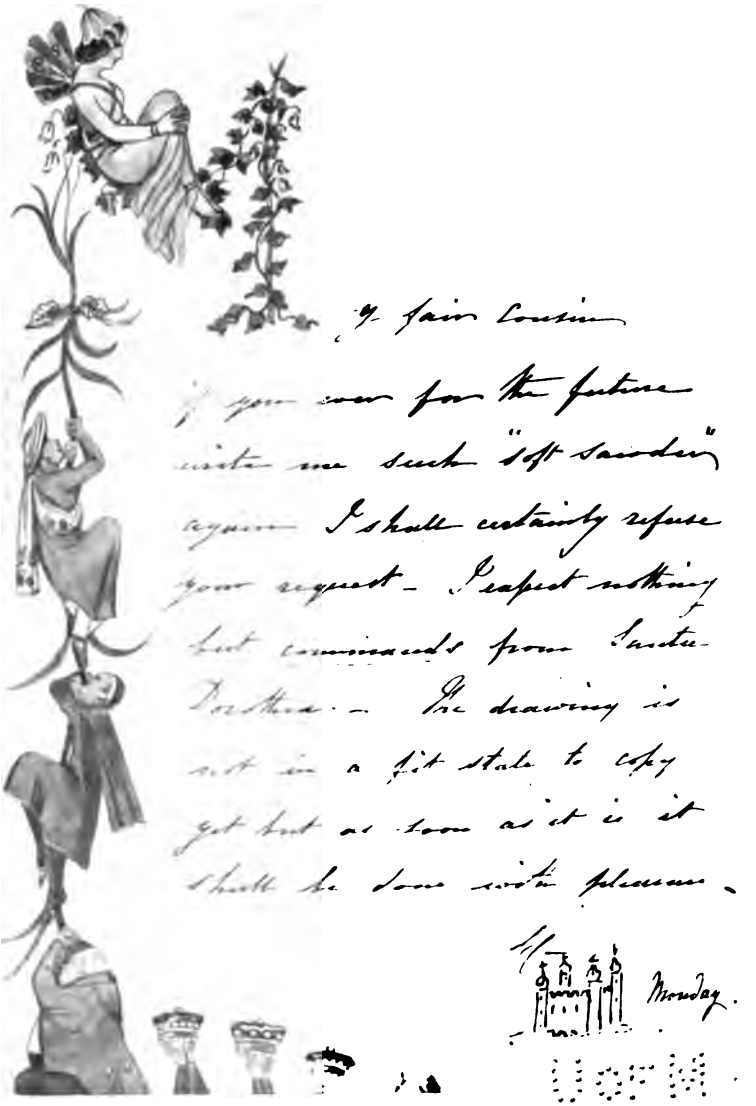
in many places large holes startle the unwary, and great masses have fallen down, leaving but a narrow footing. The oval shape of the amphitheatre, and its immense size, showed well from above. Parts of it are in wonderful preservation, and I have no doubt it would have remained nearly perfect to this day had man left it alone.

Altogether, what with excursions to ancient monuments, visits to studios, and pleasant friends, I passed many happy days in the "Eternal City," then little touched by the modernising hands which have since so altered its aspect. One of our great friends was M. de la Tour Maubourg of the French Embassy. Cardinal Guiseppe Zacchæa and General Ramsay, of whom I spoke before, were everything that was nice to me—so much so was this the case that my cousin, George Cadogan, drew little pictures of them on a letter which is reproduced. The topmost climber of the design, I should add, represents Dwarkanauth Tagore,[1] a distinguished Indian well known in society years ago. He took a great fancy to my sister and myself, and I still treasure a coral necklace which this agreeable Oriental gave me shortly before he died.

The people of Rome used to be very fond of pleasure, but highly superstitious.

At the end of the carnival the Corso was one long blaze of moving lights with the "moccoli"—small waxen tapers—which every one carried, whilst at the same time trying to extinguish those of others, and keeping their own alight.

[1] The subject of one of Count D'Orsay's most successful portraits.



A PRETTY LETTER

Mau

During one of our daylight visits to the Colosseum a monk was preaching with great gesticulation. He reproached the people, gathered in numbers in the large area, with their negligence in refusing to avail themselves of "the bath of our Saviour's blood," a homely but powerful expression. Then, holding up a crucifix, every one of his hearers fell on his knees on the damp ground, and the men uncovered their heads. In the subsequent procession from altar to altar the large black cross was carried by a very well dressed woman. We walked round the galleries of the Colosseum, saw the spot where Heliogabalus was murdered, traced the imperial entrance, and saw many a beautiful fragment of pillar and pilaster with its green crown of ivy and the delicate leaved finocchio.

Though the Pope has ceased to leave the Vatican since he was stripped of his temporal power, within the precincts of his voluntary prison things are much as they were of old, and the Swiss Guard still keep watch and ward in their beautiful old-world costume, in which but slight modifications have been made. I believe, however, that they no longer wear a hat with feathers, which formed part of their equipment at the time of our visit some sixty-five years ago.

Many a happy hour did we spend in St. Peter's, enjoying its delicious temperature, which never varies, whether the Tramontana chills or the Sirocco burns without. Wandering among the grand monuments of the popes, lost in pleasing

reverie, one realised the impressive nature of this marvellous building, so full of varied details, and forming so perfect a whole! So vast is it, that however numerous the concourse of people (on ordinary days), one may always find a place to be alone. The groups we saw were curious enough. Here a procession of priests in their rich dresses—there a train of youths in white surplices, kneeling round the tomb of St. Peter, where lights are ever burning. At some favourite altar men and women in picturesque costumes, kneeling and telling their beads; on the steps of another a man making brooms; farther off, on a bench, two or three more asleep; parties of English, with the never-failing handbook, listening to the music, and talking loud, or a solitary amateur in raptures before the masterpiece of Canova, the glorious tomb of Clement XIII. There is a great deal of miserable sculpture in St. Peter's—monuments in bad taste, and faults in the architecture, which even an unlearned eye can detect; but as a whole it is a glorious place.

English tourists were great offenders in the way of chipping off portions of old monuments, and writing their names in all sorts of inappropriate places. One individual created a most unpleasant impression in Norway. He took the trouble to be rowed out to beneath a certain famous cliff in an indiarubber boat, and, when he arrived there, the man with him held the boat tight with a rope while the Briton paddled over the pool. Without looking at the stupendous column which rose from

where he was to the clouds, he pulled out of his pocket a small pot of white paint and forthwith commenced painting his initials on the rock, to prove, as he said, that he had been there!

Probably, however, a Scotch tourist afforded the greatest instance of impudence on record. This man, whilst in an Italian city, stopped a religious procession in order to light his cigar from one of the holy candles. Before the procession had recovered from its astonishment the audacious smoker had disappeared.

The dignified and impressive surroundings which are connected with the audiences given by a Pope not infrequently completely disconcert visitors who are accorded such a privilege. A well-known pillar of society, noted for his self-possession in ordinary life, being at one of these audiences, did not answer a single word when addressed by Leo XIII. "Why did you not make any reply to his Holiness?" inquired a friend as they were leaving the precincts of the Vatican. "To tell you the truth," was the avowal, "I could not for the life of me remember whether I ought to say *saint père* or *sacré père*, and so thought it best to hold my tongue."

When Sir William Harcourt, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer, was on a visit to Rome, he was shown over the Vatican Library by an English student who had perpetual permission to make researches there. As they were leaving, one of the Vatican officials inquired who the distinguished stranger might be. "The English

Minister of Finance," was the reply. "Ah, I understand," said the Italian, "Il Conde Halifato." He took Sir William, staunch pillar of Protestantism as he was, for Lord Halifax, whose name was well known at the Vatican.

III

The cult of gardens—A sensible bailiff—Old Hampshire ways—Cardinal Manning—Bishop Wilberforce—His son—Mr. Cobden—Letters—A scandal about Lord Palmerston—Samuel Warren—Letter "franks"—Dicky Doyle—Some unpublished drawings—Geology and botany—Digging for the infinite—Mr. Edmund Gosse—Letters from Mr. Darwin.

DURING the mid-Victorian Era the cult of gardens had fallen somewhat into decay, horticulture being then regarded rather from a utilitarian point of view, whilst little effort was made to produce colour effects such as are now so thoroughly understood. The herbaceous border, except in rare instances, was unknown, whilst carpet bedding with squares, stars, cubes, and triangles of differently coloured flowers, was in high favour. Altogether gardening from an artistic point of view was little understood. Nevertheless, there were a number of very interesting gardens, one in particular, at Carshalton, belonging to Mr. Smee, and another near Weybridge, to which a clever friend of mine, Mr. Wilson, devoted much care and study. These, however, were gardens belonging to scientific men, and the general run of people troubled themselves little about their flowers, being well content if their gardeners fur-

nished them with a sufficient supply—pergolas, rock gardens, and the like were caviare to such as these.

The general popularisation of gardening in its best form has been principally due to the admirable books on the subject written by experienced people like Miss Jekyll, clever Mrs. Earle, and Mr. Robinson. Women in particular seem to have developed a real aptitude for artistic horticulture, several of them, like Lord Wolseley's daughter at Glynde, being thoroughly practical gardeners, able to give most valuable and expert instruction. For this reason the garden has come to be looked upon rather as a special province of woman, who, as a matter of fact, can scarcely be better occupied than in the cultivation of flowers, which have ever been associated with feminine charm.

Personally I always appreciated the herbaceous border, and I introduced something of the sort into our garden long before it had become generally popular. Other of my delights were our hothouses, which were celebrated in Hampshire. So much so was this the case that parties of people used to come specially to view them, who were formed into groups, and conducted round by gardeners specially detailed for the purpose. Most of the prominent horticulturists of the day either came to see the rare plants we had gathered together, or corresponded with us about them. Amongst others, Mr. Darwin wrote me many letters, some of which will be given in this chapter.

Besides my garden I had many other things

with which to pass my time, including a model farm with a Dutch dairy, situated amidst the lovely surroundings. In a little wooded hollow, not far from the house, stood a fair-sized cottage, and here I established a model laundry, where a certain number of poor girls were trained for domestic service, not always, I am bound to say, with very satisfactory results. The recollection of one matron, who was anything but fond of supervision, lingers with me yet. She was always anxious as to when we were going to return to London, and in honeyed though anxious tones would inquire, "I hope we are not going to lose your ladyship yet?" Our bailiff was a fine specimen of the English yeoman of other days. He lived till about a year or two ago. After Mr. Nevill's death, when our estate was sold, he set up farming on his own account. Much is heard of agricultural depression, but it does not seem to have affected him, for he left a very comfortable fortune when he died not so very long ago. Unlike many others, he adhered to the simple mode of life which he had practised when he first came to us more than half a century ago.

When we first went to live in Hampshire, the beautiful country close to us on the borders of Surrey was far more wild and rural than is to-day the case. Liss, where now are multitudes of villas, was quite a tiny place, and parts of the district remained in much the same condition as they had been in for centuries. On the other side of us loomed the restful outlines of the South Downs,

between which and our home, called Dangstein, the gently undulating country abounded in peaceful-looking homesteads, well-farmed fields, and delightful woods, here and there intersected by the swift flowing Rother, in places the most picturesque of streams. The countryside was wrapped in the peaceful semi-slumber which had prevailed with but short interruptions since the advent of the Conqueror's knights, many of whom slept their last long sleep beneath the stones of the quaint old village churches, as yet little affected by the destructive craze for the most part miscalled "restoration."

Alas! as the nineteenth century began to wane, sinister signs of destruction began to manifest themselves in most of the village churchyards, which became encumbered with sheds and tool huts, whilst workmen hammered and hacked the old churches according to the whims and fancies of iconoclastic architects.

Rogate Church near us (in its untouched condition an ideal old English village church) was almost completely stripped of its picturesqueness by such vandals, who, in addition to robbing the church of much that was interesting to the lovers of the past, also contrived to mingle the gravestones of those buried in the churchyard in such inextricable confusion that the tombstones of one family were in some cases either re-erected over the graves of others or, worse still, lost altogether. This gross carelessness naturally produced much irritation amongst surviving relatives of the dead.

Many old ways and customs still prevailed in the neighbourhood, and as late as June 1859 the town of Midhurst witnessed the somewhat brutal sight of "a man in the stocks" for six hours, for non-payment of the trumpery fine of five shillings for being drunk. The culprit was rather noisy at the commencement of his durance vile; but, as the hours wore on, his enjoyment of exposure —forced and fixed—to an easterly wind, although accompanied with sunshine, did not increase. The stocks were placed in the market-place, in order that the exhibition should be as public as possible. In justice to the occasional bystanders, it was reported that they appeared to enjoy the spectacle as little as the offender himself.

The clergy, though many were kindly and earnest men, were quite different to the energetic clerics of to-day. They had, however, very queer parishioners to deal with in those days, before universal education was thought of. A certain vicar, whom I remember, whose spiritual activity was rather ahead of his age, was upbraiding one of his rustic parishioners for lax attendance at church, whilst holding up another yokel who chanced to be standing by as an example.

"You always come to church, Tommy, don't you?" said the good man.

"Yes, sir, indeed I do. It's just beautiful, for when I gets there I puts my feet upon the bench and thinks a nothing."

A good many people thought practically of "nothing" in those days, but not a few thought

a very great deal. Such a one was Cardinal Manning, who used to live near us when rector of West Lavington Church, in the churchyard of which Richard Cobden lies. This church was originally built in order to supplement the older Lavington Church, close to the walls of which his brother-in-law, Bishop Wilberforce, is buried. It was in West Lavington Church, on the Sunday after Cobden's funeral, that Thorold Rogers, then a clergyman of the Church of England, preached a sermon in memory of his friend. In the same church, some fifteen years before, Manning had preached his last sermon in Anglican orders.

The grandfather of Cardinal Manning, I have heard, lived within a few doors of Mr. Basevi, the grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield, in Billiter Square, and there is a tradition that the ancestors of the great statesman and of the Cardinal were friends. William Manning himself, a bank director by profession, is said to have had Jewish blood in his veins. Anyhow, he had not Jewish shrewdness, for he failed in business. His firm, originally Manning & Vaughan, was highly respected, and much sympathy was expressed at its failure. The house in which Mr. Manning lived was at No. 8 Billiter Square, a typical City merchant's abode, and had been built in the early part of the eighteenth century. It was pulled down about 1877, when the mahogany doors, panelling, and chimney-piece were removed to a mansion in South Audley Street, where possibly they still remain.

It is rather a curious fact that Cardinal Manning it was who administered the last consolations of religion to Mr. Lyte, author of the beautiful hymn, "Abide with me." Mr. Lyte was at Nice at a time when there was no English clergyman or chaplain, but as it happened, Mr. Manning, then Archdeacon of Chichester, happened to arrive in the place, and soothed the last moments of the author of what is, perhaps, the most appealing hymn ever written.

I knew the good Cardinal pretty well, and used sometimes to go and see him in his last days in London. He asked me to find out from Lord Randolph Churchill some details of a Bill in which he was interested. I obtained a copy of the draft of this for him, and in return received the following—

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE
WESTMINSTER, S.W.
27th January 1890

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—I thank you for your kindness in sending me Lord Randolph Churchill's draft Bill; and I would ask you to thank him in my name.

He has evidently given great attention to the subject, which is one of the most vital to the welfare of the people. The Drink Trade and bad housing have destroyed their domestic life. And when this is gone, neither Criminal Law nor Education can save us: for the domestic life of the people is the foundation of the Commonwealth.

I will do my best to understand the Bill.—Believe me, yours faithfully,

HENRY E., Card. Archbp.

Having known Cardinal Manning in his self-sacrificing life, I went to pay a last tribute of respect at his funeral service, which was celebrated at the Brompton Oratory. Unfortunately it was disturbed by a most disgraceful incident, which I witnessed with much pain—a well-dressed woman being in such a state of intoxication that she had to be removed by two policemen, after making herself most disagreeable to two ladies, close to whom she had insisted upon taking up her position. The scandalous interruption in question seemed the more distressing, owing to the fact that, during the good Cardinal's lifetime, the cause of temperance had been one of those social reforms for which he had fought with strenuous fervour.

Curiously enough, both Cardinal Manning and Bishop Wilberforce, whom I also knew, were connected through their wives with a Sussex tragedy, which in the past had created great stir.

In the early part of the last century a highwayman, or rather a footpad, infested the roads between Arundel and Chichester, and eased the farmers of their purses as they returned home from market, with the result that he became a terror to the western part of the county. This man's name was Allen, and he had been a footman in the service of the Lennox family. His robberies

became so frequent that eventually the militia were called out to effect his capture, and at last he was pressed so closely that he took refuge in a pond at Graffham, near Midhurst. His pursuers, however, discovered him, and a young Mr. Sargent, a son of a neighbouring landowner, who was a fine young man, and a captain in the 9th Regiment of Foot, called upon the man by name to give himself up. The reply was a shot from Allen's pistol, which laid the unfortunate officer dead on the spot, after which a volley from the soldiers killed the robber. The nieces of young Sargent were co-heiresses of the Lavington estate, and it was their fate to become the wives of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester, and of Henry Manning, in latter years a Cardinal of the Church of Rome.

Bishop Wilberforce was a man of most conciliatory spirit, and the grace with which he held a sort of balancing pole on the tight-rope of widely divergent views earned for him the nickname of Soapy Sam. For a time he would appear to tend towards Ritualism, and then with a spring reseat himself in public favour, at that time not too favourable to the High Church movement. On the whole the good Bishop leaned towards the latter, but, as I have said, held the scale most evenly between High and Low as an ecclesiastic of his high sense of justice should do.

As a friend the good Bishop was one of the most charming and agreeable personalities I ever met, whilst his powers as a preacher were extra-

ordinary. These have in some degree been inherited by his son, the present Archdeacon of Westminster, who is also a friend of mine, and I have passed very pleasant hours as a guest at his hospitable board, which have by no means been impaired by the complete absence of every form of alcohol from his table, for the Archdeacon is a teetotaller of the most staunch description. Once when he was at death's door he resolutely declined the entreaties of doctors to imbibe a little stimulant, and much to their surprise triumphantly recovered.

Within the last year a great grief has clouded the Archdeacon's life, his beloved wife having been taken from him, to the great sorrow of many friends, who appreciated the bond of mutual love by which this sympathetic couple were bound.

There were not many Radicals in Hampshire in the days when we lived in that county, or if there were, most of them kept pretty quiet. The lot of those of independent views in the past was not a very happy one, for they had to contend against circumstances and the jealousy of neighbours, and the doubts and indifference of friends and relations; above all, against the pride and superciliousness of the local gentry, which set its face against their principles.

Mr. Cobden, for instance, though not as extreme as these, was practically boycotted by the squirearchy who lived in his neighbourhood. He was, however, a man of most independent character, and cared nothing at all for this. In later years when his high-minded character and single-

ness of purpose began to be recognised, the Duke of Richmond offered to make him a Deputy Lieutenant, but this he refused to accept. With old Lord Leconfield, known as the King of West Sussex, he was on better terms, and the latter used to send him game.

For shooting, or indeed for sport of any kind, he cared not at all, nor did he take any interest in games. The practical side of gardening also had no attractions for him, but he loved Sussex, and enjoyed the country as a place of rest from the turmoil of political life. About the only amusement for which I think he manifested the slightest liking was billiards, and he was fond enough of an occasional game, in which he resembled Mr. Lowe.

Though Mr. Cobden, owing to his political opinions, was perhaps hardly popular in his own county, he loved everything connected with it, and even regarded an opponent, provided he were a Sussex man, with a feeling of cordiality. There was, for instance, a good deal of kindly feeling between him and Lord Henry Lennox.

The following letter alludes to this—

DUNFORD, *10th November* 1867

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—Some friends are coming to stay with me on Friday for a few days, and I am sorry that my wife and I can't accept your kind invitation. There is *one* of your expected guests with whom I should have liked very much to have had a quiet gossip about things in general at Dangstein. My friend, who is coming with his quaker wife to see me, is a member of this

good-for-nothing government (Mr. Gilpin of the Poor Law Board), and therefore must not join the tête-à-tête with Lord Hy. Lennox, but pray tell the latter that if he can contrive to ride across the county, to call on me, we will contrive to have a little treason together. He and I have generally voted in opposite lobbies, as you know, but yet there has been a certain geniality between us,—I suppose because we are Sussex men; for in these days of "nationalities," people of the same county become in a certain sense partisans. My wife sends her kind regards and thanks.—With best compliments to Mr. Nevill, I remain, very truly yours,

R. COBDEN

With Mr. Nevill and myself he was on the best of terms, and we used to see a good deal of him, for he came often to visit us, and I used to go to Dunford. In my former volume of reminiscences I have given several of his letters—these, however, were more or less serious in tone, whereas the following is in a different vein—

DUNFORD, *29th October* 1863

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL, — Many thanks for your kind present of a hare and a brace of pheasants, which reached whilst I was absent in London, filling for the first and last time in my life the post of chairman at a public dinner at the City of London Tavern. Otherwise I should have thanked you sooner.

I suppose you have heard of the extravagant

and incredible scandal about which everybody is talking in London—no less than a charge of *crim con* against old Lord P.—just as he enters his 80th year! The account that I hear is as follows, but, of course, I don't believe a word of it—

It is said there is a suit commenced in the Divorce Court, in which the wife of an Irish parson named O'Kane is respondent and Lord P. co-respondent,—that letters from Ld. P. to the Lady are in the hands of the plaintiff, and that bank notes which have passed from him, Ld. P., to her have been traced,—that the damages are laid at £20,000,—that the affair is so recent as the last three months,—and the name of the plaintiff's solicitor is given;—all this and a great deal more was told me when I was in London, by a highly credible person, who said he got his information from a clerk in the Divorce Court through whose hands all the papers had passed. If Bernal Osborne is in London, he ought to tell you all about it. The most knowing people in the Clubs say there is something in it. But it is too monstrous!—Ever yours truly,

R. COBDEN

As a matter of fact, there was nothing in this scandalous rumour. It is characteristic of Mr. Cobden's generous character that though he was in every way opposed to Lord Palmerston, he would not for one moment credit the reports circulated by malicious rumour, and, thinking it monstrous, would not believe a word.

Though from time to time attacks of all sorts

were levelled against Lord Palmerston and his ways, there was one thing connected with him which every one agreed to be above all criticism, and this was his knowledge of good cooking.

A distinguished diplomat, it was said, after a dinner at Cambridge House, once very much astonished some one who had delivered a violent tirade against Palmerstonian methods, by quietly remarking, "Peut-être, mais on dine fort bien chez lui," whilst one of his most violent parliamentary opponents wrote, "Lord Palmerston is redeemed from the last extremity of political degradation by his cook."

I well remember Lord Palmerston, and the delightful parties which he and his most clever wife used to give at the mansion in Piccadilly, which is now the Naval and Military Club. He was possessed of a faculty for apt phrases, and I think was the author of the famous definition of dirt, as being only "matter in the wrong place."

Lord Palmerston had such an objection to smoking that he wrote a sharp rebuke to the young attachés at Constantinople because their dispatches smelt of tobacco, and desired the Ambassador to have the notice stuck up in the office, and to see that its injunctions were attended to.

An extraordinary hatred of tobacco characterised many great men of the past.

Goethe hated tobacco. Balzac, the great French romantic writer, could not bear it under any shape or form—pipes, cigars, and snuff were equally

abhorrent to his feelings. He, however, took coffee to excess. Henry Heine did not smoke, but Byron did. Neither Victor Hugo nor Alexandre Dumas ever smoked; while, on the other hand, Alfred de Musset, Eugene Sue, George Sand, Merimée, Paul de St. Victor, and others, smoke or did smoke. It is said that it was one of Balzac's mysterious and fair friends who imposed upon him this supposed antipathy to tobacco.

On the other hand, Lord Clarendon and the first Lord Lytton were both great smokers; the latter, it was said, a far more inveterate smoker than any character described in his works.

Smokers of another age often used china cigar-holders. My cousin, Lord Abergavenny, remembers having seen my father-in-law, the Hon. George Nevill, born 1760, smoking a cigar through a china holder, about the most uncomfortable method of smoking possible. These old-fashioned china cigar-holders were often elaborately painted. I fancy that they have now become rare.

Except Mr. Cobden, as far as I remember, not very many politicians lived near us in the country, but Samuel Warren (the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, which in its time created such a sensation), whom I knew very well, once stood as a red-hot Conservative for Midhurst, and got in. A Mr. Davis had been a most active worker in his interest, and when Warren was triumphantly elected, he said, "Well done, Davis, you shall have my first frank."

At that time members of Parliament and

peers had the right of franking letters, that is to say, they wrote their names upon the envelopes, which then went through the post free. As far as I remember, they were limited to a certain amount a day, but I fancy they often exceeded this. My father was always being bothered to frank letters for economically-minded or impecunious people, and I remember that on one occasion, when we were in Norfolk, he being away, a member of the household actually went so far as to copy his handwriting and produce a fraudulent frank which, as a matter of fact, was, I believe, an offence which made the pepetrator liable to very severe punishment. People had a positive mania for getting their letters franked. I once thought of making a collection of old franked envelopes, and I have a few still. My great friend, Lady Chesterfield, however, formed a very large and interesting collection, which I suppose is at Bretby.

Samuel Warren is chiefly remembered for his literary work; but he was a clever barrister, and very effective as a cross-examiner, especially on one occasion. A case as to the presumed forgery of a will was being tried, and the highly respectable individual who was to profit, were the will declared valid, put in the box. Taking up the will and placing his thumb over the place where such documents have a seal, Warren said—

"I understand you saw the testator sign this will, and acted as a witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

Thursday
April 18th. '67.

Dear Lady Dorothy,

I must send you some account of our adventures on Monday last after leaving Dangstein. Our fly broke down and we did not reach Petersfield till long after the train had gone - and had to wait two hours at the Station. But there is always a compensation in things - On the one hand we both wished to get to London early - and were disappointed; but then we had time to inspect the town of Petersfield its Church and its equestrian Statue; we were able to purchase no end of newspapers; - and another 'extenuating circumstance' was that the Holfords arrived for the next train and came with us to town.

Yrs very Sincerely

Richard Doyle

Non

"With red."

"You saw it sealed with red?"

"Yes."

"The testator was, I understand, in bed when he signed and sealed this will. Pray how long was the piece of sealing wax he used?"

"About three inches long."

"And who gave the testator the piece of wax?"

"I did."

In reply to further questioning the witness averred that he had, from the drawer of the testator's desk, obtained the wax which had been melted by a candle out of a cupboard in the room, lit by a match from the mantelshelf. The candle, he said, was four or five inches long.

Mr. Warren now paused, and holding up the will, recapitulated the evidence, ending up with: "Once more, sir, upon your solemn oath you did all this?"

"I did," was the reply.

"My lord," said Warren, turning to the judge and removing his thumb, "you will observe this will is sealed with a wafer.

Mr. Richard Doyle—Dicky Doyle, as he was familiarly called—the well-known artist, was a frequent guest at our Hampshire home. On one occasion, when he had set out with Sir William Harcourt to catch a train at Petersfield station, a wheel of his fly broke, in consequence of which he and his fellow-traveller were considerably delayed on their journey to town. Shortly afterwards he sent me some humorous pen-and-ink sketches of his adventures, together with the following letter—

THURSDAY, *April 18th*, 1867

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—I must send you some account of our adventures on Monday last after leaving Dangstein. Our fly broke down, and we did not reach Petersfield till long after the train had gone, and had to wait two hours at the station. But there is always a compensation in things—on the one hand we both wished to get to London early, and were disappointed, but then we had time to inspect the town of Petersfield, its Church and its equestrian statue, we were able to purchase no end of newspapers ; and another extenuating circumstance was that the Holfords arrived for the next train and came with us to town.—Yours very sincerely,

RICHARD DOYLE

As a rule, when we had visitors staying with us, much time was spent in the gardens, where I had a special enclosure for the Ailanthus silkworm, in which I took great interest, besides many horticultural curiosities interesting to scientific people. During such walks the air would resound with mysterious music produced by my pigeons, to whose tails Chinese pigeon whistles had been attached. The late Professor Owen was much struck with these, as the following shows—

3rd November 1874

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—So far from forgetting you, it was but yesterday I was describing your grove of Ailanthus and your magic music of the

air, and somewhat sadly thinking such ephemeral visits, with glimpses of your paradise, must soon pass away from the memory of the Mistress-creative genius of the place!

I pass daily, pendulum-wise, between Sheen and Bloomsbury, living two lives, my vegetative one in the elm-shaded cottage, my intellectual life at the British Museum. Most of my sunny holidays are memories and hopes. Will a grateful country ever pension me off? Shall I ever be free to go whither I would? More than doubtful, experiencing as I daily more and more do the strong pull of dragons.

But I will bear the truly kind and hospitable wish of Mr. Nevill and yourself in grateful memory, and show my sense of it by fulfilling those wishes: trusting, some April or May day, I may see you both as well as when I last was at Dangstein, and be in as good condition as I was when I enjoyed its hospitality.—Most truly yours,

RICHARD OWEN

Professor Owen used to talk much to me of the prehistoric dragons in which he took such an interest, and had some years before sent me a carefully executed drawing of one of these queer Pterodactyls—

SHEEN LODGE, RICHMOND PARK
5th August 1869

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—The dragon was despatched to tell of my return home before I received the evidence of your prompt and kind action in returning the spectacles, which reached me safely,

but it is hardly fair that you should be fined for my carelessness.

You will have another instance of the need of flappers for Laputans when you go to church next Sunday; only, as the little prayer-book has been worn out in my service, I would ask that it might be bestowed on any little boy or girl of that end of the parish who may think it worth acceptance.

I would tell Mr. Nevill, in relation to economy of numbers in "half-time" teaching, that in Switzerland the children are collected at the practicable ends of the valleys in a large light sort of wagonette, and returned within easy or practicable reach of their homes in the same "Cantonal vehicle." It is probable that the results to the morality and intelligence of the rising generation of a parish might make an "Omnibus" for conveying children to and from a central school (for a 150) not a bad investment.—Sincerely yours,

RICHARD OWEN

I beg to be kindly remembered to Miss Nevill.

Both Sir William and Sir Joseph Hooker were great friends of mine, and Sir William did me the honour of dedicating a volume of the *Botanical Magazine* to me, at which time he wrote a charming letter—

ROYAL GARDENS, KEW
Nov. 11th, 1857

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—

. . . . . .

I think I must claim to myself something of a

prophetic spirit in dedicating that particular volume of the *Bot. Magazine* to you, which contains the figure of the Aralia papyrifera, thereby indicating that you also would soon have the honour of flowering it. When I penned the little dedication I knew you deserved the trifling compliment, but I am much more conscious of that now that I have seen Dangstein. And what I admire in your Ladyship more even than your love of plants, is your great desire that others should partake in the pleasure of seeing these beauties of nature's creating, improved by the art of man.

I am afraid it is the case that only fruits are admitted into the horticultural shows at this season—but I have written to ask. If you do not hear further from me in a day or two you will take for granted that *flowers* are *not* admitted. If they are I will write to say so.

I was to have dined to-day with the Duchess of Orleans and the Comte de Paris; but last night on my return from paying my respects to the Siamese ambassadors I found a note from the Marquis de Beauvois giving me the astounding news of the death of the Duchesse de Nemours. How terribly that family is tried with sorrow.

You will smile at the application of the premier[1] King of Siam for a plant from our Gardens —the Lombardy Poplar!! which would neither bear the voyage, nor grow with their awful heat. I believe too he expects a full-grown one.—Most truly and faithfully, my dear Lady Dorothy, yours,

W. J. HOOKER

[1] There was then a dual kingship in Siam.

Sir William took much interest in my method of preparing skeleton leaves, and also in the cult of silkworms, which was once my especial hobby—

ROYAL GARDENS, KEW
April 19th, 1861

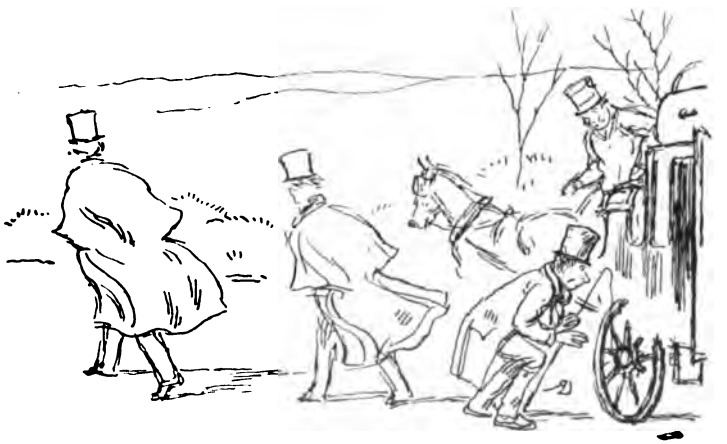
MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—Our poor friend Henslow is still lingering on, and we are in daily, I may truly say hourly, expectation of hearing of his decease.

You have excelled in preparing skeleton leaves, I know, and I have seen, I think, some foliage in the early stage of the operation, in vessels of soft rain-water, to remove by a putrefying process the pulpy substance. A lady friend of mine wants to know the *further* process for removing ALL the decaying matter and leaving the fern in the *beautifully clean state* when the operation is finished ?

Is it chloride of lime, or some bleaching fluid ?

I have at length a goodly number of cocoons sent out by the French Govt., to the Ionian Islands, of the new Chinese silkworm. Your nephew, I think Mr. Drummond Wolff, Civil Secretary there, and President of the "Ionian Association," I presume for the culture of this insect, has done me the honour to make me an "honorary Vice-President" of the Society,—I hope with the understanding that I am never required to act in that capacity. M. Guerin Méneville, too, in return for a little service rendered him, has sent me a *most beautiful* case with the preserved insects in all their various stages, and samples of the

Fly containing W. H. and R.D: is seen going towards the Petersfield Station. Girder of wheel suddenly comes off and runs as if it were a hoop trundled by an invisible hand.



Full stop. Driver thinks we may be about half way. 3 miles more at least! W. H. with energy, leaving luggage to its fate, starts off to walk to the Station. R.D. follows.

NOT

silk, raw and manufactured, and begged me to ascertain if our Queen would accept a similar one. I showed her mine, and she is so charmed that she has commanded me to inform M. Méneville that she will graciously accept his offer. I believe small sets are sold in Paris, and they are extremely interesting.

I have just sent off another Collector to Japan. He goes out with Mr. Oliphant, and under the most favourable auspices.—Yours my dear Lady Dorothy, most faithfully, W. J. HOOKER

A few years later, when some of the first dwarf trees ever sent from Japan had arrived in this country, Sir William wrote me a description of them—

ROYAL GARDENS, KEW
February 1st, 1881

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—You are most generous to me with your game, and your present just now reminds one of the last Rose of Summer, only in the Game line.

I have been interested to-day in opening three Waidian cases, which have come for the Queen from Japan, and they are to go to the Isle of Wight. There are some curious dwarfed things among them, especially Thuja dolabrata with variegated leaves, and a most remarkably new Damarra, also with variegated leaves, very singular. The trunk is thicker than a man's arm, and the whole tree not a foot and a half high, quite covered with its handsome foliage and innumerable little

crooked branches, the trunk is everywhere grafted, and every branch grafted again and again, and every one tied into its place with wire, in such a manner that no trunk can be seen. Some of the pines thus dwarfed have died on the passage, and I wonder everything is not killed, for scarcely a pane in the three cases remained unbroken.

Mr. Veitch junr. was at Jeddo when these came away, and he recommended to the Consul General what should be sent.

I suspect he has sent home to Exeter and Chelsea a fine set of things, and he is now himself on his way home by way of the Philippine Islands.

I hope neither you nor your plants have suffered this very severe winter. Many of our tenderest shrubs look very brown, but I do not think we have lost much.

With kind regards to Mr. Nevill, believe me, my dear Lady Dorothy, faithfully yours,

(Signed) W. J. HOOKER

Another of our scientific visitors was Sir Roderick Murchison, who was ever the most welcome of guests. He was, however, terribly hard worked, and could get away but little.

TORQUAY, *April 26th*, 1859

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—I have just got your kind letter re-inviting me to pay you a visit at Dangstein, and I am really quite mortified at being compelled by *dire necessity* to decline your proposal.

I am (as you know, perhaps) President of the Geographical Society, and it is my business to prepare a long discourse, etc.—the progress of geography *all over the world* in the last year, scarcely one word of which is now written.

In coming here I hoped to do a little in the holidays, whilst on a visit to Miss Burdett Coutts; but my hostess is so hospitable, that what with dinners and sight-seeing and caverns with fossil bones, I see that I shall return empty-handed as regards my geographical concerns. In short I must slave continuously to get ready for the 23rd May.

Besides this oppressive nightmare I have to prepare for the press a long paper on the geology of the North of Scotland.

You will see from the mere mention of these *hors d'œuvres* (to say nothing of my official duties as Director of the Geographical Survey), that I am too much oppressed with work to be able to enjoy another holy day in the Spring.

With many thanks and my compliments to Mr. Nevill.—Yours very devotedly,

RODK. E. MURCHISON

Sir Roderick Murchison was, as is after all but befitting in a great geologist, a most serious man, and one who understood no jokes about science. When Darwin's theory of the origin of species was arousing great discussion, some one flippantly remarked that, as far as he could see, there seemed no particular reason why a jelly-fish, after passing

through various stages, and transformations, should not become Archbishop of Canterbury. Sir Roderick gravely assured him that it was utterly impossible that any such development should take place.

The great men of the Victorian Era were, many of them, very much more serious in their demeanour than the moderns. They seemed to consider that any relaxation would impair their dignity. They were, indeed, so absorbed in their own particular subjects that even their children became permeated with the phraseology which was constantly ringing in their ears.

Some ladies, walking in the garden of an eminent divine classed amongst the transcendentalists, saw his little boy scraping up the gravel path with an old spoon. "What are you doing, my little boy?" inquired one of the ladies. "Oh," said the young offshoot of transcendentalism, "I'm digging after the Infinite."

My friend Mr. Edmund Gosse has given a most admirable picture of the relations between a clever, serious father and an equally clever son, though of a totally different disposition, in his book *Father and Son*, one of the most interesting volumes I ever read.

It has often been remarked how much the sons of distinguished men differ from their parents; and the son of a certain eloquent and philanthropic leader of the Ten Hours' Movement was no exception. Before canvassing the electors at Hull, he was brought forward as a candidate by the

Church and State interest, who supposed that he would be as pious as his father. Several clergymen accompanied him in his canvass, when one of the electors asked him if he did not think it wrong of Lord Palmerston to sanction the bombardment of Canton? To which the youthful aspirant for parliamentary honours replied—

"Why, hang it, what could he do?"

The shock which this gave to his clerical companions can easily be imagined.

Formerly people in general troubled themselves very little about horticulture, and great ignorance prevailed. When orchids first began to be the rage, there was an amusing story of a traveller who pretended to have spent some time in Mexico, and happening to visit a famous private garden in Florence, the owner, who had a very fine collection of plants, talked of cactuses, until the visitor's knowledge, which appeared to be limited, was totally exhausted. Suddenly, the old gentleman remarked, "I suppose you must have seen a great many of the 'Orchids' in Central America?" "Why, no," was the reply, "I didn't go much into society there—in fact, merely passed through." "Eh! what?" inquired the deaf man, holding his hand to his ear. "No!" stammered the traveller, "I did not meet any; I did not go into society at all!" "Society!" screamed his host, "why, bless your soul, you don't find orchids in society; they grow on trees!" This was very much in the style of the lady who, about the time the first camelopards

were brought over, was asked by a friend, "Have you seen the giraffes?" "No," said she, "I don't know them at all; they are a French family, I believe!"

Orchids, insectivorous plants, some of them of a rare kind, were our especial hobby at Dangstein, and owing to this I was able to furnish Mr. Darwin with a good many specimens, which I like to think were of use to him in his wonderful researches. He took a great interest in the contents of our hothouses, and for years kept up an intermittent correspondence with me, though I never could induce him to pay us a visit—he very rarely left his Kentish home at Down.

Darwin was a man of the utmost simplicity of life, and his household was a very haven of tranquillity. On one occasion, when there was a question of my paying the Darwins a visit of some days, Mrs. Darwin wrote to me, saying that she understood that those who moved much in London society were accustomed to find their country-house visits enlivened by all sorts of sports and practical jokes—she had read that tossing people in blankets had become highly popular as a diversion. "I am afraid," her letter ended," we should hardly be able to offer you anything of that sort."

I did pay Darwin a visit at Down, but as ill-luck would have it he was just at this time suffering from a violent attack of the malady—for it amounted to that—which he had contracted during his voyage on the *Beagle*, when he had become a martyr to sea-sickness, which never afterwards

entirely left him, and throughout his tireless life of investigation intermittently rendered his existence a burden.

I carried on a correspondence with Mr. Darwin for some years, and later on, when I left Hampshire, he used occasionally to come and see me during visits to London. Our gardens at Dangstein contained many curious plants, which were of use to the great evolutionist in his researches, and I was only too proud to furnish him with anything he might require.

Most of Mr. Darwin's letters dealt with his horticultural research. As, however, everything connected with this great man is now of interest, I subjoin a few of the letters in question.

The following referred to Venus' Sun Trap (Dionea) and to the Sun Dew, of which English and tropical species exist—

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT
3rd September 1874

DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—I am much obliged for your Ladyship's extremely kind letter. I have nearly finished my work on Dionea, and though a fine specimen would have been of much use to me, I shall manage pretty well with some poor plants which I have.

"I have never seen Drosera dichotoma, and should much like to make a cursory examination of it. Will you be so good as to tell your gardener to address it to

C. DARWIN, Orpington Station, S.E.R.

To be forwarded immediately by a foot messenger

I will return the plant as soon as my observations are finished, and I hope it will not be injured.

I have so often heard of the beauty of the gardens of Dangstein, that I should much enjoy seeing them; but the state of my health prevents me going anywhere.

Pray believe me, your Ladyship's truly obliged,

CHARLES DARWIN

As Mr. Darwin said, his indifferent health kept him practically a prisoner within his own grounds. So much so was this the case that for many years after he had taken up his residence in Kent he remained unknown to many of his neighbours, who, at last, seeing him on the road, asked who the new arrival might be.

The following refers to the insectivorous plants, a number of which we kept in our hothouses. They had, I remember, curious tastes, manifesting a violent repugnance to cheese, and not at all averse to alcohol—

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT

September 18*th*, 1874

DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—I am so much obliged to you. I was so convinced that the bladders were with the leaves, that I never thought of turning the moss, and this was very stupid of me. The great, solid, bladder-like swellings almost on the surface are wonderful objects, but are not the true bladders. These I find on the roots near the surface, and down to a depth of 2 inches in the sand. They are very transparent under glass,

Stupid Surprise of one native of the Country -

and

Heartless and ill-timed merriment of another -

all sight of the broken Wheel

We crawl along at the pace of a snail. Rain leaves off falling. Sunshine! and a ray of hope in the shape of a cart. "Friend of the People" appeals to one of 'People' to take us - He only says "he is already loaded" and drives on.

—from $\frac{1}{20}$ to $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in size, and hollow. They have all the important points of structure of the bladders of the floating English species, and I felt confident I should find captured prey. And so I have to my delight in two bladders, with clear proof that they absorbed food from the decaying moss. For Utricularia is a carrion-feeder and not strictly carnivorous, like Drosera, etc., etc. The great solid bladder-like bodies, I believe, are reservoirs of water like a camel's stomach. Mr. Cook and I have made a few more observations. I mean to be so cruel as to give your plant no water, and observe whether the great bladders shrink and contain air instead of water. I shall then, also, wash all earth from all roots and see whether these are true bladders for capturing subterranean insects down to the very bottom of the pot. Now shall you think me very greedy if I say the suffering to species is not very precious and you have several, will you give me one more plant, and if so, please to send it to "Orpington Station, S.E.R., to be forwarded by foot messenger."

I have hardly ever enjoyed a day more in my life than this day's work; and this I owe to your ladyship's great kindness.

The seeds are very curious monsters: I fancy of some plant allied to medicep; but I will show them to Dr. Hooker.—Your Ladyship's very grateful, C. DARWIN

In former days there was generally an aviary in large gardens, and we kept a good many birds

in ours, amongst them love-birds in a large, covered wire enclosure, carefully shielded from draughts. We were very successful with them, and one pair produced no less than twenty little ones, which much interested Mr. Darwin to hear. In the following letter he referred to this—

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT
29th December, 1874

DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—I thought that I had reported on the *Utricularia*, and I certainly ought to have done so. The large swellings on the roots or rhizomes certainly serve to store up water, and it is wonderful how long the plant can exist in quite dry earth, these swellings or tubers gradually yielding up their water. But the minute bladders have interested me most. I have found in four of them on your plant minute decayed animals; and in the dried bladders of plants from their native country a much larger number of captured creatures, commonly mites. The bladders are lined with quadrified processes, consisting of most delicate membrane; these are empty and transparent in the bladders which have caught nothing, but are filled with granular, spontaneously moving protoplasm in those which have lain for some time in contact with decayed animal matter. Therefore I feel sure that the plant is adapted for catching live animals, and feeds on their remains when decayed.

I am much obliged to you for telling me the very curious anecdote about the love-birds.

When in London during the winter I hope that I may be so fortunate as to have the honour of seeing your Ladyship.—I beg leave to remain, yours faithfully and obliged,

CHARLES DARWIN

My son, who has written this from my dictation, is pleased that you were interested by his article.

Mr. Darwin paid me several visits when he came to London, which was seldom, for town was little to his taste, his mind being entirely absorbed by those studies which have rendered his name illustrious throughout all time.

In the later seventies he devoted much time to investigating the habits of insect-catching plants, and again I afforded him some slight assistance, which he acknowledged as follows—

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT
15th January 1877

DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—I am much obliged for all the trouble which you have so kindly taken. One of your references relates to the Apognice catching Lepidoptera, and this is the most gratuitous case of cruelty known to me in a state of nature, for apparently such captures are of no use to the plant, and assuredly not to the wretched butterfly, or moth, or fly.—Your Ladyship's truly obliged, CHARLES DARWIN

Alas! there is much suffering and cruelty in

the world which seems to us meaningless and unnecessary; but after all, human intelligence is but finite, and in all probability everything is designed for the best.

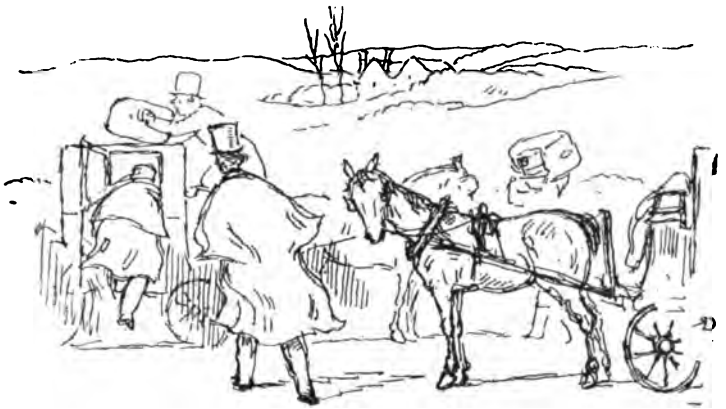
The last note I got from the famous evolutionist was one in answer to my request that he would inscribe his name upon a little birthday book of mine which contains the signatures of most of the great Victorians—

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT
(Railway Station Orpington, S.E.R.)
Nov. 29th, 1881

DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—I have had much pleasure in signing the little book. I rarely come to London, but on the two last occasions, I had hoped for the honour and pleasure of calling on you. Time and strength, however, failed me. I am glad that you have been at all interested by my book on earthworms.—I beg leave to remain, your Ladyship's faithfully and obliged,

CHARLES DARWIN

I never heard from him again.



A long interval since the last scene. Despair set in. At last when near the end of the journey another fly is met and we are taken in safety to the Station. Time ½ past 11. P.S. London train gone ½ an hour.

PETERSFIELD STATION.

Last Scene of All in this Eventful History.

MAU

IV

A South African letter—Australian Walpoles—A link with the past—Old days in Sussex—Deal luggers and Hastings gospel ships—Sussex pigs—Black sheep—Mormonism in Sussex—Trugs—A romantic relic—Chicken-fatting—The last carrier's cart—Shingling—The convent at Mayfield.

AFTER the publication of my Reminiscences I received a number of letters. One was from a lady in Grahamstown, Cape Colony.

I believe, wrote she, it was to an ancestor of yours that my mother's uncle, Benjamin Randall, owed his start in life, being sent out (in what capacity I know not) to India, where he was in the H.E.I. Company's service. There he made a large fortune, but dying so far away from friends, everything fell into the hands of his *compradore*, or whatever the man was called, and my grandmother, Mrs. Norgate, and the other relations got nothing. My sister, Miss S. P. Hawes, still has a number of most interesting pictures of Indian subjects, which poor old Uncle Ben sent home to his sister (my grandmother).

When I was young and stayed at my grandmother's house at Hethersett, there was an oil portrait of one of the Walpoles in one of the rooms. After my grandfather's death in 1859 I believe it

was bought by one of that family, and probably is at Wolterton still.

My mother's first cousin, Mrs. Hastings-Parker, born Randall (daughter of Major Charles Randall), only died in March 1907, being in her 101st year. I wonder if you knew her. She lived at Swannington Hall, and was, like ourselves, descended from the Bladwells.

Another link is on my father's side. A distant cousin of his, many years ago now, told us that Sir Robert Walpole (or his agent) tried to win over my great-grandfather, a surgeon or apothecary of Bury St. Edmund's, by a very heavy bribe to vote in the Tory interest. The bribe was not only to himself, but to his children as they came of age, and he had thirteen! So it is no wonder that he got the name of "Honest Robert Hawes" by his refusal. He was not a rich man, but must have been one of some influence, for so large a sum (I forget how much) to have been offered him.

We left Norfolk when I was quite little, and went to live in the Weald of Sussex, where my father bought a farm, so I know the very part of which you speak, Horsham and Petworth, and I remember being told about iron being formerly worked there, and wondered if it was on our land. I have never seen the term *hammer ponds* explained, and sometimes think that a very black-looking pond, amidst trees, not in pasture land for cattle—which I recollect on a farm near, was one of these.

Then, too, the Christmas mummers came to sing, men dressed in some queer, gay-coloured,

fancy garments, and we children were much disappointed at their being sent away.

It was during the time of our residence in Sussex that the parish stocks at Rudgwick, a village two or three miles from us, were renewed! Not, of course, that their use was then legal, but I suppose the wisdom of the place thought they would serve as a warning to evil-doers. This must have been in the early fifties, I think.

We left Sussex in 1865, after my dear father's death, and went to live at Springfield, near Chelmsford, where the county gaol is—I mention this, because I think you have made a mistake as to the date at which public executions ceased. We lived very near the gaol, and my mother certainly overlooked the fact that they were still public, when she took a house in such a situation. There had been one shortly before, at which great crowds were present. The Act which required them to be carried out within the building was passed very shortly afterwards.

I was amused to see the story of the old woman and the bustling part of Ditchling—I heard it nearly twenty years ago, while staying with my sisters at that village.

"Jacob's Post," where a murderer had been hung in chains, we saw on Ditchling Common. The wood was considered a specific for toothache when applied to the face!

My husband says that Mr. Cobden was quite mistaken about the so-called "Opium-War." Neither Lord Macartney nor Lord Amherst ever

went to Pekin. He lived in China many years before we were married, and is most unusually well-informed upon things Chinese.

One of his early recollections is being taken by his mother, Mme. Dulcken, to see Jenny Lind, in the house to which a tablet with her name has lately been affixed.

Some time ago a volume concerning Mrs. Atkyns of Ketteringham Hall, in Norfolk, a lady who spent her fortune in attempts to rescue Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin from imprisonment, aroused considerable attention. Mrs. Atkyns had been a Miss Charlotte Walpole, an actress of Drury Lane Theatre—I could never discover whether or not her family had been connected with ours. I was therefore much interested to receive the following letter from a young lady who seems to have known one who could have cast some light upon the history of this remarkable woman—old Mr. Glover.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA
9th September 1909

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—I have just read your Reminiscences, and enjoyed them so much that I am taking the liberty of writing to you.

Now please don't take me for a lunatic, only just a very curious woman. Ever since I grew up, I've been deeply interested in trying to see how we were related to Horace Walpole of Letter-Writing fame. Unfortunately, my grandfather died when I was eleven, and was a man who spoke very little of his English relatives. He had a large

family, and what usually accompanies it, small means. So had plenty to occupy his attention, and his inquisitive Grandchild was too young to care. Otherwise I would not write to you. Now, to tell you what I have managed to find out. My grandfather—Edward Atkyns Walpole—was the youngest son of Blayney Cadwallader Walpole. He had two elder brothers and one sister. His mother's maiden name was Peach, and she lived in Dublin. His father was in the army, and was moving about a good deal. The three sons were educated in England, and the only daughter lived with her grandmother, Mrs. Peach, in Dublin. Of the two elder brothers, one was with Lord Nelson, and in a sea fight was on a prize frigate, which was sunk by the enemy and all on board were drowned. The other disappeared from school in a very mysterious manner, and though all inquiries were made, was never heard of again. The youngest son, Edward Atkyns Walpole (my grandfather), spent a great deal of his childhood with his godmother, Mrs. Atkyns, at Ketteringham Hall, in Norfolk. She always said, at her death, it would be his. She was in France a great deal, and when away, he was left in charge of two old French ladies who kept a school. Mrs. Atkyns' mother lived with her, and while she was very cross, Mrs. Atkyns spoilt my grandfather. He spoke French fluently, and I believe Mrs. Atkyns hoped to have him made a page at the French Court. She was a relative of his as well as being his godmother. He called her aunt. When Edward Atkyns Walpole

was two years old his father, Captain Blayney Cadwallader Walpole, died. He was in the 33rd Regiment, and was sent to Sierra Leone as Governor. However, he got yellow fever soon after his arrival, and died. The Duchess of Gloucester took an interest in him, and I believe had something to do with his appointment to Sierra Leone. His wife married soon after his death—a Captain Glover, and had a second family. Edward Atkyns Walpole was born in 1809 in the Isle of Wight, and his father died about 1811. When Edward was fifteen years old his stepfather (Captain Glover) and mother decided to come to the Colonies. She wished to bring her two surviving children, by her first husband, with her. So Edward and his sister came out with them in 1824. Mrs. Atkyns was angry at Edward being taken from her. She wrote to him sometimes, but he was heedless, and letters took a long time to reach their destination, so the correspondence ceased. At her death he found she had sunk her money in an annuity, and he got nothing. Now what I really want to know is—How was Blayney C. Walpole related to Horace Walpole? My aunts here vaguely think he was his cousin, and the Duchess of Gloucester was his aunt. He could not possibly have been related in that way, as the Duchess of Gloucester and Horace Walpole were niece and uncle. Oh dear! it's all so vague, and I do want to know so badly. I'm the only one who cares to. If my father knew I was writing to you he would think me stark staring mad. Please don't shrivel me up,

with a scathing reply. I would rather be treated to a scornful silence—much. My grandfather died in Tasmania in 1889. Of course I know his father was long before your time, but when I saw you had lived in Norfolk where my grandfather lived, with Mrs. Atkyns, thought perhaps you might have heard who she was. My aunts thought my grandfather spoke of her as Lady Atkyns, but old Mr. Glover (my grandfather's step-brother) is still alive, and when I was in Tasmania lately, I tried to gain some information from him. However, he was only nine years old when they left England, and all he knew was that she was not Lady but *Mrs.* Atkyns, on that point he was most decided. He said if she had a title it was only one of courtesy at the French Court. He said he remembered Edward telling him she had shown him a handkerchief stained with Marie Antoinette's blood. It was old Mr. Glover who told me "Edward" always called Mrs. Atkyns aunt, though he did not think the relationship so close, and that was all he could or would tell me. He's much over ninety, but very touchy as to his age, and thinks you want to find out, so won't say he can remember much. We have a statement of Blayney Cadwallader's services in the Army, and he seems to have been in two or three different regiments. In 1780 to 1785 he was second lieutenant in the 23rd Regiment of Foot or Royal Welsh Fusiliers. From 1795 to 1802 as lieutenant in the Armagh Regiment of Irish Militia, and during the Rebellion was actively employed. From 1802 to 1805 he was

lieutenant in the late Royal 3rd Lincoln Militia, and when he died was captain in the 33rd Regiment. Some of us have a lovely miniature of him in the uniform of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He has large blue eyes, a big nose and powdered hair, but who he was the son of, seems a mystery. If you have ever heard of him or any of the names I have mentioned, will be deeply grateful. I'm not a bit wanting to be connected with the present family, I love everything old. It's rather sad I should have been born in a country where everything is new. Oh, I do envy you for having actually been in Strawberry Hill. I have read all *Walpole's Letters to Mann* and other odd ones. You will think I inherit his love of writing letters if nothing else, so will stop. Hoping you will pardon me for troubling you, if, indeed, you get as far as this.—Ever yours sincerely,

ANGEL IDA WALPOLE

Some inquiries which were made established the fact that the writer's family were an Irish branch of the Walpole family who settled in Ireland in the seventeenth century. In reply to an earnest request that Mr. Glover might be further interrogated as to his personal recollection of Mrs. Atkyns, in whom students of the Revolution have of late taken so much interest, a letter was received saying that his voice was now for ever still. He had died three months before.

The subject of Mrs. Atkyns[1] and the Dauphin

[1] A tablet recently erected to her memory in Ketteringham Church is reproduced.

reminds me of the Pretender Naundorff, whose descendants, I believe, still maintain their claim to descent from Louis XVI. A sort of cousin of mine, the Rev. Mr. Percival; was a staunch believer in Naundorff's claims, and I believe gave him material assistance. The question as to who Naundorff really was seems never to have been cleared up. Possibly the following may be the true explanation—

In 1858 an old woman who died in a hospital at Berlin was reported to have left amongst her possessions an old, richly decorated arm-chair (said then to be Gothic in style), which, at auction, realised five hundred francs. It was purchased by a foreigner, who afterwards declared that he had bought it on account of its important history, which he knew.

Originally given by the States of Moheren to the Empress Maria Theresa, it had been in her boudoir till her death, upon which instructions were found to send it to Marie Antoinette, and in course of time it became one of the principal pieces of furniture allowed to Louis XVI in the Temple. The King's valet-de-chambre, Fleury, afterwards became possessed of the chair, and took it to England, where it became the property of the Prince Regent, and afterwards of the Duke of Cumberland. The latter took it to Berlin, and there it was given to an upholsterer to repair. The workman charged with the job found secreted in it a diamond pin, a portrait in pencil of a boy, and a number of small sheets of paper filled with very small writing. These things he appropriated; the pin he sold, and the portrait and papers he gave to

a watchmaker, a friend of his. Although the writing was in a foreign language, the watchmaker succeeded in making out that it consisted of a series of secret and very important instructions drawn up by Louis XVI for the Dauphin, his son, the portrait being that of the latter. The watchmaker, whose name was Naundorff, some years after gave himself out as Louis XVII, and produced the papers and portrait in question to prove his allegation.

It should be added that the arm-chair was purchased to be sold again in Austria, where it probably still is.

The county of Sussex has always been very dear to me. For years I lived near its western border, and later on, after Mr. Nevill's death in 1878, I went to live in East Sussex, not very far from Heathfield, then still a remote old-world district, which seemed to have been wrapped in slumber ever since the furnaces of the old Sussex iron-masters had been extinguished some hundred years before. In this part of the country a good deal of Sussex iron work, log tongs, fire dogs, rush-holders, and the like, was still to be obtained. The cottagers, in many cases, had discarded such relics of the past, which were thrown out into the fields, or lay covered with rust on their garden rubbish heaps. Consequently I added considerably to the collection which I had begun to form when living near the other side of the county, where I had purchased a good deal of old iron work, principally from Newman of Chichester, a great character in his way, and a staunch believer in

MEMORIAL TO MRS. ATKYNS IN KETTERINGHAM CHURCH

Mau

matrimony, who once told me that a man might as well do without mustard as without a wife.

People used to laugh at what they called my craze for old iron. However, my collection, now loaned to the Victoria and Albert Museum, has, I believe, become of some value.

The quiet, peaceful Sussex of to-day, gradually, alas! owing to the increase of villas, losing something of its sweet rural character, is very different from the county which furnished the guns and shot of the ships with which Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher harried the invincible Armada of Spain.

The forty-two forges and iron mills which once sent forth culverins, falconets, firebacks, andirons, ploughshares, spuds, and many other implements and ornaments, including the railings of St. Paul's Cathedral, have now long ceased to work. With the close of the eighteenth century the Sussex ironmasters saw that the end of their industry was near. The growing scarcity of wood, and the opening of coal mines in Wales and other parts of the kingdom, where iron ore was in close proximity to them, were fatal to the Sussex works, which gradually grew fewer and fewer, until the last of them, at Ashburnham, was closed in 1809, the immediate cause of it being the failure of the foundry-men, through intoxication, to mix chalk with the ore, by reason of which it ceased to flow, and the blasting finally ended.

Kent and Sussex in old days produced a race of seamen of peculiar daring, and the Deal lugger was a regular institution of the place. These

luggers were famous in life-saving exploits, and figure largely in the annals of the old smuggling days. At the end of 1909, however, only one (the *Cosmopolite*) of the famous pilot fleet of Deal luggers remained, and that was in danger of being broken up. The local authorities, I believe, were anxious to preserve this relic of the past, but I am unaware whether the necessary sum was raised.

The mention of Deal brings to mind a rather quaint story which used to be told at the time when Dover Pier was being built. Diving bells were employed to further the work of laying the foundations, and during the progress of the work it was observed that they remained down for somewhat long periods of time, which eventually aroused the attention of the contractors. Eventually it was ascertained that the men in the diving bells had invented a new diversion, which accounted for their remaining such a time at the bottom of the sea. This consisted in catching crabs, the backs of which they marked and then caused them to run, or rather crawl, from one end of the bell to the other, betting on the result.

Though, when I lived in Sussex, shipbuilding on a large scale was already a thing of the past, Messrs. Tutt & Sacree of Hastings still built rowing boats for all the south coast pleasure resorts and for the Thames, as well as model yachts such as are sailed upon the Serpentine. Another kind of miniature vessel was also constructed in their yard, designed for an excellent purpose which, it is to be feared, it seldom successfully fulfilled.

This was the " Gospel ship " or " Jerusalem vessel," designed to serve the two-fold purpose of bringing before sailors at sea the Gospel text, " Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and to receive into their secure hold messages from sinking ships. These little ships were more capacious, and at the same time less liable to fracture, than the traditional bottle, and the text, inscribed on an oilskin sail in luminous paint, was, moreover, so long as it remained whole, more calculated to attract attention, while at the same time carrying the marine letter-box faster across the waves.

Occasionally mariners viewed these little Gospel ships with suspicion, taking them for floating mines or some form of torpedo. Not a few travelled great distances. One set afloat 300 miles S.W. of the Scillys was once safely landed on the Irish coast. Another did service in the South Pacific.

Amongst the things I used to collect were the Sussex pigs, the best of which were made at Rye, that delightful old-world town from which the sea has receded. The exact origin of the Sussex pig may perhaps be the stubborn obstinacy of the Sussex rustic, which is traditional. In allusion to this a wag once declared that the county arms should be a pig, with the motto, " Won't be druv," beneath. Whether such a crest is really appropriate or not, the old " Sussex pig " has been popular with local potters from time immemorial, probably as an emblem of plenty coupled with content.

I collected a number of pigs of various sizes. They appear to have originally been designed to

hold beer, and they usually figured as presents at wedding feasts. The head of the pig, which is somewhat insecurely fastened by means of a tapering peg inserted in two corresponding holes, made respectively in the head and the neck, takes off, and as the snout is perfectly flat, and capable of serving as a rest for the inverted head-piece, it is qualified to do service as a mug, the idea being that the new couple and their guests should drink "a hogshead of beer." Meanwhile the body serves as jug or larger receptacle, discharging the liquor out of the neck.

Though the pigs I kept were only of pottery, I had some real sheep—black sheep—which, in accordance with the usual idea, gave us an immense amount of trouble, running away all over the country. When they were first sent to me I had them turned out like ordinary sheep, being under the impression that no especial precautions were needed to prevent their straying. Gifted with most extraordinary powers of jumping, they hopped over ordinary hurdles and fences with the very greatest ease; every night, indeed, one or two would be missing, and the dark forms of the truants leaping hedges, ditches, and streams frightened many a Sussex rustic on his homeward way in the dusk, who thought that the fiend, who had once bearded St. Dunstan at Mayfield, was now again on the warpath.

So difficult was it to keep these sheep from playing their pranks, that eventually I was persuaded to let them appear in the only form in

which I could be assured that they would give no further trouble, and one by one they were converted into the most excellent and tender mutton.

A Sussex village was in former days almost as remote from the great movements of life at the centres of civilisation as Greenland is to-day, and those who lived in it seemed to concern themselves little about any movements beyond paying taxes, and occasionally giving a vote at county elections.

Thirty years ago, when I knew the district well, the country folk around Heathfield were extremely unsophisticated, and probably for this reason Mormon missionaries from Utah carried on a regular propaganda, which was attended with a good deal of success. In some cases whole families, stirred by their preaching, migrated to Salt Lake City, a place which the majority of Sussex converts found anything but the earthly paradise which had been described to them. The consequence was that owing to their piteous epistolary lamentations and entreaties they were generally repatriated at some one else's expense, for these emigrants to the land of Brigham Young, having sold up their homes in order to pay for their journey to the promised land, flowing with milk and honey, more often than not were completely destitute on arrival in America, where they had to eke out a precarious livelihood by menial service.

From time to time, owing to this state of affairs, great indignation was manifested in this part of the Weald of Sussex against the Mormon missionaries, some of whom were roughly handled, and

given sound duckings in the village horse-ponds. I am, however, not at all sure that the forces of Mormonism have yet been entirely routed in this district, where the children of the soil, after many centuries of comparative isolation, are a strange and obstinate people, often of a most unreasonable turn of mind.

How pretty are the old Sussex cottages, with their little gable-ends, open timber-work fronts, and shelving thatched roofs, coming down at one end nearly to the ground, and little lattice-windows that look out cosily from the eaves. Such cottages were generally built standing back from the road-side, amidst an informal orchard of apple, cherry, plum, and pear trees. Inside, for the most part, they were as clean and neat, and as carefully tended as the gardens without; the shelves bright with coloured cups and saucers, and mugs and ornaments of quaint design, and on the walls engravings illustrating the adventures of Joseph and his brethren, or some other Scriptural incidents, often in close proximity to some gaily coloured picture of sport. Such cottages, however, were seldom comfortable, for the brick floor was generally damp and uneven, the ceiling, as a rule, formed of massive oak beams, strong enough to support a church and heavy enough to pull it down, the only place free from draughts full of rheumatism being the innermost corner in the huge open chimney—the place, according to immemorial usage, of the male head of the family.

There were few county houses of much interest

in this particular part of Sussex, though Heathfield Park is interesting as having been the country seat of General Elliott, the defender of Gibraltar, and the victor in the glorious action of September 1782, who took from it his title of Lord Heathfield. A tower raised in his memory on a spot commanding a view embracing more than forty churches, and embellished with the dedicatory inscription *Calpes Defensori*, is not very far removed from the spot where the General, before proceeding to Gibraltar, practised in company with the village blacksmith—a man with a turn for scientific gunnery—a manœuvre which proved of decisive use in his contest with the French and Spanish fleet, namely, the firing of red-hot shot. He had some cannon in the park, and by the practice spoken of became an expert at ladling the red-hot shot into their muzzles.

This part of Sussex is intersected with numbers of small streams, tributaries of the Cuckmere, which join the main river somewhere above Hellingly. Most of these streams, besides minnows and lamperns, contain trout, which occasionally attain a weight nearly approaching a pound. They are excellent eating. Fishing with a fly is for the most part out of the question, owing to the number of boughs and bushes which protrude from the bank, often almost shutting in the streams; occasionally, however, the trout were fished for and caught with a worm. The bigger fish haunt their own particular holes, and these used to be caught in Sussex by what can only be called a somewhat unsportsmanlike, if effective, manœuvre. This was called "lading," and con-

sisted in a number of men damming up the stream with boards and earth just in front of a likely hole, the water from which was then ladled or laded out, a net being stretched across to prevent the escape of any fish which might be there. As a rule two or three fair-sized trout are secured in each hole, together with a number of smaller fry. The process of lading was carried out by the use of Sussex "trugs," which are peculiarly suitable for such a task, the closely set wooden bottoms and basket-like shape being admirably adapted for holding the water, which is either thrown on to the bank or over the net down the course of the stream.

The trug in question seems to be entirely a Sussex product.

The inventor of Sussex trugs, at least in their present form, was Mr. Thomas Smith of Hurstmonceux, who was in the habit of making a sort of "rude contrivance," something like the modern trug referred to, about a hundred and twenty-five years ago. One day it struck him that this might be turned to account, with a little attention, for agricultural purposes, and his first improvement was to make a sort of basket of chestnut, ash, or oak wood, bound together with hazel bands. Such trugs were serviceable, but heavy, and in the course of time, Mr. Smith discovered that willow-wood was both more pliable and lighter, and at the present day trugs are made almost exclusively of this, except some of the larger sizes, which, for strength, are made of ash. A trug can be made by a single man alone. The man who begins the trug

also finishes it. No doubt the variation of labour thus supplied to each hand breaks the monotony of the work, and as a good deal is done by piece-work, and every man works on his own particular account, there is no inducement to apportion the various operations to distinct sets of hands. Trug-making would not appear to be very laborious or difficult, though no doubt it requires a knack only to be acquired by practice. A man can turn out, according to size and his own ability, from four to twelve dozen a week; the usual average is from five to eight dozen.

Another Sussex industry was rope-making, for which the market town of Hailsham used to be locally known. This employed some hundreds of hands, a local character being imparted to it by the manufucture of haircloth for drying hops in the oast-houses. I am unaware whether this industry still continues.

Near my house in East Sussex was Horeham Manor, an old house which had rather deteriorated since the days of the eighteenth century, and retained little except some panelling to remind visitors that it had once been a fine country house. Let to a farmer, it belonged, and still belongs, to Sir William Hart Dyke, an old friend of mine, and one of the last really typical old English gentlemen. A staunch Conservative, Sir William for years played a considerable part in politics. He acted as whip, and his thoroughly sterling and honourable character was appreciated alike by friend and foe in the strife of party warfare, from which he has now withdrawn.

Of late years, since his retirement from active political life, Sir William has been seen less in London than before, preferring, as he does, the rural delights and retirement of his beautiful old mansion, Lullingstone Castle, one of the few English country houses the picturesque charm of which has not been impaired by injudicious restoration. Here is religiously preserved a family relic of a most interesting and romantic kind—a purse known as the "Luck" of the Dykes. Into this on marrying every successive heir to the estate puts a coin (a usage still regularly observed), and as Lullingstone has belonged to the Dykes for many centuries, there is a good deal of money of various reigns, forming quite an interesting collection. A family superstition, never yet broken, decrees that though the coins may be taken out of the curious old purse-bag in which many a dead and gone Dyke has deposited them, they must never be counted, and, consequently, the exact number to this day remains unknown.

Heathfield is in the centre of the chicken-fatting and "higgling" district—higgling would seem to be an essentially local calling. As the chicken-fatters conducted their operations on an extensive scale, the supply of home-raised fowls was insufficient. Accordingly, the fatters were compelled to employ "higglers," who went as far as fifty miles (the farther away the better they liked it, for the birds were cheaper) to collect young chickens. These higglers were each in touch with a particular fatter—some fatters employed several; as a rule,

they were bound to a limit of price, and allowed a commission of something like two shillings a dozen. The chickens had to be from eight to thirteen weeks old, so as to answer the varying requirements as to size, some breeds being greater favourites than others. Arthur Young called the green linnet the ideal breed, and the Dorking as next nearest to it in absolute perfection. Dorkings continued up to the time I lived near Heathfield to be highly popular among Sussex fatters, but the familiar barn-door fowl also held its own as a capital fatter, a touch of Bramah blood in any breed being valued as securing strong chicks. The chickens were cooped up in sizes, generally all coops in a row, at a height above the ground convenient for feeding and handling, and fed out of a crib which ran alongside the coops. In some places there were several tiers of coops, one above the other, mostly under shelter, in sheds—fowls liking warmth. Some successful fatters, however, kept a number of their birds sheltered by nothing but a roof and a wattle screen, and declared that the fowls did as well there as in sheds, even in winter. In the Heathfield district the usual food consisted of ground oats, suet, and milk—skimmed or unskimmed—to which sometimes a little linseed oil was added, especially in winter. At first chickens have to be fed carefully, if not charily. Their greediness is so intense that they are apt to choke or overfeed themselves, and then there is an end of fatting. They were in general kept on oatmeal made into gruel one week, suet added the second week, and the last week

they were crammed. Some of the principal crammers were exceedingly prosperous—one used to be known as the king of the chicken-fatters.

Cramming is a peculiar process, being something of an art, but it would seem to be utterly free from the inhuman cruelty of the Alsatian *foie gras* production. The object of the fatter is not to make the chickens bilious, but to keep them healthy. Their crop is filled with food, which was originally done by hand, as in Alsace, a ball being forcibly thrust down the fowl's throat. Small fatters still adhered to this process, but machinery is also employed, which saves much time. The appliance in use is a sausage-making machine, to the mouth of which a gutta-percha tube is attached. This tube must be inserted in the crop—not too far, but just far enough not to choke the chickens or injure their crop. One man turns the wheel; another holds the chicken till the crop is filled—the process takes hardly a minute. In this manner the chickens have their crops filled twice a day. After a time it is said the chickens get so used to this artificial feeding as actually to await the morning and evening gorging with something like eagerness, and the fatting process is continued for about a week.

No doubt since the time when I lived in Sussex the whole system of chicken-fatting has been improved, and the industry brought up to the level of modern requirements.

Killing and preparing the fowls for the market were operations as important as cramming. Carriers sent their carts round to the various

farmhouses to collect any fowls that might be ready, and conveying them to market, conducted the sale, and brought the proceeds home to the fatters after paying themselves for carriage. Modern facilities of conveyances have greatly assisted the trade. In old days, when means of communication were difficult, carriers' vans used to take the fowls right into London, and "journeys" were restricted to one or two days a week. When, however, the South-Eastern Railway was built, Ticehurst became the collecting station, from which the chicken-crates were conveyed by rail. After the opening of the new branch of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, some twenty-seven years ago, Heathfield became the head-quarters of the traffic, and in order to accommodate customers the railway company provided special cars which carried only Sussex poultry.

The heavy carriers' carts, which were formerly such familiar features of English country roads, have now long disappeared. The last journey of a famous Sussex carrier's (Bourner) vans between Lewes and London was made in 1859. Bourner had been preceded by other well-known carriers—Shelley, for instance, whose carts, drawn by eight horses, had broad wheels, the tyres being near a foot and a half in width, going at a steady pace of two miles an hour, and occupying four days in the journey from London. Next came Jarrett's van, doing the journey in fifteen hours. This was a revolution, and it was regarded with suspicion as an innovation. The proprietor dying, it fell

into the hands of Mr. Bourner. After the railway to Lewes was opened, however, it became a struggle to keep it going, for most of the Lewes traffic went to the railway, and this van depended for support mostly upon the rural districts eastward.

Delightful features of the Sussex landscape are the shingled roofs and spires, so gratifying to the lover of the picturesque. Certain disadvantages, however, attach to such a form of roofing. In the first place, it is not cheap, and in the second, in case of fire, it is so dangerous that foreign governments have actually forbidden its use. A shingle roof on fire is like a "cascade" of rockets or fireworks, scattering burning timber in all directions, and to a considerable distance. When properly fixed and watched, shingles, which in modern days have been exclusively made of oak, wear well enough. The shingles on church spires become worn "threadbare" after a century or so of service, when they begin to show the texture of the hard fibre in silvery sheen, and still protecting the roof after all the soft woody matter has been washed away. For some three centuries the "town" of Rotherfield was the home and centre of Sussex shingling. Shingling is a craft quite distinct from ordinary builder's or carpenter's work, and runs in a family. It requires skill, indifference to danger, and a cool head. The workman does not make his own shingles, but buys them, as a rule, from the timber yard, though they are also made in the forest or in carpenters' shops. The butt-ends of sound oak trees supply the best material. Where timber is

cleft, not sawn, these remain, so to speak, as refuse. Their wood is of the longest wear. The shingles are cut green, all by hand, with the axe, and are made of uniform length, thirteen inches, but of varying width. All of them taper towards the end. When cut, they are stacked crossways so as to keep one another straight, and prevent warping. They are not really fit for use till after some years' keeping.

Near Rotherfield is Mayfield, with its Roman Catholic Convent, which I often visited, for I had made great friends with some of the nuns, kindest and best of women, devoting their peaceful and unselfish lives to the service of the poor and sick. Here are preserved the tongs with which St. Dunstan is said to have seized the devil by the nose when the fiend had appeared to tempt him in the guise of a beautiful woman. According to tradition, the Evil One was thoroughly dismayed by his rough reception, and flew away over the Weald of Sussex, dropping his blood over the sweet woodland country way, the streams of which in consequence run red to this day A misfortune which some years ago happened to the Mayfield community is, perhaps, his revenge. The nuns, finding some difficulty in securing a sufficient supply of water, engaged a water-finder, who, in due course, indicated a spot where he declared boring would certainly be successful. At considerable expense a well of great depth was sunk, water being duly discovered. When, however, the poor nuns came to drink it, they discovered that, owing to the vast quantity of iron which it contained, it was absolutely

useless for household purposes, and some thousand pounds had been expended in vain, a circumstance which no doubt caused the fiend great satisfaction, and served as some small compensation for the nose-pinching of centuries before.

After I left East Sussex I took a cottage at Haslemere, which I had known years before as a mere village, in days when the lovely surroundings were quite unappreciated by a less cultivated and less luxurious generation. My cottage there was really two old cottages, which had been most artistically united by Mr. Beresford Pite, who had contrived an extremely pretty and even commodious little house, which retained every attractive feature of the old cottages, including an old chimney corner and ceilings crossed by huge beams. It is only within the last twenty years that architects have learnt how to blend old and new with effective and comfortable results.

The original cottage, I believe, had once been the residence of a tanner who carried on his trade in what had been made part of a very nice little garden.

Haslemere abounds in pretty cottages, a number of which, like the one I had, are old ones transformed. But the High Street is somewhat disfigured by the architecture of a certain number of modern erections built for shops.

Tradesmen in the country, alas! are too often quite devoid of taste, and seem to take an especial delight in tearing down the quaint old shop-windows composed of small panes of glass, which, on the

other hand, London architects now not infrequently copy.

When I first went to Haslemere, a well-known character was Mr. Elwin, whose little house was filled with a most heterogeneous collection of antiquities, including a number of quaint old chemists' jars. For years he had been gathering together all kinds of odds and ends. Some of them had considerable local interest. I used much to enjoy a chat with this original old man, and was very sorry when he died.

A great friend of mine at Haslemere was Mr. Montagu White—before the Boer war representative of the Transvaal Republic in England.

Not very long ago he married another Haslemere friend of mine—a lady who owns a considerable property there, and also a charming house filled with interesting things, which I often went to admire.

V

The conquest of the West End—Two favourite topics—The "smart set"—Its characteristics—The social life of to-day—Successful financiers—Anecdotes—Bibulous butlers—The end of "Society"—Prominent figures—Conversationalists—General Gallifet—Unchanging woman—Lady Cardigan and her recollections—Lord Ward—Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury—Anecdotes of social celebrities.

WHILST the English aristocracy were undoubtedly well advised to profit by the lesson of the ruling caste across the Channel, whose complete downfall at the time of the Revolution was largely brought about by their indiscriminating exclusiveness and insolence towards all not of noble birth, it would seem an open question whether they have not gone too far in the direction of welcoming and pandering to wealth, no matter how acquired. In the early days of the financial invasion into the West End, society, which then really existed, unconsciously aspired towards absorbing the newcomers into their own class, and thus still retaining social power under the new conditions which were beginning to prevail.

Unfortunately, as matters have turned out, a quite opposite state of affairs has come to pass, and the forces of mammon have absorbed and are still gradually absorbing the influence which rank and long lineage once enjoyed. Birth to-day is of

small account, whilst wealth wields an unquestioned sway. It would indeed seem that society—aristocratic society that is—might have made a better bargain if it had exercised a greater amount of discrimination and reserve, whilst extending a less enthusiastic welcome to millionaires shrewd enough to despise those whose ends they easily divined.

The conquest of the West End by the City has brought about a complete change of tone, for whereas in former days little was heard of stocks and shares, money-making (or rather money-losing, which is generally the result of speculation) has become an ordinary subject of conversation. The older generation rarely spoke of two things—their financial affairs and their digestions. Both are now favourite topics.

Many of the old school regarded anything but serious investments (generally carried out for them by their family solicitors) with extreme suspicion, and some held ultra-scrupulous views as to speculation of any kind whatever.

This was surely pushed to an exaggerated pitch by Lord Churston, who, in the fifties of the last century, declined to take shares in the Dartmouth and Torbay Railway, on the ground that no Member of Parliament should hold shares in any railway on which he might have to legislate.

All this, however, is now ancient history, and a large part of so-called society—women as much as men—spend their time eagerly watching for what they hope may prove to be a good thing. Too often, however, they have cause to regret such

for the "smart set" — there was nothing little about most of them.

As for the rank and file, consisting of beauties, or supposed beauties, cosmopolitans of fortune, and various grades of hangers-on, most of them have excellent reasons for setting a high value upon the position which, in many cases, it has taken them infinite pains to reach, and which it is possible may bring them very substantial advantages.

To the independent and original, however, the joys of such an existence can make but a limited appeal. The "smart set," for its part, does not want them, for it sets little value upon mere intelligence without wealth.

A clever financier they can understand, for some mundane benefits are pretty certain to follow in his wake.

Mere originality and wit, however, not put to any financially beneficial use, are apt, in the opinion of most of such people, to degenerate into boredom, whilst at heart they well know that the possessors of such very unprofitable qualities, in nine cases out of ten, would regard the whims and fancies—the poor chatter and total lack of ideas—with feelings of pity, or at best, of amused contempt.

Now and then some fairly intelligent individual strays into this heterogeneous assemblage, and by the careful suppression of personality becomes quite popular, prattling with the best of them of scandals, clothes, and the thousand and one little trifles which are the pivots on which the existence of such an ephemeral group mainly revolves.

One of the most pleasant things about the "smart set" is its complacency—many of its members are as happy as the day is long, serenely confident that they, and they alone, represent the elect of the human race destined by some turn of fate which they have no desire to understand to lead a life of lotus-eating and amusement. Curiously enough when the ruthless destiny, which comes to so many human beings quite irrespective of wealth or class, happens to overwhelm people of this sort, quite a number (contrary to what one might reasonably suppose) display the greatest courage. Not a few have faced the loss of fortune with a cheerfulness which finer characters may well envy, whilst others, stricken down by disease and pain, exhibit a rare fortitude of quite an extraordinary character.

As a matter of fact, a large number of people who spend their time toying with the trinkets of life are unconscious fatalists, avoiding every form of trouble or of sorrow much as they do a bad dinner. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is their motto—one of an uninspiring and even low character. Nevertheless it is but just to remember that if many of them have acted up to the first part of it to the full, not a few have exhibited great courage and character when put to the test.

London society (an expression which means nothing now) demands very different credentials of newcomers from those formerly asked. As a matter of fact, any one prepared to entertain lavishly can soon become one of its leaders, provided it is managed in the proper way.

A curious feature of modern social life is the way in which a provincial family possessing great wealth made in trade enters into London society. The sons of some rich manufacturer (very often a Nonconformist, much given to good works and philanthropy), in nine cases out of ten entertain social ambitions, which they soon begin to attempt to gratify, once their worthy parent has departed.

In all probability one or other of the brothers will have a fairly presentable wife, remotely, at least, connected with some one in society who willingly undertakes the necessary piloting. Dinners, parties, and balls are given, and these, combined with rumours of enormous wealth, which so powerfully attract the modern world, soon effect their purpose. The Nonconformist friends of other days are soon forgotten or dropped, for such people would not at all suit the "smart set." The sons are sent to Eton, and in due course frequent the cover side and the racecourse, whilst the daughters go through the most expensive forms of instruction, such as are supposed to constitute a modern young lady's education. The whole family are both mentally and physically transformed, very often with the result that in two generations its various members are obliged by force of circumstances to recommence the laborious life led by the maker of the original fortune.

In some cases, however, one of the brothers, whilst partially dazed by the lights of London, still adheres to some of the ideas of his youth, and, though the possessor of a great mansion in the West End, goes through the daily round of obser-

vances so dear to the evangelical or Low Church provincial, in whose existence the spirits of religion and money-making are so curiously combined. Though frankly condemning the joys of the world, he, nevertheless, gives dinners and parties, generally, alas! not seldom of a most dismal description. The social enterprises of such a one as this are of necessity perpetually hampered by the provincial scruples, which, of course, run exactly counter to the ways of a society mainly engrossed with unthinking pleasures. His sons, educated at a public school, find the gloom of their solemn home overwhelmingly depressing, and, unless they make a successful marriage, too often fall into habits which bring them into constant friction with their father. His daughters either take to good works or contrive to keep away altogether, so that the poor man in the end leads a far more miserable existence than he would have done in his native city, full of men of the same austere views as himself.

A totally different class of rich man is the successful speculator, who, by some lucky coup, suddenly finds himself welcome in houses where formerly he would scarcely have been allowed in the servants' hall. There is a self-confidence and swagger about some of the individuals which irresistibly reminds one of the little boy who, having soaked his handkerchief in eau-de-Cologne, proudly announced to a party of friends, "If any of you smells a smell, that's me."

A certain number of the *nouveaux riches* are amusing owing to the freshness of phrase which

they import into West End drawing-rooms. Of this kind was Mrs. Hudson, the wife of the great railroad speculator, who for a time flourished in the last century. She was somewhat shrewd in her own peculiar way, and had a trenchant manner of hitting off people's characteristics.

Speaking of an individual of unreliable disposition, she said—

"He is like a pat of butter on a hot plate—you never know when you have got him!"

Another millionaire, a man who had made his fortune by hard work, and risen from the lowest rung of the ladder to the top, indulged in a peculiar vein of rugged humour. A lady telling him that she was going to call her son Peter, he startled her by exclaiming, "Not Peter, but Salt Peter you should call him, for I never yet knew a man called Peter who could earn his salt."

Many enormously rich men of the present day are very kindly and good-natured; in fact, I fancy the whole class has vastly improved in the matter of consideration for the world at large. In old days a good many of the wealthy had no more heart than a stone peach on a lodging-house chimney-piece. Their servants were also on occasion very pompous and insolent.

A cousin of mine, who lived in a large house with many servants and many friends, was always being told that they called and were never admitted. On expostulation with the butler (a Frenchman who had come from some millionaire), the latter said—

"Madame, est-ce que je peux prendre les gens par les épaules et les faire entrer si ils ne veulent pas?"

This conclusive reply procured him his immediate discharge.

The same butler left a grand situation because the lady, when on a holiday to her country house, would use the *Times* newspaper for a tablecloth, thereby offending the feeling of the Frenchman.

In former days intemperance was, without doubt, more prevalent than is now the case. Servants in particular gave much trouble in this respect, and a cousin of mine—George Cadogan—used often to deplore the ruthless fate which seemed to delight in causing him to come across bibulous butlers. One of these men being especially obstreperous in his cups, I received the following letter—

13 PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S
September 16th

DEAR AND PERENNIALLY FAIR COZ,—In the midst of cares compared to which those which beset Job were a light pastime, I send you a line to acknowledge the receipt of the maid Honoria, whom I found on my arrival, from Hampsted Marshall, a renovated specimen of the human kind, and I wish to thank you and Nevill for all your kindness to her—indeed, you have done a great deal more for her and us than appears on the surface, for she seems to have rubbed off amongst you a *sauvagerie* that I was beginning to be anxious about. She seems to have been perfectly happy, and has got fat on your flesh-pots. In the mean-

time E. and I have been disporting ourselves at the Donegalls with a party of young men, six of us, including Lord D., whose united ages I calculate at three hundred and ninety. On coming up to town I found my butler (second of his dynasty within one month) drunk on his bed—it took twenty-four hours to get him as far as the door, outside of which I believe him to be still extended, with a Bobby *della misericordia* to watch over his slumbers—such is life, and many happy returns to you.

. . . . . .

I have left E. with her mother. She will have to seek for me on her return under Waterloo Bridge —but a butler shall go with me !—Your unfortunate though still affectionate G. C.

Amongst vanished customs of society must be reckoned the meals called breakfasts, but in reality luncheons, which were formerly a great feature of social life.

I remember so well going to breakfasts at Mrs. Lawrence's—charming affairs, where flowers and the gay world mixed. Amongst them were Lord and Lady Harrington. He had married Miss Foote. Lord Harrington was always dressed most eccentrically. A long coffee-coloured cloth coat down to his heels, braided all over, and a wonderful beaver hat trimmed with brown. A witty cousin of mine used to say—"When I see Lord H., I always feel I have gained a shilling,"—meaning he had seen a sight without paying for it.

Lord Harrington's servants and his horses also wore a wonderful livery.

In those days there were many of these afternoon breakfasts, but now, alas! where these delightful feasts took place all is built over and destroyed.

A lovely woman, who was a great beauty of mid-Victorian days, was Lady Mary Craven. I nicknamed this brilliant lady "the Bomb," because whenever she entered a room, no matter how beautiful or attractive the other women in it might be, she instantly caused every one's attention to be centred upon her. She was a very great friend of mine, and I retain the most pleasant recollections of her charming personality.

Society, in the old sense of the term, may be said, I think, to have come to an end in the "eighties" of the last century.

Many great men were still surviving in the early years of that decade, and dinner parties were often enlivened by their presence. Looking through old letters I find a list of the guests at one of these. Amongst them were three Gladstones, including, of course, the Grand Old Man, the Duchess of St. Albans, the Tavistocks, the William Harcourts, Matthew Arnold, Bright, and Herbert Spencer; an assemblage containing much intellect and no extraordinary amount of wealth—the day of the millionaire had not yet come.

At this dinner Mr. Gladstone spoke much of Lord Beaconsfield, over whose loss Matthew Arnold grieved to his neighbour, whilst contrasting the two great men, much to the lost one's advantage.

In the eighties many well-known figures disappeared for ever from the social world in which they had exercised real sway. Bernal Osborne and poor Jim Macdonald died the same day. Society was beginning to lose much of its charm, for already it was apparent that there were no young ones coming on to replace those pleasant men of the world. There was something more worthy in the latter than that which came first before the eyes of people in general. In Jim Macdonald there was the best heart that ever breathed, and he was the most thorough gentleman. Bernal Osborne was a philosopher, and had great talents, which most unfortunately missed their mark. He, like many other of his contemporaries, thoroughly understood the art of conversation, though he would have been considered too trenchant, I think, at the present day, when no particular licence is extended to any one, no matter how good a talker he may be.

A lady who lived through the entire Victorian Era was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. In old days her wealth was reputed to be fabulous, and all sorts of rumours prevailed as to whom she was about to marry. One of these declared that King Leopold of Belgium, the monarch who died but a short time ago, was about to lead Miss Burdett-Coutts, as she was then, to the altar.

Another link with the past was the late Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, who in his last years was constantly to be seen in a bath-chair in the Park, attended by his daughter.

I take it that few are aware that Sir Eyre Shaw was originally intended for the Church, and only escaped ordination by the very skin of his teeth. Indeed, he even attended the ordination service, but, after listening to the preliminary sermon preached by the officiating bishop, he left the church, and decided upon embracing a secular career.

With the disappearance of the older Victorians the conversation of society has totally altered its character—some say disappeared altogether.

As regards conversation in general, there is a good deal more of it than formerly, though the quality has, I think, deteriorated. In old days a number of people kept practically silent and listened; now every one talks, or tries to talk, and no one seems to devote any particular attention to what is said, their main endeavour being to get in a word themselves. At the same time it must be acknowledged that the range of subjects discussed is far wider, and people have a greater number of interests than in old days, when collecting and artistic tastes, now so popular, were looked upon, more or less, as being highly eccentric fads.

The real art of conversation is not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

The professional conversationalist of the past was at best rather a contemptible figure—when I say professional conversationalist, I refer to people

who were asked out to dine on the tacit understanding that they should amuse the other guests. I am not speaking of conversationalists of the type of Bernal Osborne, whose flow of talk sprang from his own natural vivacity. Up to about forty or fifty years ago there still survived a class which somewhat approximated to the jesters of the Middle Ages, who were expected to amuse the company.

Many of these men were in reality miserable mortals, with their domestic affairs in a wretched state, and harassed to death by pecuniary worry. To retain this position they were obliged to fawn upon society, which patronised them whilst their amusing powers lasted, and shook them off when they began to fail. About the middle of the last century, however, a better state of affairs began to prevail. Charles Dickens, for instance, entirely refused to be trotted out, having the courage and good sense to prefer friendship to patronage, and congenial spirits to aristocratic connections.

The amusements of society seem rather to have changed of late, principally, I suppose, owing to the advent of the now ubiquitous motor. Bazaars—fancy and otherwise—seem to have gone out of fashion. They were formerly very popular, though I do not know that the charities in aid of which they were generally organised benefited to any considerable extent—the expenses were so large. Wheedling visitors into buying all sorts of useless articles for a time became a favourite pastime of certain ladies, some of whom became great experts in this form of brigandage.

One of the most ingenious stratagems ever employed at a bazaar was probably that devised by the famous writer, George Sand, when holding a stall at a charitable sale in favour of distressed Poles. Baron James de Rothschild happening to pass, the fair saleswoman addressed him with the usual request to purchase something. "What can I buy?" said the Baron; "you have nothing that I can do anything with. But stay; an idea strikes me. Give me your autograph; sell me that." Madame Sand took a sheet of paper, and wrote the following words:—"Received from Baron James de Rothschild the sum of one thousand francs for the benefit of the distressed Poles.—George Sand." M. de Rothschild read it, thanked her, and presenting a note for the sum mentioned, passed on with the autograph.

A great bazaar in which I took part was held at Orleans House, at the time of the marriage of the Comte de Paris with the Princess Isabelle d'Orléans, which had brought to this country a large number of foreigners of distinction. The Duc d'Aumale threw open his grounds and salons at Twickenham for a fête in aid of the funds of the French Benevolent Society, founded in 1842 by the then French Ambassador at this Court, the Comte de St. Aulaire, for the relief of poor French residents in London, irrespective of religious creed or political opinions, and which counted among its benefactors King Louis Philippe.

On the lawn immediately on the river front marquees were erected for the stalls, at which the

several lady-patronesses presided, dispensing at royal and, indeed, at imperial prices, wares which had been gratuitously contributed from all parts of Europe for the benevolent purposes of the charity. The first stall was occupied by her Royal Highness the Duchesse d'Aumale, who, having secured a large portion of her stock for nothing (for it is believed her Royal Highness was positively encumbered by a wealth of presents from all the female branches of the royal houses of Europe), sold it at a price utterly irrespective of all notions of political economy.

I knew the Comte and Comtesse de Paris. The former, I think, never stood any real chance of becoming King of France.

The Orleanists have always been rather backward in taking active steps to establish their claims, and the Comte de Paris, though personally a man of high courage, was no exception, though from time to time he made energetic declarations. At a meeting of adherents in London in 1858 he was especially vehement, saying—"Better to die sword in hand on French soil than languish with disappointment and disease in exile." The only comment made by Thiers upon the speech was this—"We must get this fine lad out of the atmosphere of resignation and submission to Providence which surrounds him at Claremont—it will ruin his spirit!"

In later years the Comte de Paris made a fatal mistake in associating his cause with that of General Boulanger. However, many very able

men believed in the star of this café concert hero. Amongst them Lord Lytton, who wrote me—

Boulanger is the coming man here. All the women are on his side and all the priests (two great powers), and both are working for him in their different ways. He already gives himself the airs of a royal personage, and spends money like water. Everybody is wondering where the money comes from, and nobody knows. But I believe he presents to the churches all the bouquets and embroideries sent him by his fair adorers of the demi-monde—and this so delights the old dévotes of the Faubourg that they send him daily cheques on their bankers. I am to meet him at dinner next week at a royalist deputy's.

Some time after, when the "brave general" was an exile in London, I too met him at a dinner at Sir William Gregory's. Neither his manner nor appearance impressed me favourably. As a matter of fact, I thought him common-looking and rather vulgar. Indeed, I could not conceive how such a man could have ever produced such a stir. I believe his mother had been a Welshwoman, which perhaps accounted for his having been able to set all France by the ears.

Another French soldier of a very different kind was my friend the charming and gallant General Gallifet, whose pet aversion was the hero of the Longchamps review just mentioned.

In April 1889 he wrote me the following semi-

humorous letter, which is very severe upon the soldier whose political campaign was then creating such a commotion—

JOUR DE PÂQUES

MADAME,—Je prenais la plume pour vous demander si vous visiteriez bientôt Paris et son exposition, lorsque j'apprends que Boulanger, cédant aux sollicitations de toute la haute Société anglaise, se décide à habiter Londres—je crains bien que cette "exhibition" imprévue ne fasse beaucoup de tort à l'Exhibition de La France.

Je ne saurais trop vous recommander le Général Boulanger. Il est un homme doux, n'ayant aucun parti pris sur n'importe quelle question politique, militaire, industrielle, et financière. Il a quitté la profession des armes parce qu'elle ne convenait pas à son tempérament pacifique. Il pouvait tuer Floquet en duel, mais il a préféré recevoir une blessure. Il pouvait espérer la main de la Duchesse d'Uzès, mais ayant constaté que cette dame n'aimait pas le savon, il n'a pas accepté sa main.

Il pouvait habiter la Belgique, mais il lui préféra l'Angleterre. Je ne sais même pas s'il consentira à rencontrer le Comte de Paris ou les grands personnages qui voudront s'instruire au son de sa parole mélodieuse; je ne sais même pas s'il consentira à donner sa signature et à laisser sa photographie en vente!!! Il sera probablement accompagné de quelques personnes vraiment distinguées. M. Henri Rochefort, qui a toujours écrit avec respect sur le compte de S. M. La Reine d'Angleterre,—M. Naquet, qui a toutes les bosses,

—un Comte Dillon, qui ne doit son titre qu'à lui-même, et quelques autres d'aussi haute considération. Néanmoins, chère Lady Dorothy, si vous venez en France, veuillez m'en avertir afin que je m'efforce pendant votre séjour à Paris de vous faire un peu oublier l'incomparable Boulanger.

Je mets à vos pieds l'hommage de mon profond respect, ainsi qu'à ceux de Mademoiselle votre fille, GALLIFET

So bitter were the feelings of General Gallifet against the Pretender, that any one who was on friendly terms with his pet aversion at once fell into his bad books. For this reason he even regarded the late Lord Lytton with some distrust—

EN MANŒUVRES AU CAMP DE CHÂLONS
LE 29 *Août* 1889

MADAME,—Je suis désolé de ce que vous m'apprenez de votre arrivée à Paris. Je serai retenu ici et aux environs jusqu'à 11 7bre ce que m'enlève toute chance de me mettre à votre disposition pendant votre excursion à Paris.

Je vous recommande après le tour Eiffel et le galerie des machines, les galeries de peinture,—vous serez à juste titre fière de l'exposition de peinture anglaise qui est *fort belle*. Je crois bien que "notre ami" ! ! ! le Général Boulanger est une connaissance dont nous ne nous vanterons pas quoiqu'il lui arrive.

Je me dis *au désespoir* de ne pouvoir vous être de quelque utilité à Paris. Merci beaucoup

de votre lettre et des bonnes nouvelles que vous me donnez du prince de Galles.

On me dit que Lord Lytton est réellement très menacé des suites de la maladie pour laquelle on l'a opéré. Ceux que le connaissent beaucoup disent qu'il est un charmant homme. J'en suis réduit à les croire sur parole, car son penchant pour le General Boulanger m'a privé du plaisir de cultiver sa connaissance. Il est certain que Boulanger a du lui paraître beaucoup plus "dramatique" que moi—c'est bien naturel.

Sur ce je me mets à vos pieds en vous priant de me croire votre très respectueux adorateur,

GALLIFET

Though there were a certain number of great hostesses and *grandes dames* in other days, I do not think that woman generally played such a prominent part in social matters as now; the wives of most of the great men were often content to efface themselves. As a matter of fact, not a few of the latter were mated with somewhat humdrum, easy-going, good-natured women of small mental attainments, and apparently liked them all the better for their deficiencies. In past ages this was even more common. How happily Racine lived with his wife, and what an angel he thought her, and yet she had never read his plays! Goethe, I believe, never troubled his wife, who called him "Mr. Privy Councillor," with whims or stiff metaphysical problems such as abound in the second part of *Faust*. Probably these geniuses realised

that, as compared with themselves, there was little difference between the clever woman and the humdrum one, and therefore, merging all minor distinctions, relinquished attempts which could but prove unsatisfactory to obtain their sympathy in intellectual matters. Madame Talleyrand was another case in point—a very fine woman, but so very ignorant, that when she was introduced to the celebrated French traveller, Denou, by her husband, she thought he was Robinson Crusoe, and inquired very particularly after his man Friday.

Nothing is more striking than the advance of woman in the direction of taking the lead in social matters, in having acquired a certain capacity for organisation, and finally, in having completely abandoned the affectation of feminine weakness and sensibility which prevailed during early Victorian times. Nevertheless, in spite of this pose, they were much the same then as to-day in the essential qualities of their sex. Then, as now, man was their quarry. A cynic said—

"I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear that the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married!"

Even the exaggerated trappings of woe in which custom formerly forced a widow to appear were often powerless to conceal a desire for a fresh alliance, and not a few widows were like the Chinese lady who, being found fanning the tomb of her deceased husband, was asked the cause. She

accounted for this strange conduct by explaining that he had made her promise not to marry again while the mortar of his tomb remained damp; and as it dried but slowly, she saw no harm in aiding the operation.

Perhaps one of the greatest instances of philosophy and good sense was exhibited by a husband who, while leaving his wife a handsome sum, provided in his will that, in case she again married, the sum was to be doubled!

Of late doubts have been expressed as to whether society of the Victorian age, outwardly so decorous and dignified in comparison with that of to-day, was not in reality somewhat lax. This is owing to revelations which some declared cast an entirely new light upon the past. As a matter of fact, people were then in all probability much as they are now, and the storms by which London society was perturbed were mostly produced by two causes—people not minding their own business, and the betrayal of secrets which caused mischief. A cynic used to say that only on one occasion in his life had he seen people scrupulously minding their own business—a remarkable occurrence which happened at sea—the passengers being too ill to attend to each other's concerns.

As for secrets, most of them, as was once said, are kept in the street. With regard to the number of persons who may safely be trusted with a secret, there is no proverbial authority for believing it to exceed two. We are told, in several languages, that "The secret of two is God's secret, the secret

of three is all the world's"; and the Spaniards say, "What three know, all the world knows."

A gentleman who had gained possession of a valuable commercial secret confided it to a friend who appreciated its value. A short time afterwards this friend came to ask permission to communicate it under oath of eternal secrecy to a friend of his who would be likely to assist in utilising the secret to the best advantage.

"Let me see," said the original possessor of the secret, making a chalk mark on a board at hand. "I know the particulars—that makes one."

"One," said his friend.

"You know it," continued he, making another mark by the side of the one already made, "that makes——?"

"Two," cried the other.

"Well, and if you tell your friend, that will be——?" making a third mark.

"Three only," said the other.

"No," was the reply. "One hundred and eleven!" (111).

What harm has been produced by repetition, with embellishments, of quite innocent secrets thoughtlessly confided to people of little discretion, and what scandal is caused by the publication of ordinary gossip, in nine cases out of ten based upon no solid foundation. The result of this was very clearly demonstrated by the impression produced by Lady Cardigan's book, which a short time ago created so much commotion and surprise. It was indeed declared that her volume of Recollections

threw an entirely new and rather unpleasant light upon the ways of the leisured classes during the mid-Victorian Era, a period generally reputed to have been remarkable for decorous adherence to a high standard of life.

As a matter of fact, the vivacious Recollections in question proved nothing at all, except that their writer was possessed of a singularly imaginative memory, particularly retentive of scandal such as always has, and ever will be, talked.

I remember Lady Cardigan, as a girl, dancing the cachuca with great verve, and this accomplishment she has kept up, I believe, till quite recent years; indeed, from the vivacity displayed in her Recollections, she very likely dances it still. In after years I saw but little of her, though Lady Chesterfield, who was very friendly to her, told me a good deal of her doings. I remember Lady Chesterfield describing to me how she had extricated the hostess of Deene from an awkward predicament, into which she had been plunged by her irrepressible vivacity. Lady Cardigan, as far as I remember, was little seen after her girlhood in society, which in her case sympathised with what she terms the unkind and inconsistent peculiarities of Queen Victoria, who ever, according to her own account, was prepossessed against her.

Lady Cardigan no doubt saw a good deal of a certain kind of racing society—her uncle was Admiral Rous—and it is hardly surprising that some of the lively spirits with whom she consorted sneered at and retailed scandals about those whom they

deemed overbearing and self-righteous. In every society since the world began there has always existed a certain number of individuals who have in some measure flouted the general standards of life, and these invariably maintain that their more rigorously behaved brethren are in reality no better than themselves, and are delighted to retail scandal about them.

This probably was the origin of many of the stories with which Lady Cardigan filled her very lively book. By a curious coincidence hardly any (I do not indeed think there is one) of the people about whom rather impish anecdotes are told are alive. The stories in question certainly cast a new and surprising light upon many who, during their lifetime, did not seem to be the rather despicable characters which they are here painted.

Lord Ward, for instance (afterwards Lord Dudley, and the father of the present Earl), notoriously behaved with the greatest consideration to his first wife—his behaviour under certain rather trying circumstances could not possibly have been more gentlemanlike or generous. It is, therefore, impossible to place any credence in the ghastly story which Lady Cardigan retails with such gusto.

As a matter of fact, the present Lord Colville found a notebook of his father's which accounted for every day during the month of November 1851, and proved the impossibility of the horrible incident which Lady Cardigan narrates, whilst the papers

exist of the undertaker showing that the coffin containing Lady Ward was brought straight from Schwalbach to Himley, and never opened. This is also vouched for by a sub-agent on Lord Dudley's estate, who was a young clerk in the estate office at the time.

I remember Lord Ward at Florence in the forties, when, during the miserable carnival which did anything but enliven that picturesque town, he created quite a sensation by throwing out red-hot money to the boys and jugs of cold water on the masks—practical jokes which procured him a visit from the police.

Again, the memory of Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, is very roughly handled in these sprightly Recollections, where the writer tells a story of having abashed this lady of many ringlets by a reference to her supposed peccadilloes. In case any one should have taken this story seriously, I can only say that, as one who knew Lady Ailesbury very well, whatever her faults may have been, an illegitimate family was certainly not amongst their number.

Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, had been a handsome woman in her youth, but retained few traces of good looks towards the end of her life, being then chiefly remarkable for a profusion of ringlets and her deep bass voice. At one time she had been bent upon marrying Lord Wilton, and this was so well understood in society that whenever she went out to dinner she was taken in by him, even though this entailed her going in

after people of inferior rank to herself. This arrangement continued up till the time when, much to Lady Ailesbury's disgust, Lord Wilton married someone else.

The depressing news was announced to her by Lord Clanricarde, the father of the present Marquis, upon which Lady Ailesbury at once told him that under the altered circumstances she should now expect to be given her proper place. She afterwards proceeded to try and capture the Duke of Newcastle, with a like ill success. Though a very worldly woman, there were many good sides to her character, and as an old friend of hers I feel sorry that her memory should have been assailed.

Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, was like several other great ladies of the past, somewhat unconventional in her ways and appearance. An even more striking instance of this was one of the Duchesses of Cleveland, at a time when there were three alive. She was especially proud of her small feet, her great object being to display them as much as possible, whilst everything in her hall was arranged to attract attention to the smallness of her foot, shoes of all shapes and sizes being prominently displayed. Besides this she was always making a fuss about her foot-gear, which needed constant attention in the way of lacing up or unlacing. At one time this old lady took a fancy to going in a boat on the Serpentine, with her footman to row her; and she used often to go to sleep, leaving the poor man, who did not dare

to wake her up, watching her slumbering peacefully, while he ruefully contemplated the prospect of losing his dinner.

This old Duchess had a doctor living with her, in constant attendance, though his chief function appeared to be cautioning her guests against indulging in side-talk at the table, as the old lady did not like there being any conversation in which she was not a principal speaker.

This is very illustrative of the despotic rule exercised by certain ladies in old days. To-day no one would stand such behaviour.

The last Duchess of Cleveland—Lord Rosebery's mother—was an extremely clever woman. To the end of her life she retained many old-world usages unknown to a modern generation. In an invitation to dinner sent me when she was over ninety years old, she mentions eight as the hour "in which we have the habit of dining."

Of a totally different kind was Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, a lady who in her day was one of the most prominent owners on the turf. The youngest of three daughters, her father was Lord Decies, and her mother a Northumberland lady, Miss Horsley by name. This Lord Decies, who was a grandson of Lord Tyrone and son of the Archbishop of Tuam, was a wit and raconteur. A favourite story of his described an amusing incident which occurred between himself and a Radical kitchen-maid. The latter, being dissatisfied with the seat allotted to her in church, on one occasion flounced into the family pew, where, seating herself

beside him, she remarked in an audible voice, "Anyhow, we are all equal here."

Through Lord Decies the Duchess inherited the good looks of the Beresfords, for which, in her youth, she was celebrated. At a ball given at the British Embassy in Paris, about 1860, she created a great sensation. To the end of her life she retained a peculiarly fascinating voice, and except when provoked, was possessed of a singular charm of manner. The Duchess, perhaps, was wrong to have been so closely connected with the turf, a form of sport not very suitable for women, by nature creatures of impulse, and besides prone to suspicion. Her stud of race-horses used annually to cost her about £16,000 a year, and altogether her racing expenses were very large.

In early youth the Duchess and her sisters had been brought up in a hardy and even eccentric manner; the result, however, was not unsatisfactory, for she never had but one illness in her life—the one that killed her.

Another great social personality was the late Mr. Alfred Montgomery, who was quite a unique figure, and a survivor of another age. He was a delightful companion, full of most amusing stories, generally composed by himself.

He was at a large, fashionable wedding in a cathedral town, and when all was over a friend said to him—

"What sort of a woman is this lady?"

"She is a nice, kind woman," answered Mr. Alfred Montgomery, "but a fool, or she would not be here!"

A true saying, as the sequel proved.

A very different type of man who died some years later, though equally known in society, was the late Mr. Kenneth Howard, who has become quite a permanent London institution, for during the last thirty years of his life I do not believe he ever left London at all. Most of his day was spent going from one club to the other, for he belonged to several. For many years he had been in the Foreign Office, and at one time went out a very great deal. To hostesses he was invaluable, for by nature the most suave, gentle, and courteous of men, he was ever ready to assist them, and none better than he knew know to furnish a list of the most eligible young men for dances. Mr. Kenneth Howard always spoke of himself as a poor man, and lived a life singularly free from ostentation. Nevertheless he left a good deal of money.

The late Miss Helen Henniker, another London institution, did precisely the same thing; for though, during her lifetime, she was supposed to have but a tiny fortune, she left a considerable number of thousands, to the surprise of her friends, who were legion. She was a most attractive and good-natured woman, with a considerable sense of humour, and very fond of amusement, though this did not prevent her tending an invalid sister with the most loving care. The sister in question, Miss Mary Henniker, was confined to her bed for some years before her death. She took a great interest in East Anglia, and had for a time edited a publication which dealt with that part of England.

Confirmed invalids who have not left their room for a long period of time are subject to entertaining all sorts of queer fancies, and Miss Mary would at times speak of extraordinary dreams, so vivid that they appeared to her to be realities.

"How are you, dear?" asked her sister, Miss Helen, one morning.

"Very, very tired," was the reply.

"Tired?"

"Yes; I want rest."

"Well, I should have thought that you had had plenty of that, since you have never got up for two years!"

"That's all very well; but you'd be tired if, like me, you had been at the battle of Poictiers all night."

VI

The uses of the season—Extravagance of the present compared with the past—Pleasant dinner givers—Lord St. Heliers—Lord Russell of Killowen—Mr. Choate—Lord James—Invercauld—A real harvest home—Some friends—Anecdotes—Two great soldiers—Sir Henry Wolff—Dr. Wolff—Anecdotes.

FROM time to time London society is attacked for its luxurious ways and for spending so much money on its pleasures. As a matter of fact, the success of the London season is of immense importance to a number of poor people whose life does not, at first sight, seem connected with it. A bad season is a calamity to be deplored.

If a diminution in social gaieties merely affected the well-to-do and the frivolous, there might be some reason for deploring the sums spent on entertainment, but a far wider circle of individuals than is generally supposed suffer from a bad season, for the money expended in the West End during the summer months distributes itself far and wide amongst the poorer classes of the town, and a dull season, therefore, entails much disappointment and even distress. That which affects Belgravia is unfortunately sure to react upon Whitechapel. For this reason those whose circumstances permit them to entertain should do so, even at some

sacrifice to themselves, in order to benefit their humbler and more dependent neighbours. Notwithstanding the plausible theories of political economists, experience proves that thousands of meritorious and industrious people procure an honest livelihood through ministering directly or indirectly to pleasure and amusement.

The vast increase of luxury which has taken place during the last twenty years has without doubt helped to save large numbers of people from poverty, besides affording employment to hundreds, even thousands, of girls, milliners and the like, who have largely profited by the enormously increased attention bestowed upon female dress. The increase of extravagance as regards ladies' dress and personal expenses may be realised from a comparison of the allowances made to girls sixty or seventy years ago, and the sums they are permitted to spend to-day. When my sister and I first came out, our father gave her £50 a year, and to me (the younger), £45. My mother spent on dress, etc., about £300, which was then considered very ample dress expenditure for the wife of a peer such as my father, who was a rich man according to the standard of those days, and even to-day would not have been considered a poor one.

At that time, when a man married a rich heiress, it was the usual thing for him to take command of all her money, out of which he would make her an allowance, which arrangement more or less continued to prevail till the passing of the Married Woman's Property Act some twenty-eight years

ago. The majority of husbands, however, who made such matches were generous enough to their wives (out of their own money), but in certain cases they gave the poor women hardly anything at all. In modern days this situation is only too often exactly reversed, for numbers of wives now spend their husband's money, whilst an impecunious man married to a rich heiress is not infrequently reduced to something of the status of a first footman.

As for the wife of a rich man of high social position, fond of society, being content to spend only three hundred a year on her clothes in these extravagant times, I fear three thousand would in a great many cases be below rather than above the correct figures.

Queen Victoria, as a young woman, was always simply dressed. At a great ball given in her honour at Stafford House, the Duchess of Sutherland, glittering with diamonds, wore a most magnificent dress, whilst the Queen went in a simple muslin embroidered in colours, and on shaking hands with the Duchess, she said, "I come from my house to your palace."

From her earliest years Princess Victoria seems to have realised the responsibilities of her position, and the necessity for preserving the dignity of the Crown under all circumstances. As illustrating this, an old Court official used to tell a story of the young Queen on her return from the opening of her first Parliament. Very much impressed by the quiet dignity of her manner while crossing the rooms in the Palace of St. James's, as she passed through a door which led up a staircase to her own

apartments, a wish came across him to know whether this stately dignity would be maintained after she had passed out of the sight of others. He managed to satisfy his curiosity, and, at the foot of the staircase, saw her roll her train round her arm, then take up her dress all round, and like a girl, as she was, run up two steps at a time, calling loudly to some pet dogs, which were her especial favourites.

Though half a century ago comparatively small sums were spent on costume, West End dress-makers then, as now, sometimes made large fortunes. Miss Jane Clarke, for instance, the celebrated Court milliner of Regent Street, who died in 1859, left property which, including pictures, was estimated at £80,000, the principal portion of which is said to be left to the various charities of the metropolis. A clause in Miss Clarke's will directed that she should be interred in point lace.

Entertaining is now far more expensive than was formerly the case, for to-day, besides the money spent on first-class cooking, large sums are expended upon various decorative accessories, such as flowers, whilst things which were considered luxuries in other days are quite common features of even unostentatious dinners. Frequently, indeed, far more attention is devoted to the dinner and decorations than to the selection of the guests.

I do not think that the composition of dinner-parties to-day is so carefully thought out as was the case in the past. In these days of motors and telephones, guests can of course be far more easily got together, and therefore invitations are not

sent out so long beforehand as was formerly the case. Still there exist hosts and hostesses who leave no stone unturned to make their dinners successful. High amongst these stands my dear friend, Lady Haliburton, under whose hospitable roof in Lowndes Square I have had the pleasure of meeting most of the interesting and agreeable people still remaining in London society. No one better than she understands how to give dinners, which is a very different thing from the mere assembling together of a heterogeneous collection of people asked at random, without any reflection as to how they will get on with another. Like the great contractor who boasted that he himself could perform all the duties of any one of his myriad of employees, I believe Lady Haliburton to be so thoroughly versed in dinner-giving and the intricacies of *la haute cuisine*, that, if put to it, she could herself cook an excellent dinner, as well as entertain her guests in the most perfect manner. One note of sadness, alas! lingers at her agreeable board—the absence of my dear friend, Lord Haliburton, who, since I wrote the first part of my reminiscences, has, to the sorrow of his numerous friends, passed away, leaving a void which only those who knew this kindly, genial, and clever personality can realise.

A frequent guest at Lady Haliburton's is Mr. George Russell, probably by far the best and most cultured conversationalist left to us. To those accustomed only to the vapid chatter which passes for talk at so many modern parties, Mr. Russell's

admirably turned phrases and amusing anecdotes must come as a veritable revelation. In his own particular line he may be said to stand in relation to the ordinary diner-out as Paganini stood to a fiddler of the streets.

Another giver of pleasant dinners, where one is sure to meet interesting people of all sorts, is my friend, Mr. Charles Lawrence, a man of unbounded energy, whose bright and vivacious nature makes the lavish hospitality dispensed by his wife and himself one of the most pleasant features of social life.

As regards parties, no one who was in the habit of being asked to them will ever forget the delightful assemblages of interesting people collected together by clever Lady Jeune, now Lady St. Heliers. Her husband, the late Lord St. Heliers, a great friend of mine, was as fond of society as his wife, and society in its turn ever welcomed his genial personality. Lord St. Heliers, whilst the most good-natured of men, could be trenchant enough on occasion. Sitting one day next a gushing lady, she somewhat wearied him by ramblings of romance and love, in which she declared herself passionately interested. In particular did she vaunt the Platonic form of that affection, at last saying, "And you, Lord St. Heliers, I am sure, agree with me that Platonic love really exists."

"I have heard a good deal about it," said he, "but remember no case of its coming before me in the discharge of my duties"—Lord St. Heliers presided over the Divorce Court.

His wife, who, as I have said, was almost better

known by her former title of Lady Jeune, possessed a peculiar faculty for discovering all sorts of interesting people, who were to be met at the parties of which I have spoken. The widely divergent types of guest who assembled at her house gave rise to many amusing stories. For instance, it was said that an explorer who had penetrated into a particularly wild and hostile region, having been captured by its savage and cannibal inhabitants, was bound to a tree by them preparatory to being roasted and eaten. At this very critical moment, however, their chief appeared, who, on seeing the unfortunate explorer, addressed him in fair English.

"I know your face," said he, "we have met at my friend, Lady Jeune's, and so instead of dining off you, I shall ask you to dine with me and tell me all the London news."

Another prominent figure of the legal world who passed away many years before Lord St. Heliers was Baron Huddleston, whose death created a very sensible void in London society. A witty, clever conversationalist, gifted with singularly prepossessing manners, Baron Huddleston devoted much of his energy to social advancement. His marriage with the beautiful Lady "Di" Beauclerck materially assisted him, it must be admitted, both in this respect as also in his public career. At one time on the most intimate terms of friendship with the late Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, for certain reasons the friendship altered into dislike, Sir Alexander Cockburn ever

after, it is said, persistently opposing Mr. Huddleston's promotion to the Bench.

The barristers of old days were generally a good deal rougher and more severe in manner than is the case to-day. Some of the Old Bailey counsel were little short of blustering bullies. Witnesses were treated as if they were prisoners, and when at last they could hardly speak from trepidation, the judge would bellow out, "Why don't you speak up, sir? Speak up, or I'll not allow your expenses." An unfortunate fellow, the conductor of an omnibus, had been in vain entreated by the presiding judge to exalt his voice. The enraged big-wig at length laid down his pen, and turning on the witness a furious countenance, exclaimed, "If you trifle with the Court, witness, I shall commit you. Speak out, man, as if you were on the steps of your own omnibus." The effect was instantaneous, the witness burst his trammels asunder, and his stentorian replies echoed through the court, till the very walls rang again. The judge looked aghast, and at the conclusion of the examination said to him, with his hands upon his ears, "Witness, I shall allow your expenses this time, but I hope you will never have occasion to enter this court again; and depend on it, I'll never enter your omnibus."

Lord Brampton, better known, perhaps, as Sir Henry Hawkins, was very stern on the bench, as were many judges of the old school. One of these—very deaf—who was the terror of prisoners, added to his deafness by drawing his bushy wig well over his ears, perhaps, as a roguish wag once suggested, to hide

their length. When a witness was called into the box, he would suddenly interrupt the counsel with "Stop a moment"; and then fixing his great boiled gooseberry eyes full on the doomed individual, he burst upon him with a furious "Now speak up, sir, or I'll not allow your expenses." So much did this habit grow upon him that, being somewhat given to abstraction, he on one occasion replied to a whispered observation of his brother judge with the usual threat, whilst the general titter that ran through the court scarcely seemed to convince him of his error.

There was a good deal of rough repartee amongst counsel. "Now, sir, I give you fair warning," said one of these to another, "that after the way you have treated my witnesses, I intend to handle yours without gloves." "That's more than any one would care to do with yours, my friend," was the retort.

The law, though great prizes await the successful barrister, is probably one of the most overcrowded professions in the world, though, of course, a number of barristers never practise at all. Too many, indeed, live without causes and die without effects. Many barristers who have been brilliant men at the bar are comparative failures on the bench, and it has often been said that the qualities requisite to constitute a good advocate and a good judge are essentially different. Lord Russell of Killowen was an example of the exact contrary, for his acumen, strict impartiality and impressive dignity, combined with good-humour, raised him to the highest place in the estimation of all who knew him

in his legal capacity, whereas in private life he occupied a position of almost unequalled popularity.

Lord Russell's success at the bar was in a large measure due to his striking personality. Anything but a book-worm, he possessed a wonderful capacity for turning his knowledge of men, acquired at first hand, to good account in his profession. Instinctively he knew what points he should seize. As an advocate he could handle a witness with the greatest gentleness or fly at him like a bull-dog. A member of the bar once said that he produced the same effect upon a witness as a cobra produces upon a rabbit.

One who had seen much of Lord Russell in his legal capacity said: "Some men hammer in a bit of a nail, and then leave it hanging loosely about till the judge or some one else pulls it out."

When, however, Lord Russell was practising at the bar, and had got in a bit of the nail, he never stopped till he had driven it right home, and no one ever got that nail out again at all.

Many anecdotes were told concerning Lord Russell of Killowen's partiality for the turf.

In his younger days, for instance, it was said that at an Ascot meeting the wife of the Lord Chancellor begged him to give her a good tip. Mr. Russell did so, for the horse he had selected won, and the lady delightedly exclaimed, "What a first-class judge you would make!" "Please tell the Lord Chancellor that," was the clever barrister's reply. Lord Russell was a most fascinating man in private life, and well understood how to combine dignity with wit. At a dinner-party one of the guests,

who was of a facetious turn of mind, jokingly said, "I am sure that if any of us were tried by the Lord Chief-Justice he would be kind to them." "I should certainly see that they obtained the justice they deserved," said Lord Russell, whilst he looked at the wag in such a way as effectually to silence him for the rest of the evening.

Amongst great lawyers whom I have known, one of the most charming was Mr. Joseph Choate, who, as American Ambassador, became such a popular figure in London society. I have always had a great liking for the clever men whom the great Republic has from time to time sent us, and it was with real sorrow that I learnt this most agreeable and clever personality was to leave us. On coming to say good-bye he brought me his photograph, which hangs among those of some great men, Cobden, Disraeli, Bright, and others whom it has been my privilege to call friends. Mr. Choate was especially clever and witty in conversation. As a lawyer, many of the chief triumphs of an uninterruptedly successful career had been achieved by his fascinating humour and winning methods of persuasion, which, it was said, caused even a defeated side to leave the court in a state of mental exhilaration. Mr. Choate, indeed, possessed the rare quality of communicating the kindly geniality which was such an essential part of his nature, to all he met, and when he smiled even the most soured individuals who might chance to meet him, as a rule, could not help smiling too.

Another delightful personality who was a great

friend of mine was the late Lord Morris, full of Irish wit and humour like the late Sir Frank Lockwood,—unforgotten by all who knew him well. He served to bring a ray of sunshine with him wherever he went. Lord James, known to a former generation as Sir Henry James, was another great lawyer who was a most popular figure in society. Of late years he has lived much in the country. I shall never forget his pleasant shooting parties, to which so many agreeable people were asked. As regards sport, however, on each of these occasions an evil fate in the shape of the most atrocious weather—who the Jonah can have been I do not know—but practically without cessation storms of wind and torrents of rain seemed to pursue poor Lord James. This, I remember, was especially the case once when he had a most brilliant and interesting party of guests, which included the present King, then Prince of Wales, and that most delightful of men the late Sir John Millais. So rough was the weather that the front door could hardly be opened at all. Though the ladies gained by it, the enforced abandonment of the sport was naturally very annoying to the host.

Lord James still, I am glad to say, with his fine intellect and health unimpaired as of yore, is probably one of the kindest and most generous-hearted men alive. I know of cases where he has taken infinite trouble to relieve distress, acting with almost Quixotic generosity; and there are those alive whose declining days would have been passed under the most poverty-stricken con-

ditions, had it not been for this strong and sympathetic nature, ever ready to lend his aid to any one connected with his old friends.

In old days I used to go a regular round of country-house visiting. Every year, for instance, I went to stay a fortnight with Lord and Lady Bradford (the parents of the present Peer) at Weston Shifnal. Like myself, they were great friends of Lord Beaconsfield, and he wrote constantly to Lady Bradford. A very great number of these letters are still preserved, but will probably never be published. How much I used to enjoy going to see Boscobel, with its associations of the Merry Monarch, and Dilston, the home of the last Earl of Derwentwater. After leaving I once paid a most pleasant visit to the Archdeacon of Durham, married to the daughter of my great friend, Sir Henry Thompson—they have two daughters of exceptional cleverness, who greatly distinguished themselves during their university career. Whilst at Durham I was much interested in the tombs of the Nevills, and in other memorials of their past history, such as Brancepeth Castle, now, alas! long passed into other hands.

In particular do I remember a most delightful visit to Invercauld, when the late Lord Glenesk had it—the scenery seemed to me quite Alpine. The roads were deep in snow, but instead of the merry peasant traditionally associated with such scenes, they were strewn with queens and princes and fashionable folk.

Queen Victoria came over and had tea, and

Madame Albani stayed for three nights, on one of which she sang divinely, and Wolff, the great violinist, played. The Comte de Paris also came, and was very nice—very eager about a new French league I remember—the Rose League, to imitate our Primrose organisation. We had indeed all sorts and conditions of men on this occasion at Invercauld, which was just like a vast hotel, with no trouble and nothing to pay—added to which, of course, was the delight of a most thoughtful host and delightful hostess.

Of late years I have passed some very agreeable days in Huntingdonshire, and more or less explored that county by motor from Gaynes Hall, near St. Neots, where my friend Mrs. Duberley dispenses a charming hospitality. At Gaynes, in 1906, I witnessed a real old-fashioned harvest home. Following the old English custom, which I was delighted to see so thoroughly kept up by my hostess, the last waggon—the last load home—decorated with corn and boughs, drove up to her front door. It was filled with thirty labourers of the estate, who arrived singing, the oldest worker of all afterwards contributing a quaint country song, in the chorus of which all the others joined. The men were given presents of tobacco and a good tea, my cousin, Lord Abergavenny, and I helping in the arrangements. Lord Sandwich, who had come over from Hinchinbrooke, was also present. It was a picturesque scene, which brought back to our minds the harvest homes of long past days, more than seventy years before.

When all was over the crowd dispersed, bathed in the soft light of a glorious golden sunset, which accorded well with the characteristically English scene which had given all of us so much pleasure.

A very charming and clever young lady, Miss Olga Montagu, who was present on this occasion, wrote a most delightful little account of the scene for a weekly paper.

Whilst on a recent visit to Gaynes Hall I had the great pleasure of renewing an acquaintance begun some sixty-five years ago at Munich, motoring some twenty miles to pay a visit to Lady Caroline Duncombe, now ninety-one years of age.

Though I had not seen her for such a length of time, I recognised her in a minute; indeed, it seemed to me that she had changed surprisingly little since we had last met in the Bavarian capital, in days when the modern world, as we see it now, had scarcely come into existence. Lady Caroline showed considerable pleasure at seeing me, and it is needless to say that I was delighted with my visit, which recalled so many pleasant recollections of long past days.

Though the vast majority of my old friends with whom I used to stay are now gone, in several instances a pleasant connection with past days is maintained, for me, by their children or grandchildren. Lord Glenesk's able daughter, Lady Bathurst, who devotes so much of her life to the direction of the great paper which her late father practically created, extends her charming hospitality to me at Cirencester, and I often pay most

agreeable visits to Lord and Lady Burghclere, the latter a clever daughter of Lady Carnarvon, one of the sweetest women I ever knew, and a granddaughter of Lady Chesterfield, one of my intimate friends of other days, who, before her marriage to Lord Chesterfield (of racing fame), rejected two suitors, both of whom, during their careers, became Prime Ministers—these were the fourteenth Lord Derby and Lord Beaconsfield, the latter of whom, I believe, proposed several times. In a very great number of instances, indeed, sons, daughters, and grandsons are just as great friends as their elders. A particular case in point is that clever literary man, Mr. Austin Harrison, an intimate friend of mine, like his highly talented father, Mr. Frederick Harrison, whose delightful letters dealing with current events are a great epistolary delight.

Sir Herbert Thompson, the son of Sir Henry Thompson, maintains the friendship which existed for so many years between his father and myself. Sir Herbert's interests are different from those of his father, who never, I think, devoted his attention to Egyptology, which is the favourite study of his son. Collecting blue china, writing, etching, cookery, and dinner-giving (his dinners of eight, which he called octaves, were celebrated), were the favourite relaxations of the great surgeon in whose society I passed so many delightful hours.

Sir Henry was an interesting letter-writer, as the following will show—

FARNCOMBE HILL, NR. GODALMING
August 27th

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—I am glad indeed to hear you had so enjoyable a visit to Bruges. It has always been a favourite resort of mine. The little Hospital Saint Jean, with its Memlings, which are all gems, attracts me immensely. And you fell among your friends the priesthood, and found one of that well-known and excellent type—possibly now growing scarcer (?)—but I think it must be so—a man of culture, polished, a lover of the arts—a man of the world, sympathetic—blended with, or rather grafted upon, the "common stock" furnished by the ordinary priest of the Romish Church, *common* enough, indeed, most frequently, and wholly unsuitable for the rare products in question. And it was very pleasant to come in for one of the great festivals of the Church, and see it in all its completeness, as you would be sure to see it under the conditions described. I am very sorry to hear of the decay of the old place, and of its industry. I thought that this could be scarcely possible, since lace is certainly much appreciated by your sex, and they have more money to spend in personal adornments than ever they had! The workers are making old and discarded patterns and styles, certainly that must be the reason, for with the knowledge and long practice of the craft they might surely be able to supply the kind now most in vogue. The Venetian lace workers have greatly changed, and have retained much of their employment in con-

sequence. I think Lady Layard has helped them in that way greatly at different times, and she took personal interest in the matter, being there so many years.

I am glad you seem pleased with the new book. It is much more complete than the last edition, and is attracting notice in the journals. I saw there was a whole column in the *Daily News* yesterday—I want to get all the notices I can. My very best wishes. Kind regards to Meresia, and hope she will profit by her country quiet life.—Always sincerely and affectionately,

(Signed) HENRY THOMPSON

In the time of the second Duke of Wellington I was a constant visitor at Strathfieldsaye. I have described the interesting parties given there in my previous volume.

What delightful times I have passed in this house, full of pleasant and intellectual people. The second Duke always used to dine in a sort of low passage room, the walls of which were covered with illustrations cut from Boydell Shakespeare. These were pasted upon the wall in a regular pattern which produced a not unpleasant effect, the simplicity of which the third Duke rather altered by surrounding the edges of the engravings with borders of gold. In the second Duke's time a splendid dessert service, beautifully painted with views, which had once been the property of Napoleon, was always used, for he carried on the household exactly as in the time of his father, the victor of

Waterloo, and would make no change in anything. Though entertaining no objection to tobacco himself, he would allow no smoking whatever in the house itself, except at night after the ladies had retired to bed. He would then inform the gentlemen that those who wished to smoke could do so in the servants' hall, where they would find everything prepared for them, and to the spacious apartment in question would then adjourn the various notabilities of which his parties generally consisted. Here, seated on plain, old-fashioned wooden chairs, great statesmen, diplomatists, and soldiers would often sit puffing their cigars till a late hour in the morning, just as contented and happy as their more luxurious successors of to-day, many of whom would probably despise such homely surroundings. If the old walls of this servants' hall could speak, what interesting secrets and recollections they should be able to tell, for it was a brilliantly intellectual circle which often gathered there.

The old Duke was exceedingly blunt on occasion, and sternly repressed any pretensions not based upon truth. On one occasion a literary man, who had been asked to Strathfieldsaye for the first time, talked much of his knowledge of the great foreign statesmen of the day, with a view to showing the intimate terms which subsisted between him and them. At first he spoke of Bismarck, till every one wished the Iron Chancellor had never been born, and the following day it was evident that Gambetta was to be rendered equally hateful.

THE SECOND DUKE OF WELLINGTON

LORD BECONFIELD

TWO OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Mail

"A good-natured man this Frenchman," said the irrepressible talker, "and fond of sending little souvenirs to those he likes. He sent me this cigar-cutter only the other day" (showing a trinket on his watch chain). "Then I suppose," broke in the Duke, "that Bismarck gave it to him, for yesterday it had belonged to the Chancellor. You are becoming confused, Mr.——, you are becoming confused." For the rest of the visit we heard no more of either Bismarck or Gambetta.

The third Duke made many alterations. For instance, he hung in the hall one of the flags which the Dukes of Wellington annually present to the sovereign in memory of Waterloo. A certain presentation of this banner was, according to current report, connected with a very dramatic incident.

The flag, which is presented to the reigning monarch on every 18th of June by the Duke of Wellington as an act of homage and service to the Crown, whereby he holds his estates, was, as usual, forwarded to Windsor, and by Lord Munster placed before his dying father. William IV lightly grasped its folds, and almost with his last words uttered, "Ah, that was a glorious day for England."

I was on terms of firm friendship with the second Duke for nearly thirty years, till his death. Full of quaint sayings, he was especially trenchant as regards women, and used to say, "There is a Devil in everybody all owing to Eve's apple." He maintained that men should recognise that women were not perfect, and not be too severe upon

their wives—a blind husband never had any quarrels. As he once wrote me, "Eyes are sometimes in the way, and I have always thought your blind brother's wife most fortunate, for more reasons than one."

He often said that match-making was a murderous responsibility, and that he, like Rostopkin, could boast that whatever had been his crimes he had never recommended a wife or a doctor or a cook!

The Duke was very ready in some of his replies. Before he became Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex some one wrote to him asking for the Coronership of the county. The answer was characteristic—

MY DEAR JOHNSON,—Your clock goes too fast. Watkins is in perfect health, and I am not yet made Lord Lieutenant.—WELLINGTON

The late Lord Lytton, like myself a great admirer of the Duke, wrote me one of his delightful letters at the time of the latter's death in 1884. Rightly, I think, he deemed our old friend to have been fortunate in his death. "How sudden and startling it seems to have been," he wrote. "Yet I do not think one could wish for oneself or one's friends a last voyage more free from the usual discomforts. It is just the sort of death I should desire for myself—sudden, short, and painless. For he cannot, when the moment came, have suffered at all. I suppose, however, that no one has ever shuffled off this mortal coil, or been shuffled

out of it, without enduring some of the thousand sufferings inseparable from the instinctive effort to live. To be snuffed out quickly while the flame of life is still burning clear and steady; how much better this seems than the long slow guttering and sputtering of the wasted candle choking in its socket, and all the painful paraphernalia of the sick room! These he escaped; yet, after all, it seems to have been only by a distribution of the preliminaries of death over the closing years of life—the gradual loss of sight and hearing—the pertinacious cough, the repeated operations, and those tormenting allies in the struggle for life, the doctor and the surgeon. He had bravely won his last painless moment. I have thought much of you since I heard this sad news, knowing that you have lost a faithful and a charming friend. Who will inherit the wit of your departed friend, or preserve amongst us the features of the hero of Waterloo?"

The Duke had a great affection for the memory of his father's war-horse, which had, for sixteen hours, carried the victor of Waterloo during the fateful battle, after which little Copenhagen gaily kicked up his heels. This grandson of Eclipse was remarkable for both his gentleness and his spirit, and passed his old age in honoured retirement at Strathsfieldsaye, where visitors were accustomed to feed him over the rails with bread. When Copenhagen died in 1836, the great Duke ordered a salute to be fired over his grave, and so the good horse was buried as he had lived, with

military honours. In after years the second Duke moved the grave, and erected a stone with an epitaph written by himself—the story of this I gave in my former reminiscences. The Duke was fond of writing scraps of verse, and on the occasion of the reburial of the old horse sent me the following—

> A crowd of victories attest his toil,
> And traced his footsteps on the gory soil.
> But Waterloo, where set the Tyrant's star,
> To horse and rider gave release from war.

The stuffed skin of Copenhagen was kept for some time in the Tower of London, from which I believe it was afterwards transferred to the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, in the museum of which institution it may still be.

I have known all the Dukes of Wellington and all the Duchesses, except the Iron Duke's wife, whom I never saw. Only recently I have been delighted to make the acquaintance of a Duchess of Wellington who is to be—Lady Douro, a most charming, unaffected, and clever young lady, to whom I was at once much attracted. It is a great pleasure to me to think that this name, associated as it is with some of the most glorious pages of English history, is to be borne by one who seems to me to possess brains as well as beauty.

I remember being introduced to the Iron Duke. As is well known, he was the bluntest of men, and particularly intolerant of fussiness of any kind. When, for instance, a question arose as to whether the military salute should be given to a Protestant

bishop in Canada, his Grace replied that the soldiers were to pay no attention to anything about the prelate but his sermons.

Lady Katherine Pakenham, the wife of the great Duke, was married to him after a lengthy engagement. During his absence in India illness had much impaired her looks, and she offered to release him; but a man of unflinching determination as regards his honour, he stuck to his engagement—perhaps it would have been happier for both had he not done so. The Duchess once told some one (the conversation having turned upon keeping resolutions), "When I was a girl I made three resolutions. First, I determined that I would never marry a soldier; secondly, that I would never marry an Irishman; and thirdly, that I would not be long engaged. And all those three resolutions I broke. I married the Duke of Wellington, a soldier and an Irishman, after an engagement of twelve years."

The statue of the Iron Duke, which now stands surrounded by four soldiers in the dress of Waterloo days (a good idea), though much care was taken by the sculptor, can hardly be deemed satisfactory.

According to the few who had known the Duke, it was purely an imaginary likeness. One of them exclaimed on seeing it: "That man (the sculptor) can never have seen Wellington! There is not a line in that form, nor an expression in the whole figure, which recalls to me for one moment the Duke as I remember him, and he was a man whom, once seen, you could never forget, for there was something about him so unlike other people; he was the Iron

Duke, and no one else." It seems a pity that such a likeness should be allowed to stand in the capital of the country, to give a wrong impression to future generations. The grotesque statue at the top of the Arch at Hyde Park Corner, now at Aldershot, though a gross caricature, was far more like him, besides which, the Duke himself approved of it.

The present Duke and Duchess do not care to live at Strathfieldsaye, and the quaint old mansion stands empty and deserted. It is to be hoped, however, that it will some day once more renew the traditions of hospitality which cling about its walls, though, of course, the old house (originally the abode of that great lover of coursing, Lord Rivers) would need some alterations to bring it into a condition suitable to the more luxurious requirements of modern days.

Lord Wolseley used to stay a good deal with the Duke, who had a great admiration for him. As a thoroughly modern soldier, eager for efficiency at the cost of the time-worn routine to which the old school clung with iron tenacity, Lord Wolseley was at times, I believe, bitterly worn out by the opposition of reactionary officials and old officers who, without the least knowledge of war, meddled in matters merely because they had the power to do so.

The state of the army, indeed, much resembled that of a patient who, having sent for a great physician of tried ability, is persuaded by injudicious old friends to allow them to argue with him about his treatment, and finally to rely upon their amateur and obsolete remedies.

Lord Wolseley had made war the study of his life, had had great personal experience in it; nevertheless; dealing with military matters; he was badgered and hampered by a pack of Secretaries of State, Surveyor-Generals, and the like, who thwarted and opposed him in many directions. However, he did effect many reforms and anticipated many more which have now long been recognised as absolutely essential to the efficiency of a modern fighting force.

He wrote me some very entertaining letters when abroad. At Berlin he was, I remember, once very much amused at a statement made by the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Weimar (a nephew of my dear friend Prince Edward, who died some years ago). The Prince in question insisted that all English officers when in full uniform either do,or at least did, carry umbrellas. On this occasion Prince Bismarck sent to say he wished to see Lord Wolseley, which the latter declared was the greatest compliment ever paid to him.

Lord Roberts is another soldier who links the best traditions of the old school with modern times. As I reminded him a short while ago, the first occasion on which I was asked to meet him I was disappointed, for he never appeared. This was after his return to England, when he had become such a hero owing to his Afghan campaign. My old friend Sir Henry Rawlinson had issued invitations to a dinner which he was going to give in honour of Sir Frederick Roberts, and his guests were all looking forward to meeting the general who had made the famous

march to Candahar. It was the year of the phenomenal snowfall, and I remember a path had to be dug across the street in which Sir Henry Rawlinson and I both lived in order to enable me to reach his house a few doors off. The late General Hamley, who came to fetch me, had real difficulty in getting to my door, and our journey of a few hundred yards was quite an adventure. When we did reach Sir Henry's we were much disappointed to find that the guest of the evening could not come—he was at Croydon, and so deep was the snow that communication with London was blocked, so our evening reminded us of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out.

In the eighties I used to see much of the politicians of the day. Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir John Gorst, and Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff—three of the Fourth Party—were constant guests of mine at luncheon on Sundays, for in those days people did not go out of town for the end of the week very much. It was indeed at my house that Sir Henry first discussed the formation of the Primrose League, which afterwards developed into such a successful organisation. He was sanguine about it from the very first, as he usually was about any new idea of his. However, in this case his confidence was justified. The son of my aunt, Lady Georgiana Walpole, and Doctor Wolff, the great traveller and missionary, Sir Henry was a most amusing man, and he inherited none of his father's more serious characteristics.

He had entered the Foreign Office in the days when (as he told us in his *Recollections*) the young

gentlemen employed there were not obliged to live a very strenuous life, eventually becoming Commissioner for the Ionian Isles. He then went in for politics, sitting as member for Christchurch and Portsmouth, and distinguishing (if such a word is applicable) himself by violent opposition to Mr. Bradlaugh's being allowed to take the oath, though, as a matter of fact, Sir Henry himself was not an extraordinarily religious man. Afterwards returning to diplomacy, he became Minister at Teheran and then Ambassador at Madrid. Sir Henry was full of fun, and one of the best raconteurs of the day. A most kindly and generous man in business matters, he was his own enemy, for, having bought a large tract of property at Bournemouth in the days before that resort had developed, he made absolutely nothing out of it, and died a poor man.

To the end of his life he retained a great love of fun, and his lively conversation abounded in quips and jokes.

Owing to his talents in this direction the *Recollections* which I have mentioned were expected to contain many amusing stories, and they certainly did, though of course Sir Henry's own particular form of wit—bright, sparkling, and evanescent—was essentially of that spontaneous and ephemeral kind which seldom bears being transferred to paper. An irrepressible lover of fun, it is rather remarkable that this did not seem to stand in his way—he joked with everybody, even the late Lord Salisbury, I believe, who was not at all fond

of frivolity. In any case, he placed the greatest confidence in Sir Henry, with whom he was always on the best of terms, and allowed him to telegraph more words than any other English diplomatist has ever probably done; for, as was well known, Sir Henry, especially when Minister in Persia, had a positive craze for telegraphing home. This, of course, cost a great deal of money, and it was said that no one else but "Wolff" would have been allowed to do it. Never was there a more open-handed man, for he expended every penny of his salary entertaining in the most lavish manner—altogether, as I have said, quite different in character from his queer old father.

Dr. Wolff's history had been very adventurous. He had gone twice to Bokhara in the days when such an expedition was highly dangerous, his second journey being to ascertain whether Stodart and Conolly, who had been made prisoners there, were still alive, and if so, to try and negotiate for their release. He found they had both been murdered, and that his own life was in considerable danger; he was plundered by a band of robbers, deprived of everything he possessed, left without food or clothes, and was almost unable to move, having been cruelly bastinadoed.

As a missionary in the East he had many adventures. He is said to have owed his safety, whilst travelling in Bokhara and the surrounding regions, to the respect which the inhabitants of that part of the world have for mad people, for the doctor's entry into the town of Bokhara in a

surplice and college cap reading, I believe, the English Church service; fully convinced the Bokharans that he was insane, and consequently must not be touched as a holy man.

Those were the days of great missionary enthusiasm, though many wicked stories were told as to conversions.

Polygamy prevailed in New Zealand, and a chief with ten wives was told that he could not be baptized unless he confined himself to one. At the end of about two months he repaired to the nearest missionary, and stated that he had got rid of nine. "What have you done with them?" was the natural interrogatory. "I have eaten them," was the unhesitating reply.

Dr. Wolff once published a book of recollections —a sort of diary, as far as I remember—which was very original in character and singularly outspoken. In this he constantly spoke of himself in the third person, and Biblical phrases, such as "the Lord said unto Wolff," were abundant.

Several people were very severely criticised in its pages, some being bluntly called fools, which caused remonstrances to be made to the author, with the result that he promised to make alterations in a subsequent edition. When this appeared, however, things were found to have been made rather worse, for where a man had been called a fool before, Dr. Wolff had added a note saying— "I am informed that the expression is out of place. I therefore hasten to alter it—'stupid fool' is what should have been put."

Sir Henry, I believe, did all he could to buy up all copies of this book he could find, being for some reason or other (for there was really no particular harm in it) desirous of blotting out its memory altogether.

Dr. Wolff had been successively a Jew, a Catholic, and finally a Protestant, after joining which faith he became a clergyman of the Church of England, and a good one. When he was a student at Weimar in 1811 he pursued his studies under Director Ling, son-in-law of the celebrated Saltzmann, who carried on a college for foreigners near Gastein. Johannes Falk, the satirical poet, took much interest in young Wolff, who told him of his desire of becoming a Christian, when Falk said, "Wolff, let me give you a piece of advice: remain what you are, for, if you remain a Jew, you will become a celebrated Jew; but, as a Christian, you will never be noted, because there are so many other clever Christians in the world."

On one occasion Falk and Wolff, walking together, met Goethe, who disagreed with Falk's advice, and said to Wolff, "Young man, follow the bent of your own mind, and don't listen to what Falk says." He was a very happy-go-lucky sort of a man, always losing his way.

He used to wander round and round his house, which astonished people; when his wife would say, "Oh! it's only Dr. Wolff trying to find his way." It was wonderful how such a man had ever found the road to Bokhara.

As a Catholic Dr. Wolff had been in a Swiss

monastery, where he resolved to submit to the discipline—flagellation included. About this he said: "I set to work, and it was in the dark that I gave myself the first lash, which I did not like at all. Consequently I turned round to see how my fellow-monks got on; when I saw, by the light of the moon, one of the monks flogging, not his own back, but the wall. 'The hypocrite!' said I to myself, 'I will give you something!' on which I applied my own whip to his shoulders."

Wolff was for this, I believe, turned out of the place, which led to his becoming a Protestant.

He had a great opinion of himself and of the clever race to which he belonged, and when he talked of his marriage with my aunt, Lady Georgiana, would say, by way of teasing her, "I, a Rabbi, and the son of a Rabbi, demeaned myself by marrying the little Shentile woman!"

My aunt, I believe, was first captivated by Dr. Wolff at an Exeter Hall meeting; where he was delivering an address. She happened to sit quite close to him on the platform, and during a vehement piece of declamation the doctor, gesticulating and waving his arms, struck her lightly on the eye. Pausing for a moment to apologise; he surreptitiously inquired who she might be. "Lady Georgiana Walpole," was the reply, upon which Wolff remarked, "That woman shall be my wife," and went on with his speech. It was some little time before the two met again.

A wicked story used to be told as to how their courtship began. Lady Georgiana at the time was

well over thirty years old, and not at all a beauty. Dr. Wolff was just then being lionised after his return from Bokhara, and the couple sat next one another at a luncheon party. As fate would have it, Lady Georgiana chanced to drop her fork on the floor, which the distinguished traveller picked up, and while doing so pinched her foot. The caress in question, entirely novel to Lady Georgiana, made such an impression upon her that she fell in love with its giver, and very soon they became engaged.

At first Lady Georgiana's family were very averse to such a match, my father in particular was for a time violently opposed to it; eventually, however, he relented, and arranged to have an interview with Dr. Wolff. My father, one of the old school, thought a good deal of his family, and said so; Wolff, however, was in no way impressed. "Our children, Lord Orford," said he, "will be of glorious lineage, for in them will be united the holy blood of David with the illustrious blood of Walpole."

Dr. Wolff was anything but an Adonis in appearance, and his wife, as I have said, was not at all remarkable for beauty. My father, I remember, who at times had a sharp tongue, used to say if Wombwell (a famous menagerie keeper of the day) could get hold of those two, his fortune would be made.

VII

Political friends—Lord Iddesleigh—Mr. Chamberlain—Letters—His charming wife—Lady Chesterfield—Mr. Bright—Victorian Radicalism—Two great leaders—Lord Beaconsfield—Letters—Mrs. Brydges Willyams—Favourite flowers—Lord Sherbrooke—Mr. John Burns—Sir George Dibbs.

AMONGST my political friends I always remember the late Lord Iddesleigh, such a gentle and charming man, better known as Sir Stafford Northcote, who, when he was in the House of Commons, had a good deal of trouble with the more turbulent members of the Conservative party. They thought his methods too pacific. His whole nature indeed was peaceful, and one of the reasons he left behind him hosts of sorrowing friends, one of whom was the late Duke of Cambridge, who, at the time of Lord Iddesleigh's death, wrote—

GLOUCESTER HOUSE, PARK LANE, W.
Thursday Evening

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—This is indeed a most sad catastrophe that has befallen us, the death of dear Lord Iddesleigh, and so painfully sudden, a great shock I should imagine to Lord Salisbury, and a great blow moreover to the Government. I am so grieved about it, but do tell me what caused

all the misunderstanding that has taken place. I cannot quite make it out, and probably you may know. I am so glad you liked your stay at Sandringham. I have always said their dear R.H.'s are the most *charming* couple, and the most delightful hosts it is possible to conceive, and all who know them *must* love and like them. I will try to see you either to-morrow, Friday, or Sunday at tea-time, to talk matters over with you. What think you of Bismarck's speech? I think it *magnificent*, and only wish we could have him over here for a few months, when he would soon dispose of our Irish difficulties, which to my mind are *not* progressing at all favourably.—I remain, yours most sincerely, GEORGE

Another very old friend of mine is Mr. Chamberlain, whom I have known and admired for so many years. Mr. Chamberlain has been a far-seeing man. Twenty-seven years ago he saw the advisability of a measure which I believe will form part of the next Conservative programme.

HIGHBURY, MOOR GREEN, BIRMINGHAM
Jan. 4th, 1883

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—

. . . . . .

Have you read two books lately published—*Progress and Poverty*, by H. George, and *Land Nationalisation*, by A. Walton? They come to the same conclusion, "l'ennemi c'est le propriétaire," and they advocate the same remedy, namely, confiscation of property in land. I am told that these books are

being eagerly read by the working classes in London, and that the feeling in favour of drastic measures is growing.

In all seriousness, if I were a large landowner I should be uneasy. They are so few, and the landless are so many. There is only one way of giving security to this kind of property, and that is to multiply the owners of it.

Peasant proprietorship in some form or other, and on a large scale, is the antidote to the doctrines of confiscation which are now making converts.—Believe me, yours very truly,

J. CHAMBERLAIN

At the time when Mr. Chamberlain wrote, a feeling of resentment against great wealth, and especially wealth drawn from land, prevailed. This was very similar to that exhibited by the extreme Radicals during the last two years—the resentful attitude towards the dukes was also prevalent. In 1885, for instance, a prominent Liberal politician, *a propos* of the Duke of Bedford of that day, who had just left his party, wrote to me—

I sympathise with the poor Duke of Bedford—at least I should do so, if he had not been mean enough to take a Lord-Lieutenancy just before he announced his conversion.

I suppose he is dreadfully straitened — not more than £300,000 or £400,000 a year left. I do not understand, however, what he is going to invest in. Does he flatter himself that the Radicals will be satisfied with confiscating land? I advise

him to emigrate to the United States, which will soon be the only country where a rich man will be safe.

Another letter of that date, written by the same hand, contains a very accurate forecast of what has actually come about—

The Whigs as a Party are played out, and the next great fight will be between the Tory Democrats and the Democratic Radicals. It will never do for the latter to be out-bidden, so you must prepare for something very drastic.

Mr. Chamberlain, as I have said, has politically always looked far ahead. Before the defeat of the Unionists in 1906, he deplored the timidity which permeated the party. Attack, not defence, he saw, was the best chance of success, and with respect to this he wrote—

40 PRINCE'S GARDENS, S.W.
June 21st, 1904

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—Many thanks for your note. The Primrose League is as timid as the other wire-pullers. They do not see that the best policy is to take the offensive, and they allow their opponents to force them to fight on the defensive against Chinese Slavery, Education, Licensing, and all the rest of it, whereas their true policy would be to carry out a flank attack with Fiscal Reform.

However, they must go their own way to destruction!

Market Harborough and Devonport have turned out exactly as I predicted. If they do not take

care, Chertsey will be the same. Good Lord! What fools they be!—Yours very truly,

J. CHAMBERLAIN

It was once rather wittily said that politicians make fools of themselves—lawyers of others—women of both. If the latter be true, how vexed many of the poor ladies must be to find how often nature has forestalled them!

In his home life Mr. Chamberlain has been peculiarly fortunate, for no one ever had a more perfect wife than he. Mrs. Chamberlain's devoted care for her husband during his recent illness, without doubt, has been the cause of his restoration to comparative health. She is the most charming woman imaginable, and I only wish more American brides were like her. I had once expressed my doubts as to the complete success of marriages between Englishmen and damsels from across the Atlantic, for which reason Mr. Chamberlain wrote me the following when he married—

HIGHBURY, MOOR GREEN, BIRMINGHAM
3rd November 1888.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you during the autumn session for a reason which I am sure you will recognise as a good one. When this reaches you I shall be half-way across the Atlantic, and I do not expect to return home till Christmas.

I am going to the United States to marry Miss Endicott—one of those American girls whose

importation into this country you once deprecated so strongly in my hearing. You said, "I like the Americans very well, but there are two things I wish they would keep to themselves—their girls and their tinned lobster."

I am ready to give up the lobster, so you must be prepared to like the girl.—Believe me, yours very truly, (Signed) J. CHAMBERLAIN

Whilst it seemed to me that some of the marriages between Englishmen and American girls were to be deplored, I always had a liking for Americans generally, and did not agree with my friend, Lady Chesterfield, who once wrote—

I cannot see why people go over to America. The changes from heat to cold are so sudden it does not suit an English temperament.

She also entertained a feeling of resentment towards the Irish, and in the same letter she said—

Ireland appears worse than ever, they are not firm enough, the Government allowing Parnell to speak the trash he does, in Dublin itself. The Irish require losing a little blood, they would find it best in the end. The loyal Irish and the poor police are the great sufferers, both here and in England. The last three days have been beautiful. I should think a great amount of corn must have been got in, and the corn, if not sprouted, has this year been abundant.

Some of the Conservative ladies of the old

school were very capricious. The wife, for instance, of one of the most prominent men in the party, being asked to lend her carriage to assist in conveying voters to the poll, declared that she would only do so if she could be fully assured that the Conservative candidate would be successful. "We do not care," said she, "to be associated with failure!"

Like Lady Chesterfield, most of them regarded Ireland as a country requiring very stern treatment, for they had been brought up in such an idea. Poor Mr. Forster, when Irish Secretary, had perhaps the most difficult task ever set an English politician, being roundly abused, and even threatened, during his term of office. Mr. Forster, playing whist one night at the club with a very exacting partner, happened to revoke. His partner's look of indignation impressed him with such remorse that he exclaimed, "Call me any name you like, call me Buckshot,"—alluding, of course, to the nickname which had been fastened upon him by the Irish Nationalists.

At that time the Irish problem before the Government seemed well-nigh hopeless. A large number of souls squatting on poor mountain patches, quite incapable of supporting in health one-tenth of the people, trying to exist on their little holdings, who would not emigrate. One well acquainted wrote to me: "Are we to feed them whilst they live in idleness? They won't even enlist. They are a hopeless people, full of wit, humour, and politics, but without any wish beyond that of having to pay no rent, and allowed to continue in their dirt, idleness, and

squalor." Since those days, however, the land purchase legislation inaugurated by Mr. George Wyndham seems to have produced a happier state of affairs, and Ireland, in all probability, will become a thriving, prosperous, and contented country of peasant proprietors.

I visited Mr. Chamberlain but a short time before the last election, when I was delighted to find him much stronger and better, and doing more political work than at any time since his illness. Inundated as he was, owing to the elections, with requests for messages from candidates all over the country, it had become a matter of considerable difficulty to deal with so many, for even though such messages be short, their composition must of necessity take time and thought. Both of his sons were fighting in the political fray, speaking every night. Mr. Chamberlain's second son—Neville—of whom not very much has hitherto been heard, is a man of extraordinary ability and cleverness. Though he has not entered the House of Commons, he takes the keenest interest in the cause for which his father has been such a splendid fighter. The whole Chamberlain household, indeed, had thrown themselves heart and soul into the fight, with the exception of the great Tariff Reformer's grandson—dear little Joe, who had not yet taken to the stump, and stayed at home, an infinite joy and source of pleasure and amusement to his grandfather, by whom he is adored.

Mr. Chamberlain talked of politics, upon which, as ever, all his interests are concentrated, and we

FROM AN OLD FRIEND AND A NEW ONE

MR CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS GRANDSON 1908

discussed the prospects of the Unionists at the coming elections. In general appearance he was little changed, but I noticed that he wore no orchid.

I think it was at the house of Lord James of Hereford, then Sir Henry James, that I first met the other great politician whose career was so much connected with Birmingham—John Bright. After this he used to come and see me from time to time, and we had many an interesting talk together, though I never got to know him as well as Mr. Cobden. Bright always struck me as being of a much rougher and more rugged nature than the latter, who, besides his great gifts as a politician, possessed much social charm, as was universally recognised by those privileged to be his friends. Mr. Bright, I think, lived almost exclusively for politics, whilst Mr. Cobden could on occasion entirely detach himself from them.

What a fine speaker Mr. Bright was. Alas! there is no one like him to-day; and of most political speeches it may be said that one hears the humming of the wheel whilst never able to perceive any thread.

From time to time Mr. Bright used to come and see me, but his time was so occupied with politics that social matters of necessity played quite a minor part in his life.

He wrote me in 1884 as follows—

132 PICCADILLY
22nd July '84

DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—I am going down to Rochdale on Thursday morning, having

to preside at an enormous gathering of Reformers at Manchester on Saturday. I must have one day at home before I go to the meeting. It is rather unlikely that I shall come back to London during the rest of the session, of which I am weary, and therefore I fear there is no chance of my being able to have the pleasure of another call upon you, which, I hope I need hardly say, I much regret.

Your leader has given us much trouble. Arrogance in a statesman damages statesmanship. I hope our Party will do further good to our opponents, tho' they have not shown much gratitude to us for our past services. We try to serve our country and must therefore serve them.—Believe me always, sincerely yours,

JOHN BRIGHT

The Lady Dorothy Nevill
45 Charles Street, Berkeley Square

A short time later Mr. Bright became separated from his party on the question of Home Rule. As a matter of fact, it is probable that had Mr. Gladstone been a younger man at the time when he introduced the Bill he might eventually have seen it passed into law. His powers, however, were not what they had been, and during the debates some thought that the great Liberal leader was anything but at his best. One who was present wrote to me—

The G.O.M. certainly did not play his cards well last night, and must have added considerably

to his opponents by his line of argument, and "General" Hartington seems to have done extremely well, and much credit is due to him for his honest and manly speech. I can't help thinking that with this Bill the G.O.M. will also be disposed of. His vexation will not be beneficial to him in any respect.

This forecast came true, for, with the rejection of the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Gladstone's great political career was virtually ended.

The Radicalism of the Victorian Era, or at least Radicalism as it was understood in the West End of London, was nothing like as fierce as that of to-day, being a good deal tempered by that mild Whiggism which is now but a political memory. Nevertheless Radicals of a type which to-day would be considered moderate, were anything but welcome to many who classed them as being persons vaguely dangerous and likely to produce uncomfortable changes. Radicals, for some reason or other, were said to be partial to wearing beards. As a matter of fact, Mr. Muntz, a Radical, charged with Chartist associations, is supposed to have been the first member of Parliament to have worn a beard.

At heart most of the aristocracy considered themselves as the bulwark of the nation, and could not conceive England without a hereditary ruling class.

Ardent Conservatives used jokingly to pretend to regard Mr. Gladstone as a terrible revolutionist,

and lost no opportunity of showing their dislike for his political principles. On one occasion, when I had sent to a famous nurseryman of Maidstone for particulars of some new apple trees which I wanted to obtain, he forwarded a list with "The Gladstone" at the top. When I wrote back enclosing my selection, I could not help saying that I was sorry to see that the place of honour amongst his apples had been given to one bearing a name likely to upset all good Conservatives. The pomologist was, however, quite equal to the occasion, for he replied that he was just as good a Tory as myself—they only grew the apple that they might devour it.

As a matter of fact, though Mr. Gladstone was regarded as a sort of revolutionary monster by many old-fashioned people, by no means a few Conservatives would be only too pleased to see him back in power once more in the place of the present leaders of the Liberal party, for without doubt he would curb the extravagant utterances of some of the wilder spirits, whose main object appears to be to promote hatred between high and low.

Mr. Gladstone, whatever might be said against his policy, was always courteous and dignified, besides which he was undoubtedly sincere. It used, however, to be wickedly said that when he had doubts about the real merits of any measure which it seemed advisable to bring forward, he always set out to convince himself first, and, invariably succeeding in the task, was then able to support it with all the strength of unwavering conviction.

Looking back, one realises what great personalities Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield possessed—their very names sounded like trumpet calls to their adherents, and the picture of one or the other hung in cottages all over England. I do not think the portraits of any of our modern politicians, except Mr. Chamberlain's, inspire any particular enthusiasm amongst the people.

The great difference between the politicians of the past and those of to-day would seem to be courage, common enough amongst the former, rare amongst the latter. With respect to this, hard things have been said about some of our modern statesmen, one of these having been characterised as having the temper of a pirate and the courage of a nurserymaid, whilst a witty Irish member described another as a bad man to go tiger-shooting with.

I have known many different kinds of political men, from the old Pre-Reform member to the Socialist of to-day.

My sister's husband, the fourth Earl of Mexborough, was, I think, the last survivor of the Pre-Reform M.P.'s. As Viscount Pollington he had, in 1831, sat for the now long disfranchised borough of Gatton. Lord Mexborough died in 1899, when in his ninetieth year. The Duke of Northumberland, also a survivor of Pre-Reform parliamentary life (he had sat for the now extinct borough of Beeralston in 1831), died also in this year, seven months before my brother-in-law.

The politicians of the past took, I think, a more

serious view of the world in general than those of to-day, who are far more apt to trim their sails in order to run before the various currents which modern Democracy produces. The older school were generally cautious as regards any new departure in politics, and their utterances were inspired by considerations of the grave responsibility which attaches to public speech. The modern politician, on the other hand, seldom hesitates to voice, no matter how startling, any opinion which for the moment it may suit him to possess.

Self-advertisement at any cost would appear to be the aim of many. Such people remind one of the [illegible] of a certain type of public men once given by a schoolboy. The lad was an inmate of the Northern Counties Asylum for the Blind at [illegible]. Being asked at a meeting of the Governors to describe the exact meaning of the word 'politician,' he described it as meaning an ignorant, [illegible] who busied himself about public [illegible] which he knew nothing. But the [illegible] was the man who devoted his [illegible] and [illegible] the public good, and for the benefit [illegible]

[illegible]

trying to carry out some of the things which we contented ourselves with promising!"

In spite of the progress of Democratic ideas, many old mediæval forms are still retained in Parliamentary procedure. As is well known, the Sovereign's consent to Acts of Parliament is still given in the old Norman French—"Le Roy le veult."

The official record of the assent of one House to a Bill passed or amended by the other is also in the same tongue, whilst a Bill sent up to the Lords is endorsed "Soit baillé aux seigneurs."

If the latter approve it, their assent is expressed by the words "A cette bille evesque des amendemens les seigneurs sont assentus."

The Royal assent in the case of a Supply Bill, where the Commons vote money to the Crown, is as follows—"Le Roy remercie ses bons sujets accepte leur benevolence et ainsi le veult."

I believe also that traditional customs as to wearing the hat and the like still continue in the House of Commons.

Mr. Chamberlain wore his hat in the House a good deal, but Mr. Balfour, I believe, does so rarely.

Lord Beaconsfield, when Mr. Disraeli, it is said, was one of the first distinguished members of the House of Commons never to wear his hat at all there. Mr. Gladstone certainly never wore his, and on one occasion when he had need of one, in order to comply with a curious rule (which compels a member whilst speaking seated after a division has been called to wear his hat), he was

obliged to borrow that of the Solicitor-General—Sir Farrer Herschell as he then was—whose hat turned out to be much too small for the Grand Old Man, which vastly amused the House.

On the other hand, Mr. Asquith has introduced an entirely new fashion at political parties, the practice of the Prime Minister assisting a hostess in receiving her guests, and shaking hands with those she has invited, being quite an innovation, which irresistibly recalls the receptions given in the past by the Siamese twins, or the famous dwarf, General Tom Thumb, at which every visitor was entitled to a handshake from the attraction of the evening. The great fault of this social departure seems to me to be, that the host and hostess who, of all present, should be accorded the greatest consideration in their own house, are of necessity overshadowed and practically ignored owing to the star of the evening being pushed so prominently forward. I cannot imagine the Prime Ministers of the past playing such a part in other people's houses. Neither Mr. Gladstone nor Lord Beaconsfield would probably have cared for such an innovation.

Lord Beaconsfield's whole career was an extraordinary exemplification of what cleverness, combined with energy, can effect in the face even of powerful and apparently insurmountable difficulties. In the earlier, and even in the middle portion of his political life, he was scarcely taken seriously by some of the shrewdest judges—like Bernal Osborne, they thought there was "too

much tinsel about Dizzy." He had enormous difficulties to contend against, and was at one time much hampered by financial worries, which I know preyed heavily upon a mind far above money. His mental gifts, to triumph as they did against so many disadvantages and against so many highly gifted opponents, must have been far greater than can be realised to-day, when political life abounds in mediocrities not to be compared to the politicians of the great days of the Victorian Era.

Lord Beaconsfield was, above all, practical in his aims, and when unable impressively to convince or sarcastically to confute his opponents, he would yield to the force of popular reasoning, and throw up the defence with a smile, perhaps just tinged with contempt. Imbued with an almost eastern liking for romance and splendour, as his writings show, he never allowed such a tendency to obscure the more serious objects of his life—indeed, the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India, in a great measure the realisation of an almost Oriental dream, has now been universally recognised as a wise, practical, and far-seeing Act.

At the beginning of his career Lord Beaconsfield had had to face very bitter opposition, arising not only from political reasons. This, however, he practically quite overcame when his high qualifications had become recognised; nevertheless there were individuals who retained a bitter antipathy to everything connected with the name of Disraeli. When D'Israeli Road, Putney, was built

in the seventies of the last century, one resident manifested the greatest objection to the name, which he showed by obliterating it. Police court proceedings ensued. He was summoned by the Board of Works, and made to pay a fine.

Lord Beaconsfield, in his House of Commons days, was ever very self-confident and not unassertive. Once, however, when addressing the Speaker, he said—

"Mr. Speaker, I have some modesty, I hope!" A voice from under a hat below the gangway snuffled out, "Your hope tells a very flattering tale, I'm afraid."

Lord Beaconsfield could not, I think, be called a good correspondent, but there was always a characteristic touch in his letters. Witness the descriptive allusion at the end of the following—

11th April 1858

DEAREST DOROTHY,—I am afraid you will think, from the date of this, that I am almost as bad as Lord Macaulay; but, indeed, from some indisposition, and great business, it is the only moment I have had to thank you with my own hand, for all your profuse and sweet recollection of me.

The strawberries were as fresh, and as delicious, as yourself, and came to me at a welcome moment, when I was spiritless and feverish. Their arrival was a reviving touch of nature in one of her most popular and agreeable forms. Accept, dearest Dorothy, a thousand thanks from me, for

LORD BEACONSFIELD AS A YOUNG MAN

Main

all your unceasing recollections of your friend, whose affection for you requires no proof.

There are the Duke and Duchess of Aumale, Lord and Lady Hardwicke and their daughter, and Lord Sandwich, staying here until to-morrow, like myself; and the neighbours dined here also yesterday, in the shape of the Duchess of Kent, the Van de Weyer, and Sir Ed. Codrington.

The sun is very bright to-day, and the Castle and its broad demesne look very brilliant. The masonry glitters, and the trees are sparkling with the burst of spring; but when you get out of doors the illusion vanishes, and the east wind cuts you in two.

Now, I am going to Chapel; I wish it were St. George's Cath.; but, alas! no. My kind regards to Mr. Nevill.—Your affectionate,

D.

In his letters Lord Beaconsfield rarely alluded to politics. I think he had trained himself to avoid dwelling upon this subject, being probably of the opinion that one in his position should be highly circumspect as to committing to paper intimate details as to matters of State. Occasionally, however, he referred to passing political events.

On 24th April 1861, for instance, he wrote to me—

We are at the commencement of a great struggle. On Monday I executed a reconnaissance in force, which will probably be continued for a week, and during that process I expect to find

out the weak point in the enemy's position, and shall in due course give them battle. Every night I come home from a most anxious and exhausting field.

Again, on 3rd May 1871, he wrote—

We have a very stirring session and very amusing, but I trust it will not be more than that. Humpty-Dumpty has had a great fall, but I hope we shall get him on the wall again.

Though a writer of short letters, there was always a characteristic note about what he wrote, and often a descriptive touch, quite in accordance with the style of the author of *Lothair*. This is noticeable at the end of the following—

HUGHENDEN MANOR
5th December 1862

DEAR DOROTHY,—Maryanne has requested me to be her secretary, and tho' I am a bad letter writer, it is always agreeable to write to you.

In your last letter, which had no date, you talk of being in town the beginning of November, and speculate on the chance of meeting us there—but the post-mark of your letter is November 17th, and it reached us, of course, two days afterwards. Is it possible that it was mislaid ?

Hughenden is now a chaos, for Maryanne is making a new garden. She never loved her old one, and now she has more than twenty navvies at work, levelling and making terraces.

We have as many workmen inside of the house, for altho' I always thought that, both from form and situation, I was safe from architects, it turns out that I was wrong, and Hughenden House will soon assume a new form and character.

In a week we go to Devonshire, and you will justly say, full time to do so. After a fortnight at Torquay, we are going on for a few days to the Normanbys, who are dwelling in Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's winter villa. Then we shall pay a visit to our Lord Lieutenant, who lives at Gayhurst, fifty miles and more from this, a very different country, in the land of Cowper, and lowing kine and pastoral meads, whereas we dwell in beech-clad hills and among trout-streams and water-cresses—then will come Parliament!

Adieu, dearest Dorothy. Nevill, I hope, is well.—Your affectionate, D.

He generally made use of some curious expression. In a letter written to me about my brother's portrait, for instance, he speaks of languishing for it—

HUGHENDEN MANOR
August 3rd, 1873

DEAREST DOROTHY,—Mr. Buckner says the picture is quite finished, and is in its frame, but that he has received no positive instructions from Lord Orford as to sending it. He presumes, however, he may venture to do so, if I wish it, etc.

But this would be an unwarrantable liberty,

and Walpole might be justly offended by such a step on my part.

Nevertheless, I languish for the portrait, which I delight in, and as I want to give it a place of honour in my gallery, it prevents my definitely arranging its fellows.

Where is Walpole? and cannot you communicate with him? by telegraph? Help me, dear Dorothy.—Your affectionate D.

The cause of the shortness of Lord Beaconsfield's communications was, no doubt, the immense amount of correspondence which he was obliged to undertake. This occasionally, as he says in the subjoined note, made him forget whether he had written or not—

10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL
November 13th, 1877

MY DEAR DOROTHY,—I really am quite at a loss to remember whether I wrote to you or not about the Ch. Excelsa, which you so kindly sent to Hughenden, and which, I know, safely arrived there. I shall soon see it, for I hope to be home in a few days. Then, too, I will make a search for the "New Republic," which they assure me is there. I wish all its characters were, for Hughenden would then be amusing.

Did I, or did I not write to you about it when I returned from Eridge? I have to write so many letters that I can't decide, and my conscience would prick me, if I had neglected to tell you how very pleased I was with the book; very

witty and rather wise; and almost unequalled as a first effort.—Your affectionate

BEACONSFIELD

We used to correspond a good deal about horticultural matters, for he was fond of his garden at Hughenden. Curiously enough, however, I never heard him express any particular admiration for the primrose, which it is always said was his favourite flower. Nevertheless, it is quite possible that it was. An old lady, Mrs. Brydges Willyams, of Torquay, who was a great admirer of his, used every spring to send him bunches of this flower from her Devonshire garden.

For years this lady was a great reader of Mr. Disraeli's works, and one day she wrote to him stating her intention of leaving him all her property. At first he thought this was nothing but a joke, but soon afterwards a second letter arrived, containing a cheque for a thousand pounds, and an invitation to Torquay. Mr. Disraeli went, and more than confirmed the favourable impression which his writings had produced. He paid several other visits before Mrs. Willyams' death in 1856, when she left him her house and property, amounting together, I think, to some thirty thousand pounds. She had for years been a well-known character at Torquay, where she never went out for a walk without two very ugly but perfectly inoffensive bulldogs. Mrs. Brydges Willyams, as is well known, was buried in Lord Beaconsfield's vault in Hughenden Churchyard.

Most great men have been allotted some flower, so it is only fitting that Lord Beaconsfield should have his.

Bismarck's favourite floral emblem is said to have been the shamrock. Not that the Iron Chancellor had the least sympathy with the ever-turbulent peasantry of the Emerald Isle, whom, had he had them to deal with, he would probably have treated with Cromwellian rigour.

Mr. Gladstone, it is said, manifested a strong predilection for the blue cornflower, though the old-fashioned sweetwilliam was often facetiously associated with his name. The cornflower, I believe, was also the favourite blossom of the old Emperor of Germany, Kaiser Wilhelm the First.

The Napoleonic violet originated from the great Emperor, on his departure for Elba, having promised his intimate friends that he would return in the violet season. Corporal Violet became their favourite toast, and they wore gold rings bearing violets in enamel, with the motto, "Elle reparaitra au printemps." The violet has nevertheless been an unlucky flower to the Buonapartes. The Empress Eugenie wore some violets in her wreath at her wedding, which at the time caused some people to prognosticate misfortunes, which eventually did happen.

Never very much given to conversation, Lord Beaconsfield in his later years talked little when in society—men of his stamp, although they possess the gold of conversation, seldom have its small change. To me, however, he was always a delight-

ful companion, for I had known him ever since I was a girl, in the days when I remember meeting Count D'Orsay at his house.

With the lapse of time Lord Beaconsfield's political reputation seems to have in no way decreased.

How really great he was, time alone can decide. In private life his friends remember that he was an attractive and lovable man in his own peculiar way, possessed of a gentleness and kindness somewhat rare in a rougher age than the present.

His end was such as he himself could have no reason to regret. England had had time to show its love to him, and he had suffered no sensible diminution of power and prestige. Thus it is that great men must wish to depart.

Another great friend of mine was Mr. Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, who once played a considerable part in English politics.

Though a strenuous politician, he was facetious enough in private life, and wrote very bright letters.

On one occasion, when I had not written to him for a long time and then asked for his photograph, Mr. Lowe sent me the following chaffing epistle—

A truly Christian spirit has at last enabled me to forgive you for your abominable treatment of me, in proof whereof I send you a photograph, which I understood you to ask for, though I can't conceive how it can be that you have not one already. In fact I believe that you have, and have

given it away. I hope you will be warned by the grand spirit of revenge which I have shown on this occasion not to trespass too far on the lamblike sweetness of my nature, which certainly deserved from you much better treatment than it has received. My wife is certainly much better, less pain and less sickness, but I have been obliged to give up my visits to Drayton and to Highclere, and am kept here in fog and solitude, unable to see anything and to speak to any one, for there is no one here. I know no news, and can't even get up an excitement about the Fenians, who don't even understand their own detestable trade. They are always found out before the time comes. As Curran said of them, they make d—d bad subjects, but worse rebels. You see Abyssinia has come to grief already. Just as I thought. These silly people planned the thing as if it was an ordinary country they had to deal with, and now are ludicrously unable to deal with the very first obstacles which present themselves. They have not foresight or energy enough to push themselves on into the far greater difficulties that await them. How they think they are going to live, to shelter, and to feed many thousand men in the interior during the rainy season, I can't conceive.

Mr. Lowe, as will be observed, was bitterly hostile to the Abyssinian campaign, which he always declared would end in disaster. Fortunately, his vaticinations did not prove entirely accurate.

When the photograph did arrive, it turned out to be a little larger than the ordinary carte-de-visite size popular in the sixties, for which reason Mr. Lowe wrote, "I send you my photographed self. The picture has been magnified, and a little distorted in the process, like the sins of the original."

During his political career Mr. Lowe occasionally met with much hostility. When, for instance, he stood for the borough of Colne, in Wiltshire, there was great hostility, which lasted for several days, and on one occasion he had to escape through the back window of the Lansdowne Arms, whence he got away from the mob to Chippenham.

He was a most amusing, though rather trenchant, critic. For instance, after reading Mr. Mundella on arbitration, he wrote me that it only seemed to prove that when you quarrel it is better not to fight—"a sentiment to which," he added, "I entirely subscribe." In the same letter he wrote about a mutual friend—

Somebody, perhaps you, has told her she was like Gil Blas. She has read the book, which she never read before, to see what sort of a chap he was, and is very angry.

Lord Sherbrooke, in his House of Commons days, was cynically bitter about his opponents, the Conservatives, whom he used to accuse of being ready to adopt any tactics likely to further their ends. At the time when the question of the Irish Church was very acute he wrote to me—

I rather think that last Friday was the death-blow of the Government, though I know them far too well to suppose for a moment that they mean to resign. Indeed there was an article in the *Standard* yesterday using very bad language towards the Irish Church, which seems as if they were, as I said, not so much anxious to save the criminal as to have the hanging of him themselves. But this policy comes, I think, too late. We cannot always be executing volte-face movements, and the very attempt shows a poverty of invention not creditable to Dizzy.

Owing to his wife's ill-health, Mr. Lowe travelled a good deal to foreign health resorts. He was at Carlsbad in 1867, when he wrote to me as follows—

Mindful of your desolate and afflicted state, I write you a line to keep up your spirits by telling you how miserable I am, which will, I doubt not, be a source of solid consolation to you in your own distress. Our journey here was nothing short of infernal. The heat was tremendous, and we were reduced to beg at every station between Coblentz and Wiesbaden for water, which one often did not get. At Wiesbaden there is gambling, and consequently rather pleasant society—Lord Clarendon, Lord and Lady Derby, Lord Cadogan, and so on. I spent a nice day there. I went to Frankfort the day the King of Prussia came, and the Cathedral was burnt down—the Cathedral, I suppose, in which Gretchen had her celebrated dialogue with

der böse Geist. The next day it rained, and I thought my miseries—heat and glare which I hate above all things—were over, but the heat has returned with redoubled force, and I don't know how to breathe. My bedroom is cooler than the rest of the Polar Star, but it is within 6 feet of the door of a noisy estaminet which poisons and distracts me, but I prefer it to the heat of the front room. Ben Stanley and Mrs. B., the Bernstoffs, Mr. Rouher, the Grand Duchesses Helena and Marie, and divers Princesses are here. Not a very promising programme. There is no table d'hôte, and no society except stopping and talking in the street. As people come here really for health, there is not a pretty woman in the place. On the other hand, the doctor assures me that Carlsbad is quite as much needed for me as for my wife (to whom it don't seem to be doing much good as yet), and that it will save me a painful disorder. I try to believe it, but you know how difficult it is for me to believe anything. The place is really very pretty, only it is so hot that one can hardly crawl about to see the beauties. While I write the sky is clouding over, and "Hurrah for a good thunderstorm." Write to me and tell me how you are and what you are doing.—Yours,

R. L.

Lord Sherbrooke used often chaffingly to abuse me for my lack of political principle, for I have ever been good friends with both Liberals and Conservatives, placing cleverness far above all

political differences. One of the most agreeable men I have met during recent years is Mr. John Burns, for whom I entertain the very highest admiration. I remember him as being considered a terrible revolutionary. I have, however, known a good many of such revolutionaries, who are personal acquaintances, turn out to be the most delightful of men. Such a one was the late Sir George Dibbs, who, when he came to England, was supposed to be very Radical—some said almost republican—in his ideas. This may or may not have been the case, but I feel pretty certain that he left these shores with no hostile views as to what are vulgarly known as the Upper Classes. During his visit he became most popular with those whom he met, and I know that his experiences of English life imbued him with the warmest admiration and love of the mother country.

He was an indefatigable worker, and had confronted many difficulties with indomitable energy and unsparing toil, as the following letter shows—

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE, SYDNEY
15th June 1893

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—I have just closed my talking shop after a session of ten months, which would have killed even old Gladstone—and his Home Rule Bill. Just fancy having survived thirteen votes of censure in nine months, and stronger as a Government at the finish than when we started—and will see the end of this Parliament and perhaps the next one through.

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL AND MR. JOHN BURNS AT THE OPENING OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

M'qU

You ask me when I am coming to London again. If I were my own master I would say to-morrow, and be off the next steamer; but I am at anchor with a falling exchequer and big financial difficulties to surmount, but surmount them I will, and my strength lies in the education I was put through in London last year. I long to repeat it, but at present the way is barred by the simple word duty!

Our Colony has gone through a frightful crisis, and I had to act boldly and promptly — here again my London trip stood me in good stead. Kindly read the enclosed clippings from one of our daily papers, and you will learn what I have done for these people. For six weeks I never left my office to go home—but once—the storm is over —the ship saved, and now the people are going mad to testimonialise me. I pitched my own future over to save my honour, and did it.

Gladstone was right when he said a young man should avoid politics—but all the world's a stage, and there must be politicians, and that is why Gladstone is one and I another.

Our good old Governor and his dear wife left us last February amid the tears of the whole population; we shall never see their like again. We have Mr. Robert Duff and his wife as our new Vice-Regal representatives. I hope I shall like them. Lady Duff promises well, but they are not the Jerseys, and I am strong on my old loves.

Will you kindly remember me to the members of your family whom I had the pleasure to meet,

and will you permit me to kiss your hand at the distance of 16,000 miles, in veneration and respect.—Yours ever most sincerely,

GEORGE R. DIBBS

Some time after his return to Australia, Sir George Dibbs begged me through a mutual friend to let him send an Australian painter, then in England, to paint my portrait, which Sir George said he desired to have as a souvenir of the pleasant intimacy which had existed between us during his English visit. I am a very bad subject for artists to depict, and though I think the painter was clever enough, the results of his efforts culminated in what I could not help telling Sir George was a monstrosity almost calculated to break the bonds of friendship which bound us across the seas.

VIII

Some clever Victorians—Thackeray—The first Lord Lytton—His son—Letters—Muscovite Russia—Lady Dorchester—Lord Lovelace — Anecdotes — Matthew Arnold — Renan's quotation—Ouida—Her letters—Recollections of plays and players—La Grande Duchesse—Mario—A forgetful composer—A graceful tribute to the memory of Madame Sontag.

I SUPPOSE that there is no one alive now who remembers so many of the clever people of the Victorian Era as I do. A number I knew well, but with others—amongst them Tennyson and Thackeray—I had only a slight acquaintance. Thackeray I used to see at various social functions, and the memory of a coincidence is with me yet.

At a certain dinner where the great novelist was one of the guests, I met also his school companion, Mr. Venables, who, whilst at the Charter House, had, in a fight, broken the great novelist's nose. The latter, from a social point of view, I may add, was nothing like as brilliant as Charles Lever, whose overflowing spirits enlivened every one with whom he was brought into contact.

In connection with Thackeray and Dickens, I believe the fact of the former having, after Seymour's death, offered to contribute some sketches for *Pickwick*, has passed unnoticed. The offer was rejected.

Hepworth Dixon I knew pretty well. His was a very buoyant nature. I remember being very much surprised at meeting him at a dinner given by the first Lord Lytton, who, I should have thought, would have had very little in common with the author of *Spiritual Wives*. I told my host this, to which he replied, "All the editors have been attacking me—Hepworth Dixon didn't—that's why he is here."

The first Lord Lytton was a great friend of my brother's, and I used often to go and stay with him at Knebworth—I believe that, except myself, but one other of his guests in those days still survives.

As is well known, there were very serious differences between this literary peer and his wife, who, like her husband, wrote novels, the villains of which were generally pictured in a way to be identified with him.

In the *World and His Wife*, for instance, Lord Lytton figures as Lord Portargis, a man with "a countenance in which the black sea of hypocrisy is bounded by the black mountains of vice." His teeth are "a mouthful of man-traps." He is made up of "small vices and great talents"; he is "a manufacturer of popularity." In another place, with reference to a character clearly intended for Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton as he was then, "the study was not a pleasing one, unless an artist had been there gleaning illustrations for *Faust*, and wanting a model Mephistopheles; for, added to his hooked nose, the sensual mouth, the arched

brows,—in brief, the satyr type was all there, hard, seared, worldly lines—an intersected map of bad passions." In view of these very bitter attacks, Sir Edward can scarcely be blamed for having entertained doubts as to his wife's sanity.

The child of this unhappy marriage, the second Lord Lytton, became a very great friend of mine. He was one of the most cultured and intellectual men I ever met. His was a delightful and attractive personality, for besides being possessed of great mental gifts, he enjoyed life to the utmost extent, and was a thorough man of the world. He wrote to me frequently letters which were a great delight.

Though much of his life was of necessity passed abroad, he loved retiring to his country home, from which, after his return from India, he wrote me the following delightful letter—

KNEBWORTH, STEVENAGE
29th March 1882

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—Imagine the sensations of a hermit "far in a wild, remote from public view," when an Angel unexpectedly flies into his cell, hangs up her rose-coloured wings on the wall of it, sits down sweetly amongst his sombre missals and relics, and begins to give him, with the most charming comments, the last news of the *haute volée* in Heaven. If you can imagine that Hermit's sensations, I need not describe mine on receipt of your last letter. But you are indeed super-celestially angelic to remember such an eremite

as I am now become. I cannot say that I have fled from town, in order not to

> Bear about the mockery of woe
> To midnight dances and the public show,

for I have no real woe to bear about, and the mockery would be if I pretended that my present solitude is a sorrowful one. But the circumstance which has put a black rim round this paper, whilst excusing and dictating temporary withdrawal from social and public engagements, has left me no excuse for any longer postponing the fulfilment of a long-deferred filial duty to the dearest friend I ever had. My dear father, when I lost him, left me all his literary and political papers, with the request that I would use them as materials for a biography of him, not to be written by any hand but mine. My absence in India, and other circumstances, rendered impossible the earlier commencement of this long meditated task, but I feel that continued delay would now be that worst of sins for which the sinner does not forgive himself; and I am fretted by the thought that I may die before any considerable portion of it is completed. Life is so uncertain. My stock of energy and industry was never large, and I have lost much of it in India. And this biographical undertaking requires a long preliminary collection and selection of scattered materials. At present I am groping my way, by clues which are but few and faint, through an immense labyrinth of undated letters and literary remains. For the last fortnight I have

been living amongst ghosts in the land of the dead; and your delightful letter is like a fresh breeze from the land of the living,—the earthly-living. For though you are angelic, your news is decidedly terrestial. In Heaven, I believe, there is no marrying or giving in marriage; and perhaps that will be one of the heavenliest things about Heaven. Obviously, however, the vast majority of the Heavenly Host must have been married here below, where matrimony has perhaps been divinely instituted as a sort of Competitive Examination for admission to that Noble Army of Martyrs, who doubtless constitute the crack Corps of the Celestial Empire—with brevet rank, and the advantageous position of Widows and Widowers ready-made. I find that all the ladies, young and old, of my "domestic circle" at Knebworth (from my mother-in-law to my eldest daughter), are of opinion that the Duke of Westminster is too old for his bride. That is not my opinion, however. Freedom of Contract is the safeguard of our liberties; and a man is never too old, nor a woman too young, to abuse it. I own it is to me incomprehensible that a man should commit matrimony twice; and I admire the strength of that moral constitution which at the age of fifty-five can digest new Wedding Cake. But I don't see why this juvenile viand should be less unwholesome when shared with "a person of suitable age." I wonder whether you met amongst your legal adorers at Mrs. Jeune's, my friend, and hers, FitzJames Stephen. He is a rare combination of

intellectual, moral and physical magnitude, with a large mind, a large body, and a large heart, on which I fancy Mrs. Jeune has made a little inroad. I can't say how vexed I feel to have missed the chance of meeting you at Strathfield Saye. I felt quite sure, when the Duke so kindly asked us there, that we should be your fellow-guests, and this increased the regret I felt at my inability to accept his most attractive invitation. I was also looking forward with great interest and pleasure to a better acquaintance with the Duke himself. I have rarely talked with him or heard him talk, but never without carrying away the impression that he is one of the cleverest, and substantially wisest, men I have met.

Adieu, dear Lady Dorothy. I shall certainly run up to town to see you before you go: if I am not unavoidably kept here by a man I am expecting to-morrow with sundry references he has been collecting for me in connection with my present employment.—Ever sincerely yours,

LYTTON

Lord Lytton wrote to me frequently when Ambassador in Paris, and from him I used to hear much news which never reached the papers. On one occasion, for instance, a well-known member of the so-called "Smart Set" got into a great scrape. The French police having seized her chattels for debt, she lost her head, and aimed a revolver at them. Arrest followed, and she was very nearly thrown into prison. Eventually,

owing to a letter being sent to the Préfet de Police, assuring him that the lady was not—as he supposed—a cocotte, and with the assistance of a clever lawyer, she got off with nothing worse than a bad fright.

In 1888, delighted with the charming American bride of Mr. Chamberlain, he expressed his pleasure as follows—

PARIS, *6th December* 1888

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—Our letters must have crossed, and I had the best of the exchange, for yours was, as usual, full of interesting matter.

. . . . . .

Chamberlain and his bride, who have passed through Paris on their way to the Riviera, lunched at the Embassy yesterday. The future Radical Prime Minister was in excellent feather, and very pleasant and interesting. The new Mrs. Chamberlain is really charming, very young, very pretty, very ladylike, and no American accent or idiom. Lord Sackville is here with his daughters, and does not seem much afflicted by his banishment from Washington.

Lord Lytton was not, I think, a very enthusiastic admirer of American institutions or American literature. In an interesting letter, published by his clever daughter Lady Betty Balfour some years ago, whilst admitting that Hawthorne's genius had such a fascination for him that he found it difficult to speak of his works critically, he declares that American humorists appeared to him

to represent the most thoroughly national original departments of American literature. Walt Whitman seemed to him, he said, an impudent blatant impostor deserving of no serious consideration. Mark Twain he found antipathetic, but Artemus Ward and Bret Harte gave him pleasure.

Lord Lytton was much interested in the sensational trial about the Parnell Letters. Referring to this case he wrote to me—

I can't think what the *Times* has to gain, beyond a heavy bill, by spreading out its case at such length and in such detail, over ground which the public already knows by heart, and cares nothing about. If it can prove its charge on the Parnell letters, it will smash Parnell, and, if it fails to do this, it will have done no good to itself or any one else. I hear that the Parnellites will put a Mr. Pigott into the witness-box to swear that he forged the Parnell letters, and produce the drafts of them. But that the Counsel for the *Times* are aware of this, and not at all afraid of Pigott's evidence.

Matters turned out according to this prediction, except that Pigott's confession and dramatic end furnished a totally unexpected dénouement.

On the 27th February 1889 Lord Lytton wrote to me—

I am in despair at the collapse of the *Times* case on the evidence of that scoundrel Pigott, for whose arrest I have this afternoon been apply-

ing to the French Government. How could the *Times* have been such a fool as to lean such a heavy stake on such a rotten reed? The impression made by this scandal on the popular mind will, I fear, do infinite harm to us Unionists, whom it covers with confusion.

A warm admirer of Lord Salisbury, Lord Lytton passed some time close to the former's abode on the other side of the Channel at Dieppe, a retreat from which I heard from him as follows—

HOTEL ROYAL, DIEPPE
25th August 1889

MY DEAR DELIGHTFUL LADY DOROTHY,—Ten thousand thanks for your enchanting letter from that hygienic guinguette! It finds me in a much duller locality, which, however, not having ever been here before, I like. For the air is full of ozone, and the place, tho' quiet, is cheerful. Lady Salisbury, surrounded by a large Family Group, is close by the Chalet Cecil, where they are expecting my Chief next week. He is only lingering now to put up the parliamentary shutters. She tells me, however, that he was so disgusted at the mismanagement of the Tithes Bill by his lieutenants in the Commons that he would have resigned the other day if the Queen had let him. On the other hand, we are all in high spirits about the signal success of the German Emperor's visit to England. Everybody was reconciled to everybody—there was shaking of hands all round—

and on his return to Berlin the Kaiser telegraphed to his mother, "Hurrah for Old England!" This is a good job—entirely due to my Chief's admirable diplomacy—for the occasion was a critical one, and had the visit gone wrong it might have had many anxious consequences. I find the Chalet Cecil much excited about the Maybrick case—and warm partisans of the lady. Poor, dear woman, I am quite convinced she poisoned her husband, and equally convinced that he deserved it—(most husbands do); but I am nevertheless very glad she is not to be hanged, though, were I in her case, I think I shd. prefer hanging to Penal Servitude for life. Alexandre Dumas and Family are also living near here in their chalet at Puys, and I see a good deal of them. He is finishing a new Play for the Français. At the other end of the cliff, in another charming chalet, dwells Madame de Greffulhe—an accomplished, pretty little lady *de la haute*, and in the town itself we have quite a constellation of artistic stars—famous theatrical ladies, rising painters, and brilliant writers, including Halévy. Jane Hading acted here the other night very badly; and the great Sarah, having embalmed her Damala, and restored him to his native land, is coming here next week in her widow's weeds—to act Francillon and Fedora. . . .

Boulanger is generally thought to be smashed, and your friend Gallifet is proportionately elated; for he was thirsting for the blood of the Brave General. The weather here, alas! is dull—and

so am I.—"So no more at present" from your ever affect., LYTTON

Lord Lytton deplored the approach of old age, which, alas! he never reached.

"Oh dear!" he wrote me. "Why do we grow old? It would be so much nicer to grow younger, and die at last in the arms of a wet-nurse on the bosom of innocence. Apropos of the bosom of innocence, Dufferin writes me that the ladies at Rome consult him as to how much of that commodity they shall show at the Court Balls, and he gives them very good advice in accordance with the quality of what they have to show; which reminds me of a motto I heard of the other day for that portion of a lady's costume which Mrs. —— is said to dispense with when she goes out to dinner. Here it is—'Je soutiens les faibles, comprime les forts, et ramene les égarés."

Lord Dufferin was also a correspondent of mine, and wrote me many pleasant letters. Most of these, however, I gave in a former volume of reminiscences.

Lord Dufferin was a man possessed of the most charming and courtly manner. His personality was essentially distinguished and intellectual, while in private life he was full of humour. When some quarter of a century ago a certain London evening paper had undertaken to rouse the British public to one of those violent outbursts of out-

raged morality to which it is prone, Lord Dufferin was Viceroy of India, and wrote to me—

I am told that the *Pall Mall Gazette* is sending out a representative to this country in order to examine into the question of Anglo-Indian morality, so I hope our grass widows will set their houses in order before his arrival.

The moralising mission in question was not undertaken, and probably the whole story was a canard. There was, however, an idea of some such inquisition being set on foot in countries nearer home than India, and a zealous, though apparently somewhat impecunious, individual actually volunteered to qualify as an investigator, provided sufficient funds were furnished for him to play the part of a man of pleasure.

At the time of the coronation of the late Czar of Russia, I had several interesting correspondents in Moscow, one of whom, a very distinguished and clever man, sent me the following, which is of interest as showing the state of affairs which then prevailed—

THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW
25th May 1883

A feeling of positive despair seems to come over me when I sit down to write a letter which I know should contain something of an interesting nature, or some little story epigrammatically told. I am aware that living here in an atmosphere of conspiracy, with a strong dynamite smell to be sniffed at every street corner, one cannot say there

is no material to stuff a letter with; yet I have no notion of how to cover even this sheet of notepaper so as not to incur your denunciation as either a bore or a dunce. Although I live in what I may term the centre of Muscovite Russia, mixing hourly with its big people—they have small brains and still smaller hearts—I know nothing of what is going on around me. How our newspaper correspondents fill their dispatches I have no idea; however, an imaginative genius with a facile pen at its command can do much. I asked one of these "chaps" the other day how it was I did not see him at the ceremony of blessing the new Czar's standard. His answer was, "I could not get in; permission was positively refused me; so I had to pay a heavy bribe to the correspondent of a Russian paper who was there to tell me all about it, and from his description I telegraphed several columns for my paper." You would be delighted with the old churches here—such barbaric profusion of gold, silver, and precious stones. I was to have been taken round some curiosity shops yesterday by Prince Bariatenski—a humble effort to write his name phonetically—but, alas! although he was appointed to take me about, the Czar saw him riding in a saddle which was not in accordance with their dress regulations the day of the State entry into Moscow, and he has been in arrest ever since. Considering that he is one of the Emperor's own Aide de Camps, this is a rather curious illustration of court life here. Bariatenski is a collector himself, and he tells me that in ordinary times one

can pick up curious enamels here, but at this present moment, he says, to buy anything would be ridiculous, as ten times the value is asked for everything. I wish you were here to trot round the museums with me and explain to me what was best worth admiring. Sunday is to be the grand coronation day. We hear that no attempt will be made to disturb the proceeding, as it is intended to wait until all this fuss is over. However, there is no disguising the fact that the officials who are best acquainted with the state of things amongst the people are extremely anxious.

Though so many of my clever friends have passed away, some happily still remain; and at the head of these I must place Lady Dorchester, for whose high intellectual attainments I have the very greatest admiration ever since I first knew her, which I might say is almost as long as I have known myself. The daughter of John Cam Hobhouse, the friend of Byron, she knows much about the poet which has never appeared in print. It will be remembered that in the extracts from her father's diary, ably edited by herself, which recently appeared, the references to Lord Byron threw no new light upon the life of the author of *Childe Harold*. I believe she possesses a number of Lord Byron's letters to her father, but she has never chosen to make public much about the poet which her father must have known, and which, no doubt, for very sufficient reasons, she deems best kept unrevealed.

At Lady Dorchester's I used to meet the late

Lord Lovelace, the grandson of Byron, and son of the poet's daughter Ada, "sole daughter of my house and heart." Lord Lovelace was a clever man, and though there was nothing Byronic about his appearance, there was much that was Byronic about his mind—witness the publication of *Astarte*, which appeared in 1905. Printed by the Chiswick Press practically for private circulation, very few copies were sold at all, the author's sanction having to be procured before any such purchase. A number, however, were given away by Lord Lovelace to his friends, amongst whom I was flattered to be included. Besides throwing a certain amount of new light upon his poet grandfather's character, this book had been written to form a complete and effective vindication of Lord Lovelace's mother, whose memory he worshipped with an almost passionate adoration.

When sending me this book on December 31st, 1905, Lord Lovelace wrote—

The book is as an old friend writes—one to read with a heartache, and the events recorded have been a sorrowful inheritance for more than one generation. The tragic secret—or half-secret—was all the more painful, for that sort of half-mystery which combined the evils of a secret with those of revelation. I always felt the facts should have been made known by those who could have done so at least forty years ago. The duty was clear to me, but I could not like having to undertake it myself. However, I am thankful that it has

[illegible] and I hope as effectually as was possible.

Lady Lovelace, the mother of the late peer, was, I have heard said, somewhat poetical in her [illegible]. I do not exactly know what such a description may have meant, but suppose there was something of Byron's romantic air about her. Romantic or not, rumour used to declare that it was her boast never to have read any of her father's works.

The late Lord Lovelace, while a most charming and [illegible], was undoubtedly somewhat eccentric, though his eccentricity never took the same whimsical form which it had assumed in his grandfather, the poet, who sometimes behaved in such an extraordinary manner.

Lord Byron, when he first dined with Mr. Rogers, the banker-poet, to whose breakfasts I have been when a girl, was asked if he would take soup. "No; he never took soup." Would he take some fish? "No; he never took fish." Presently he was asked if he would eat some mutton. "No; he never ate mutton." Mr. Rogers then asked him if he would take a glass of wine. "No; he never tasted wine." It was then necessary to inquire what he did eat and drink; and the answer was, "Nothing but hard biscuits and soda-water." Unfortunately neither hard biscuits nor soda-water were at hand, and he dined upon [illegible] down on his plate, and drenched with [illegible]. Some days after, meeting Hobhouse, Rogers said to him, "How long will Lord Byron

persevere in his present diet?" He replied, "Just as long as you continue to notice it." Rogers subsequently ascertained that Byron, after leaving his house, had gone to a club in St. James' Street, and eaten a hearty meat-supper.

Of late years I have still kept up as far as possible my connection with literary people—alas! most of the Victorian writers are now gone. Then Mr. Matthew Arnold used to be a constant guest of mine at Sunday luncheons. He had a delightful style, which manifested itself even in the shortest notes, as the following reply to an invitation shows—

COBHAM, SURREY
April 18th

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—Wednesday is my day down here next week; and even to lunch with you I must not desert the first swallows and the first nightingale.

How sad that the rulers of the religious world should not better distinguish between their friends and their enemies!

I am going once more to America for a few months, to see where my daughter has established herself in New York: then I hope to creep back into my cottage here to pass the remainder of my days.—Most truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Winter in the country he loved, as it was, he said, the season when the firs and the hollies and the woods were pleasantest. At that season he never ran up to town.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's daughter, Lady Sandhurst, I am glad to say, I still see sometimes. She is a delightful and clever woman, who has inherited much of her father's cultured intellect.

Speaking of replies to invitations, the following from Mr. Froude is characteristic—

5 ONSLOW GARDENS, S.W.
March 3rd

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—You are a great deal too good to me. It will be a very evil genius indeed which will prevent me from lunching with you on the 11th.

I see the Bishops are crying out against these innocent Sunday entertainments. Perhaps they have had something to do with it. I never liked that venerable order, but I will be with you in spite of them.—Yours faithfully,

J. A. FROUDE

When, some years ago, I published a first volume of Reminiscences, I mentioned that the late M. Renan wrote in my birthday book—

"Vouloir ce que Dieu veut est la seule science qui nous met en repos."

I had no idea from whence this quotation came; indeed, I must confess that I rather thought that M. Renan himself had written it. This, however, was not the case.

Some time after the publication of the book I received the following letter, together with the poem which is appended—

January 16th, '07

DEAR MADAM,—After the great enjoyment I have found in reading your Reminiscences, I venture to ask you to accept my thanks. Your kind, vivid; and happy picture of early, mid; and late Victorian society makes it difficult to think that everything modern is an improvement on what it supersedes.

I venture to send you a copy of the poem of which M. Renan quoted the last two lines. It has very often pleased and soothed me.

CONSOLATION À M. DU PERRIER

La douleur du Perrier sera donc éternelle !
  Et les tristes discours
Que et met en l'esprit l'amitié paternelle
  L'augmenteront toujours !

Le malheur de la fille au tombeau descendue,
  Par un commun trépas,
Est-ce quelque dédale ou ta raison perdue,
  Ne se retrouve pas ?

Je sais de quels appas son enfance était pleine ;
  Et n'ai pas entrepris,
Injurieux ami, de soulager ta peine
  Avecque son mépris.

Mais elle était du monde où les plus belles choses
  Ont le pire destin :
Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
  L'espace d'un matin.

La mort a des rigueurs à nulle autre pareilles ;
  On a beau la prier,
La cruelle qu'elle est se bouche les oreilles,
  Et nous laisse crier.

Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre,
Est sujet à ses lois ;
Et la garde qui veille aux barrieres du Louvre,
N'en défend point nos rois.

De murmurer contre elle, et perdre patience,
Il est mal à propos :
Vouloir ce que Dieu veut, est la seule science
Qui nous met en repos.

F. DE MALHERBE
(1555–1628)

At one time I used to see a good deal of Ouida, whose novels were once so enormously popular. In latter days, however, her vogue as a writer rather ceased, and, living in retirement in Italy, little was heard of her till the papers announced that the authoress of *Under Two Flags* and other famous novels had died in comparative poverty.

At heart Ouida was a pessimist, especially concerning the Victorian Era. On the occasion of the Jubilee in 1887 she sent me a card on which were the following lines, entitled "Jubilee Epitaph."

Full half a century of measures small,
Weak wits, weak words, weak wars, and that is all.

OUIDA

Her severe judgment of a period remarkable for many great and many splendid achievements can have merely been prompted by feelings of depression which, in this instance, certainly obscured her judgment. Whatever may be said against the nineteenth century, there is at least no denying that it was the Golden Age of Science. What other period of the world's history ever produced such men as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall,

Lord Kelvin, to mention only a very few out of a host of great scientists and thinkers?

Within the last half-century surgery has made immense progress, and many operations which were formerly with good cause regarded as being highly dangerous are now almost devoid of risk. The discovery of the immense importance of antiseptic precautions, the perfection of surgical instruments, and the general progress of knowledge have brought this about. Stone, once a much-dreaded scourge, is now scarcely regarded as a dangerous ailment, but cancer, alas! obtains little but a temporary alleviation of its worst features, and then only from an early application of the surgeon's knife.

Medicine, on the other hand, unlike surgery, has not made any gigantic strides, and indeed it would, as was once rather bitterly said, appear that in this instance no one can be certain of any definite result following its cause till the doctor's brougham precedes his patient's body to the grave.

From time to time I wrote to Ouida, and I like to think that my letters were appreciated, as showing that some in England still remembered her brilliant talents. Her answers were written in a strain of depression—

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—If I had dreamed you cared to hear of me, I should have written to you long since. I often think of you, and of your charming breakfasts, and I infinitely regret that I did not see Lord Orford and the Venetian dress.

The Poltimores are here, but I have not seen them. I think the Duke of Norfolk is coming to me this month, and Mr. Mallock in March. The Windsors have taken a villa here, and come in a fortnight.

There has been snow, and if you had brought a bottle of Lourdes water here last month, you would certainly have had it cracked again. Your H.R.H. and I never achieved our meetings. Perhaps if you see Wyndham you will tell him I have not forgotten his wish for a comedy from me. Have you heard the strange story attached to my unpublished novel? It was finished and paid for in 1886, and should have been published when I was in London, but the publishers don't bring it out until 1889, and I hear that when 1889 comes they will make some excuse not to bring it out at all, having received a large sum of money to suppress it altogether. It is a very harmless novel, very Conservative, and containing an eulogy of Lord Salisbury. But this is what I hear. Tell me if any tale of the sort reaches you.

Have you a photo you could give me? I should value it so.

I have no news of the Duchess Dorothy.

With affectionate regards to Miss Nevill.—Ever sincerely yours, OUIDA

12th January 1888

The loss of popularity which Ouida suffered as a writer no doubt arose from the changes which modern methods of life and thought had intro-

duced into English life. Her heroes no longer appealed to a public less fond of romance than a previous generation.

The success of novels depends upon many indefinable qualities and even outside events. Illustrating this, a story used to be told about *Lorna Doone*, Mr. Blackmore's famous book, which may or may not be founded upon fact. *Lorna Doone* was published in 1869, and it is said that the novel did not at the time attract general attention. A little over a year later it was officially announced that the Queen had sanctioned the marriage of the Princess Louise to Lord Lorne. The public took it into its head that *Lorna Doone* was somehow connected with Lord Lorne, and the book at once bounded into popularity.

When the motor-car began to threaten horse-drawn carriages, Ouida was intensely indignant, and wrote me that she dreaded automobiles and the crush of the hideous motor-omnibuses. In particular was she incensed with the King of Italy for having sold three-quarters (as she said) of his horses to buy motor-cars, a proceeding which she denounced as being inconsistent with the dignity of Royalty.

The last letter of all which this clever woman sent me was a very sad one. She was then highly indignant with the English Press.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—I cannot tell you what joy it gives me to receive your letter, and that I still hold a place in your memory is an

honour indeed, filled as that memory is by such brilliant crowds, drawn from all which is best and most illustrious in your time. I do think it is so very good of you to have remembered me. Often, indeed, do I wish to see you again, and it is the want of means, not of will, which has kept me away from England and all the many dear friends it holds for me. What an extraordinary thing that publication by the . . . . . of the portrait of the old peasant as me!—because they could not see me, they gave an old woman on a neighbouring farm five francs to sit to them, and actually published her photo as mine. The Italian papers meanwhile got a photo of my mother (who died in '94) and issued it as a recent one of me! These are the delights of having a public name! I think no one would ever leave the shelter of private life, if they but knew what it meant to do so. But we know everything too late. When will you give us more memoirs? I sigh when I think of all you must know and all you cannot tell!

Hoping that I may have some day the privilege and pleasure of meeting you.—I am, your sincere admirer, OUIDA

September 12th

Ouida, as is well known, was devoted to animals. I think that most literary men and women have kind hearts. I remember how kind George Augustus Sala was about a charitable object in which I was interested. He took great trouble for me once in connection with a charity. He wrote to me—

46 MECKLENBURGH SQUARE, W.C.
Monday, Seventeenth Aug., 1886

DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—I am not an Angel—not even an *ange déchu*—and I did not send you any money for your *protégée*. But I told Mrs. Jeune, whom I met at Holly Lodge recently, that I intended to ask you to accept a mite towards an excellent object. *Eccolo qua.* I am ill, or I would go out and see people and beg some more money for you; but I am sure that Labouchere, who, apart from his politics (in which he does not believe), has a heart of gold, will do his best for you, and I am, very much your Ladyship's humble servant,

G. A. SALA

Mr. Sala, who was also an artist, wrote the most beautiful little hand possible, and I used to feel quite ashamed of my own handwriting, which he must have heartily despised.

Handwriting has never been my strong point. I remember writing to a friend of mine whilst travelling by train, and sending apologies for the scrawl. In reply, he declared that I ought always to write in a railway carriage, for the writing was more legible, and he was complimentary enough to add—the substance more electric.

During my life I have known and liked many people belonging to the theatrical profession, and even long before the days when absurd prejudices against it still existed. How strong this was may be judged when it is realised that the son of a great friend

of mine, Mr. Wigan the actor, actually had to be withdrawn from a Brighton school, owing to the distaste of parents to their children associating with an actor's son. Queen Victoria, it was known, highly disapproved of this monstrous persecution, and sent a kindly and sympathetic letter to my friend.

Notwithstanding the unfair way in which the stage was regarded by a considerable portion of England, several actresses contracted aristocratic marriages, one indeed made a Royal one. This was Miss Louisa Fairbrother, who captured the heart and hand of the late Duke of Cambridge.

Miss Fairbrother acted at Covent Garden Theatre from 1830 to 1843, with a break of two years (1835 to 1837) when she was at Drury Lane. Miss Fairbrother was not perhaps one of those brilliant constellations of the theatrical firmament the announcement of whose appearance ensures crowded houses, but possessed a graceful and winning personality, which lingers pleasantly in the recollection. I believe she also appeared at the Lyceum Theatre when it was managed by the Keeleys, and when Mr. Alfred Wigan and Mr. Samuel Emery were members of the company. Her retirement from the stage took place in 1848, and after many years of happy married life with the Duke, she died in January 1890.

The Duke never, I think, quite recovered from the blow of his wife's death. A year later he wrote me—

GLOUCESTER HOUSE, PARK LANE, W.
Wednesday

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—May every blessing attend you even at this *terrible period* as you call it. To me the time is a *most painful* one, for my thoughts are entirely absorbed by the *events* of this time last year, which you can well imagine cause very sad reflections and give me so much sorrow and grief. Friday next, 28th, was the sad day which *ended* my *happiness* in this world. I shall not fail to come and see you with pleasure after these sad days are over, and when I can make myself a little more agreeable, I hope; than I possibly could at present. Your wish has been so far carried out, that I have had a re-nomination made to the Foundling Hospital in favour of the poor child Lady B. Hozier brought to your notice. What weather, mild certainly, for the time of year, but also *extremely depressing*.

The political horizon appears to me also to be anything but cheerful or bright.—I remain, dear Lady Dorothy, yours very sincerely,

GEORGE

One of the most interesting, though rather sorrowful, theatrical performances I ever attended was that given at the Haymarket on 20th July 1885, when my friends Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, as they then were, retired from management. The programme and the counterfoil of my stall ticket are amongst my treasures, in a book of which one of the chief ornaments is a charming little

photogravure of Lady Bancroft, who wrote on it—"When I was first a manager." Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, though they do not now figure on the stage, still occupy a very prominent place as public favourites, being ever ready to do all they can to further any good object. The sums realised for charitable purposes by Sir Squire's readings are, as is well known, quite gigantic; in all probability no one else except this picturesque and sympathetic personality could ever have obtained anything like them.

The death of Sir Henry Irving came as a great blow to me. What a sympathetic, generous-hearted man he was, and how devoted to our mutual friend Mr. Toole. He was especially pleased, I remember, with a picture of the latter, concerning which he wrote to me—

15A GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, W.
4th March 1907

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—May I hope to have the privilege one evening next week of welcoming you and your friends at the Lyceum? It will be a real delight to do so.

I want particularly to show you a picture of my friend Toole by John Collier, and I think you will say that it displays a "striking and prepossessing physiognomy," as I once heard Lord Beaconsfield describe the face of another friend of mine.

Any night next week would be equally convenient to me—excepting perhaps Wednesday—

for which I have given a half sort of a promise.—Believe me to be, my dear Lady Dorothy, most faithfully yours, H. IRVING

Both as an actor and in private life I was very fond of Mr. Toole, who was, I think, about the last of the old school in his own particular line. Mr. Toole had acted with an old favourite of the public, whom I still remember—Paul Bedford, who for many years was intimately connected with the screaming farces of the Adelphi. Alas! his latter years were unfortunate, and in the winter of his life he was reduced to making a nightly appearance before the audience of Weston's music-hall. Paul Bedford was perhaps not a very great comedian, but there was something hearty and genial about him, and he was the idol of his own particular public.

The old Adelphi was pulled down in 1858. Part of the excitement in going to this theatre of other days was that you stood a fair chance of being burnt to death when the inevitable barn took fire in the melodrama.

The old theatre, the favourite haunt of Metropolitan playgoers, was finally closed on Wednesday, 22nd May 1858, preparatory to the erection of a larger and more commodious building. Originally called the "Sanspareil," and built by a colourman of the name of Scott, whose daughter had a taste for melodramatic acting, and a fondness for the tight-rope, the Adelphi was first known under that name when it became the property of Messrs.

Rodwell, by whom, in the year 1825, it was let to Messrs. Terry and Frederic Yates. On Mr. Terry's secession, Mr. Yates was joined in partnership by Mr. Charles Matthews, the elder, at whose death Mr. and Mrs. Yates went to Drury Lane, leaving the management of the Adelphi to Charles Matthews, by whom, after much loss, it was eventually sub-let to a "gentleman connected with the turf," a Mr. Bond. At this time it was rapidly losing its prestige. Mr. Yates, however, returned, and took upon himself the direction of affairs; and then it was that he gathered round him a company, and produced pieces which have never been equalled in their peculiar line. Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Messrs. John Reeve, Buckstone, O. Smith, Wilkinson, and others, appeared in melodrama, some of which, such as *Victorine*, *The Wreck Ashore*, *Isabella*, *The Rake and His Pupil*, *Henrietta*, and the like, were among the very best of their class. On the death of Mr. John Reeve, Mr. Wright and Mr. Paul Bedford joined the company. About this time a dramatised version of Mr. Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* was produced, and ran for upwards of one hundred nights; and renderings of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, with Mr. Yates as Quilp and Mr. Wright as Dick Swiveller, and of *Nicholas Nickleby*, with Mrs. Keeley as Smike. After some further vicissitudes the management of the theatre was assumed by Mr. Webster, to whose benefit the last night in the old house was very properly devoted, on which occasion, in addition to his own company,

many old favourites appeared. Mr. T. P. Cooke threw his seventy-three years to the winds, and danced his hornpipe, and shivered his timbers in *Black Eyed Susan* with youthful vigour. Mr. Buckstone appeared in the same piece. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley played *The Blessed Baby*, and Miss Woolgar (Mrs. A. Mellon) played her favourite character of Mephistopheles.

In former days not very much attention was paid to accuracy on the English stage.

When *The Rightful Heir*, by Lord Lytton, was produced at the Lyceum in 1868, considerable amusement was excited because Lady Monterville, played by an admirable young actress, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, was supposed to be the mother of two grown-up, about middle-aged, sons.

Mrs. Vezin had made little effort to obscure her own youthful and attractive personality, for which reason a critic declared that "it was no wonder that she had an aversion to her first-born—an individual to whom she had given birth fourteen years before she was born herself, whilst it was but natural that she should regard with maternal tenderness the youth she brought into the world at a time she was herself entering her second year."

Another actress who, on the other hand, was always making herself out to be very young, being engaged in a lawsuit, said she was nineteen. Much laughter ensued when her son, entering the witness-box, replied in answer to the usual questions, "six months older than mother."

At Christmas Mr. George Conquest drew crowds

to the Grecian theatre. As a giant, a dwarf, or a monkey, his was a most original and daring representation. This theatre was celebrated as a nursery for talent. Robson came from the Grecian, so did Miss Carlotta Leclercq, while for years all the prettiest and most accomplished ballerinas at the Opera were recruited from Mrs. Conquest's pupils.

Though Drury Lane and one or two other West End theatres still keep up the tradition of pantomime, the gorgeous spectacles produced have little in common with the pantomimes of other days, full of rough-and-tumble fun, and culminating in what to many was the best part of the entertainment—the harlequinade.

Clowns are not what they were. The day of the clown is over; his part in modern pantomime is small, and when he is allowed to appear at all he is but a feeble reflex of what he once presented. He is there only in name, not in spirit. Our old friend has been driven from the stage, and with him has gone the roaring fun and glorious buffoonery which evoked roars of laughter in the past. In exchange we are now given very elaborate scenery, and ballets composed of several hundred coryphées; whilst the singing is more refined and classical, and the transformation scene perfectly bewildering in its gorgeousness. The expense of producing a modern pantomime is enormous; yet, however much we may admire, we cannot laugh. A pantomime ought to be a perfect carnival of humour. To-day it has become a mere vehicle for what are called "spectacular effects," and consists

mainly of elaborate *mise-en-scène* and magnificently-attired crowds.

There were many clever and versatile professionals in old days. Such a one was Mr. Howard Paul, an American by birth, who first came into the notice of the London public as a comic writer in 1852, in the then popular *Diogenes* (which, for a time, successfully rivalled *Punch*), and to which he was attached till its close. He then produced, in conjunction with Mr. John Leech, who furnished the engravings, a serial work, entitled *Dashes of American Humour*, which achieved considerable popularity, and which was subsequently reprinted in the United States, where it met with prodigious success. Mr. Paul also published the first magazine devoted exclusively to American literature produced in England, and it was in its pages that Poe's celebrated *Raven*, and the *Bells* were first introduced to British readers.

Mrs. Howard Paul was also a clever woman. At the time when the *Grande Duchesse* created such a sensation, she took the principal part in the English version which was produced at the Olympic in 1868. Mr. Kenney was responsible for the book, which was very severely criticised. One critic said: "We have never met with sentences so hard to make musical; in fact, had we only heard Miss Matthews sing them, we should have imagined it was impossible to bring out Offenbach on Mr. Kenney's shoulders. Mrs. Paul convinces us that her talents can do a great deal, even with the

English libretto: we believe she could translate it better herself."

Hortense Schneider, who had come over to London to give some performances, went to see the English Duchesse de Gerolstein, whom she applauded. A well-acted part in this opera-bouffe was Baron Grog, played by Mr. Odell.

Before leaving London, Mdlle. Schneider gave some performances of *La Belle Hélène* at the St. James' Theatre, and of course made a great success in the name part. This talented artiste in after years quite retired from the gay world which she had so much enlivened, and took up her abode at Asnières, near Paris, where she lived in comparative seclusion.

Few of the inhabitants of that suburb realised that the plainly-dressed old lady, who appeared the very type of a good French bourgeoise, had been the dashing Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein—the incarnation of unrestrained gaiety and incomparable singer of Offenbach's sparkling music, which had so delighted the frivolous Parisians of the Second Empire.

Orfée aux Enfers was also given in English at the Haymarket Theatre. No one, however, could in any degree do justice to the composer or the authors, and not one of the actors had an idea of singing the music or of creating effect out of the materials given them. The points were missed, and the choruses damped to such a degree, that there was no resemblance left to the original piece whatever. It was a woeful failure. *Barbe*

Bleu met with much the same fate at the Olympic.

Besides the Olympic version of *La Grande Duchesse*, another was given at Covent Garden; where no one performer approached his or her Parisian prototype. Miss Julia Matthews, the Grand Duchess (known as the Australian Nightingale); was of the music-hall type of serio-comic singers, and had not the sentiment necessary to sing the music. Mr. Aynsley Cook was declared to be boisterous without being droll, and Mr. Frank Matthews somewhat inadequate. Mr. Stoyle and Miss Augusta Thomson were the only actors who were at all good.

The house was disappointed, and the stalls said, "Is this what every one has been raving about in Paris?" But nevertheless there were considerable excuses to be made for the actors and actresses, who could not be expected to come up to the standard of the Parisian company; who, besides much natural *entrain*, were well accustomed to play into each other's hands. Who, indeed, could ever sing "Dîtes-lui" like Hortense Schneider?

Though the acting in old days was good enough in its own way, the performers often put little feeling or life into their work. They were generally miserably paid. As the country manager once said to Kean in his younger days: "Feel, my good fellow, feel—throw life into the part—be angry." "Feel," replied Kean, "be angry! Who can be angry and feel upon five shillings a week!"

The British public of the past were not so

eager for novelty as is now the case. A certain sort of piece never failed to attract them.

"Succeed!" said a disappointed author, on the day after a new play had been produced, "of course it did." The same plot, the same characters, the same language, had succeeded twenty times before, and will as oft again. Even watchmakers get most by making repeaters.

I think it was the same man who, on another occasion, had reason to find fault with the strength, or rather the want of strength, of a company performing a play of his.

The manager expostulated and said, "Why, many of them have been bred on these boards." "Cut out of them, you mean," was the reply.

Another well-known writer, at the first performance of a domestic drama of which he was the author, was much concerned at the liberties taken by the actors with his dialogue. The waits between the acts, as it happened, had been extra long, and after the second act, the orchestra having played for a long time, had at last come to a standstill. A saw was heard making some necessary repairs behind the scene. "They seem," said the author, at last showing his annoyance, "to be cutting out the third act altogether."

In the late fifties some sensation was caused in theatrical circles by the appearance at the Haymarket Theatre of Sir William Don. This was after the secession of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, when Mr. Buckstone was at a loss how to fill their places. The critics, however, were not favourable.

One wrote: "Sir William Don was no more of an actor than Ben Caunt, or the Tipton Slasher—both of whom he surpasses in bodily dimensions—but he is a real belted knight; and to behold so prodigious a member of the upper classes play in a very small farce, without the slightest histrionic talent, is, it must be allowed, a rare attraction; for which reason, or reasons, the famous Sir Don excites great curiosity, and brings crowds to the theatre."

Well do I remember the days of that remarkable actor, Sothern, of Lord Dundreary fame. No one who saw this talented actor in his best known creation can forget the stutter, sneeze, and inane laughter which, together with much other buffoonery and a most comical appearance (including the famous Dundreary whiskers), moved so many thousands to laughter.

From time to time Sothern, however, played parts of an entirely different nature. Such a one was that of the *jeune premier* in *A Hero of Romance* at the Haymarket in 1868.

To a man of Sothern's talent it was no doubt obnoxious to think that he had by one success condemned himself to a life-long career of one part; that he was to be perpetually going round and round like a horse in a mill; each season to bring with it a Dundreary in some new surroundings—Dundreary married and settled; Dundreary a father; in fact, Dundreary in every phase of social life *ad infinitum*.

When, however, Sothern deviated from his own

register as witness for the bridegroom, whilst the Duke of Manchester of the day did so for the bride. The bridesmaids were Miss Louisa Lauer, Miss Maria Harris, and Miss Rita Mario—a daughter of the celebrated singer. At the time the Marquis de Caux was Imperial Chamberlain to Napoleon III, and the latter refused to permit him to continue in office so long as the Marquise remained on the stage, but generously did not withdraw his salary.

The Marquis died in 1889, and with him broke another link with the brilliant days of the Second Empire. At one time he had been the "factotum" of the Tuileries, the gay leader of Paris society, and a European social celebrity. His marriage with Adelina Patti was at the time considered a great *mésalliance*, and he was forced, in consequence, to resign his official post at the Imperial Court. Then came his divorce from the Diva, necessitating revelations of a discreditable kind. Even his best friends were unable to countenance his heartless behaviour towards his pretty and talented wife. Since the fall of the Empire the Marquis de Caux had been little heard of outside Paris. As a leader of "cotillons" his equal has hardly since been found. Full of energy, resource, and good-humour, he invariably managed to make this occasionally invidious dance a source of enjoyment to all who took part in it.

The only real leader of "cotillons" we have ever had in England was the late Mr. Augustus Lumley, and he, of course, was insignificant as

compared to the Marquis de Caux. Mr. Harry Higgins was also *facile princeps* in this direction in his day. Of late years I have heard of no particular gentlemen being distinguished as leaders.

A singer of the past who created a perfect furore was Mario, who, in Paris, evoked extraordinary enthusiasm; which he scarcely deigned to acknowledge even when encored, never choosing to accede to the request. An old English lady, his admirer of fifty years' standing, whose admiration was maintained by her own fading sight to the diapason of Mario's fading beauties, was always ensconced in her box, armed with the lorgnon she had made to the distance at which her box was situated from the stage; in order to take in all the perfections of which Mario was the bearer, and still cried out, to the annoyance of her neighbours, "*Oh, la bel homme!*" in spite of decency and grammar, at the end of each of his solo songs. The box once occupied by the solitary Yankee lady of large fortune which used to be kept hermetically closed save when Mario was on the stage, was afterwards occupied by two English heiresses, sisters, who have succeeded to the occupation of their predecessor, that of admiring and exclaiming aloud their admiration each time a note issues from the harmonious throat of the favourite. The American lady was burnt so severely at Rome, whither she had followed the incomparable tenor, that after lingering for awhile, she died last spring, leaving the greater part of her large fortune, in token of her platonic love, to the idol she had worshipped

for so many years. But the bequest was refused by Mario, who would not even accept a testimonial in honour of his generosity from the lady's brothers, who returned to New York with their inheritance intact, and their honest Yankee souls full of wonderment at Italian disinterestedness.

A curious case of a composer forgetting his own music was that of Auber, who, on the completion of his eighty-seventh year, in 1868, was fêted at his house in Paris in the Rue St. George, where part of the opera orchestra gave him a morning serenade. After the overture to *Masaniello* had been played, a march was performed, which attracted the notice of Auber so much that he asked for the composer's name. Great was his surprise on learning that it was an early effusion of his own. The leader of the orchestra had it from General Mellinet, an amateur, who had found the MS. in a bookstall in the Rue Mazarin, entitled *A Sonata,* and signed Auber, 1798. Written seventy years before! This had been shown to Emile Jonas, the composer, who had arranged it as a march for this occasion.

Great homage was paid to many of the operatic favourites of other days. So great, for instance, was the esteem in which the famous singer, Madame Sontag, was held, that her death excited universal sympathy. On her tomb, next that of her sister Nina, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz placed a laurel crown of gold. The tomb in question is in the chapel of the Convent at Marienthal, a village near Dresden. The crown bore this inscription—

"To the best of wives and mothers, the most faithful of friends, the most beautiful and amiable of women, the greatest of songstresses, this crown is dedicated by George, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz."

IX

Horace Walpole's opera ticket—Mr. Montagu Guest—Print collectors—A wanted museum—Unconsidered trifles—Lord Clanricarde—The late Mr. Salting—A Sussex gentleman—Some well-known judges of art—Old glass—Anecdotes—Mr. Whistler—Victorian art—A real Red Lion Square—A discouraging sweep—Italian image-men.

THE maxim, *tout vient à point à qui sait attendre*, applies particularly to collecting. Years ago, when Evans' was a flourishing resort, Lady Molesworth, Mr. Bernal Osborne, myself, and one or two others went in a party to see what the famous resort was like. Whilst there, Mr. Bernal Osborne brought the celebrated Paddy Green to see me, the latter having told him that he possessed Horace Walpole's ticket of admission to the Opera. Paddy Green produced the ticket, and in a gallant little speech declared that I should have it at his death, for he would leave it to me. This, however, was of course mere blarney, and when he died, not very long afterwards, the ticket in question, together with others, was sold at auction, being purchased by the late Mr. Hambro. During the present month (February 1910), however, I have, owing to a very obliging relative of this gentleman, acquired it, and the ticket which I last saw in Paddy Green's hand forty years ago now lies before me.

It is of silver, and locket-shaped in form, slightly chased in front. Within the chasing is inscribed "Opera Subscription, King's Theatre." On the other side is "Mr. Horatio Walpole, No. 21."

This ticket was lent for a time to the late Mr. Montagu Guest in order to complete a collection of old-time tickets and passes which he had formed. These, I believe, he bequeathed to the British Museum. His tragic death, whilst walking with a shooting party at Sandringham; came as a great blow to his friends. As one who knew him well once said, Mr. Guest exercised a refining influence upon every one with whom he was brought in contact. As an art connoisseur his great gift was the possession of a fine sense of form; a good drawing gave him real delight.

He belonged to the best type of collectors, for he thoroughly understood the treasures which he gathered together. Though very catholic in taste, his particular bent lay in the direction of fine engravings, with which his house at Brighton was filled from floor to ceiling. I remember that when he took me to see his treasures in London, I was particularly impressed with a number of finely engraved ball tickets; for which he said he had a particular affection. Mr. Guest also collected silhouettes, and had some fine examples of the work of Myers (who lived near Exeter Change), of Rosenberg, and of Field. Mr. Guest was a very good judge of such things, having by many years of collecting perfected a naturally cultured sense of art. Like myself, he had learnt much from Mr. Pollard, the well-known print expert.

A photograph of the latter was always on Mr. Guest's writing-table, and on the back of it was written, "The best judge of prints in London."

Every print collector in the West End knows this old friend of mine, with whom I love to discuss the subjects of which he possesses such abundant and accurate knowledge. Though nominally a dealer, he has never cared to push himself forward in this direction, print-selling in his case having ever been rather a hobby than a trade. Many an enjoyable chat have I had with him in his quaint old room, where we could hardly turn round for fear of touching the numerous engravings with which it was crammed. He has now migrated to newer premises, better fitted to accommodate the immense number of prints constantly submitted to him by those desirous of obtaining his most valuable opinion. He has many clients, who, in most instances, are also his friends. Mr. Pollard it was who assisted another friend of mine, Mr. Behrens, to form his marvellous collection of coloured English prints.

Several other collectors, notably Major Coates, M.P., and Mr. Harland Peck, possess good collections, but for its size (for it is not a very large one) Mr. Behrens' is the finest existing, and this is the more to his credit as he has not been collecting for any length of years. Major Coates began to buy prints in 1874. The rise in price of old English colour prints since then may be gauged by the following:—In the year when this gentleman first began to buy he paid £15 for a fine example of Lady Hamilton as Nature. Fifteen years later he was offered—and declined—one

hundred and twenty pounds for the same print. Its present value, of course, far exceeds this.

When Mr. Behrens first resolved to begin a collection, he formed one determination, which was only to buy the best and nothing but the best, and probably owing to this it is that he now possesses the finest specimens of English colour prints in existence. It may not be generally known that the original price of coloured examples was just twice that of a proof; that is to say, if an ordinary print cost a pound, the proofs and coloured impressions cost two.

In some cases; of course, only one or two coloured examples were produced. Mr. Behrens owns a print of this sort which is absolutely unique. This is a coloured impression of the beautiful Miranda (Mrs. Michael Angelo Taylor), engraved by James Ward, after the famous picture by Hoppner. It is very curious that he should have executed this one example in colour. Most likely it was done for himself or for some intimate friend. Its tones, it should be mentioned, are exquisite in their delicacy; and the print, besides being unique, is a matchless work of art. Its value is well over four figures.

Other gems of this collection are an exquisite impression, said to be the finest ever struck, of the Countess of Oxford, by S. W. Reynolds, also after Hoppner—this was originally in a scrap-book belonging to Gorge IV—Lady Hamilton as Nature, a magnificent example, and The Salad (spelt Sallad) Girl, by W. Ward, after Hoppner, the model for which was the wife of the painter. This print

came from the collection of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, which was dispersed at Sotheby's a few years ago. Another treasure is the original, very beautiful coloured drawing by Benwell for "A St. James Beauty," the pretty print which numerous modern copies have popularised. Benwell was a most refined worker in wet crayon, and his drawings are very rare, as he died at the early age of twenty-one. The engraving, it may be added, hardly does justice to the original. The print of Lady Rushout and her daughter—Mr. Behrens' first purchase—is probably the most perfect known. The colours harmonise delightfully. As a specimen of stipple, it places Burke in the front rank of engravers.

Whilst Mr. Behrens possesses more than a hundred examples of the finest and most beautiful coloured English engravings in existence, he has also some curiosities of the engraver's art. Such are the two prints framed back to back of "News of Peace"—a coach with six horses bearing the tidings of the victory of Waterloo—and of "News of Reform," for which, with some slight alterations, the plate of 1815 was utilised at the time of the passing of the great Reform Bill in 1832. Rare and curious, also, is the set of ten prints representing British Naval Costume in 1799, which, designed by Rowlandson, were engraved by Merke. These were originally purchased by a naval officer for presentation to one of the departments in the Admiralty. The officials, however (so the story goes), who presided over it decided after inspection that the prints (which, it should be added, are of consider-

able value, both from an historical and artistic point of view) were too frivolous to be accepted by a Government office. Rather should they have said that they possessed neither the knowledge, taste, nor intelligence to appreciate this most attractive set, which, owing to their rejection, came into Mr. Behrens' possession.

In the rooms which contain this fine collection of coloured prints are several fine examples of old English furniture, including what is probably a unique Chippendale table of ornate design, with ball and claw feet. Everything, indeed, indicates the owner's cultured and refined taste.

Since the above was written, Major Coates, the owner of a fine collection of English prints; to which allusion has been made, has earned the gratitude of all lovers of old London by purchasing the Gardner collection.

This was a most patriotic act, for the collection in question is quite unique, and had it gone to America, which at one time seemed probable, little short of a national loss would have been sustained. What is really wanted is a London Museum somewhat on the lines of the Musée Carnavalet in Paris, which contains such priceless and interesting relics, prints; and pictures of the city from its earliest days. A museum of this kind exercises an educational influence of the very best kind, and it is to be hoped that before long the need for such an institution will be recognised. Why should London lag behind where Paris has so successfully led ?

The late Mr. Gerald Ponsonby, another collector of great knowledge, was taken from a large circle of devoted friends not very long ago. Whilst he possessed many beautiful art treasures, of which he was an excellent judge, his particular hobby was the accumulation of unconsidered trifles, such as the souvenirs sold in the streets on public occasions—royal weddings, funerals, thanksgivings, and the like. Of these he possessed a most extensive and curious collection, ranging from the days of the eighteenth century to the present time. His numerous albums also contained various other trifles, characteristic of the several epochs when they appeared. The bill-heads of the past, some of which were finely engraved, greatly attracted him, and he possessed many fine specimens of old accounts embellished with quaint and attractive designs. I myself have a few of these old bill-heads, though I can lay no claim to being the owner of a regular collection. The pretty custom of having some appropriate picture or design at the top of their bills, which was formerly followed by so many tradesmen, became practically obsolete some fifty or sixty years ago. Of late years, however, some of the dealers in artistic wares have attempted its revival. Even the unembellished bills of the past were often distinguished by the goodness of their paper and the fineness of the copper-plate printing. Perhaps the old shopkeepers thought that finely designed bills would be more likely to be speedily met than common ones.

Mr. Ponsonby loved collecting exactly the

same kind of artistic trifles as I did, and Mr. Pollard often used to say that he was sometimes considerably puzzled, after having acquired something in our line, to know which of us should be given the first refusal, our tastes being practically identical.

Always fond of collecting, I have made a point of obtaining as many as I can of the little souvenirs connected with the illustrious dead, and, in consequence, I possess quite a number of the little memorials sold by street vendors at such a time.

When Parnell died, my friend Mr. Justin M'Carthy did all he could to get me something of interest in this way. He wrote to me—

October 30th, '91

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—I send you—at last!—the only *souvenirs* from Dublin of Parnell's funeral. I received them this morning. One represents the scene in the City Hall under the shadow of O'Connell's statue, the other the grave in Glasnevin.—With kindest regards, very truly yours,

JUSTIN M'CARTHY

The two souvenirs in question I placed on a special Parnell page in one of my large scrap-books, where they are accompanied by a green favour memorial card and some curious covers of match-boxes—one of them (green) called the Parnell match; and another (with a picture of the great leader), the Land League match.

A memorial card which I particularly value is one relating to the unfortunate Prince Imperial, who met with such an untimely fate in Zululand thirty-

one years ago. Upon this is inscribed, "He is gone, and has left a stainless name behind, honoured and respected even by his adversaries"—words which, unlike a number of epitaphs, were absolutely true.

A collector of very great discrimination, probably the finest judge of Dutch pictures living—Lord Clanricarde—is still with us. His is an original figure whom there is no mistaking, owing to his adherence to the fashions of another age. I have known Lord Clanricarde for many, many years, and have always found him a most agreeable and instructive talker. As a young man he was in the diplomatic service, and his recollections of Italian life before the unification are now probably unique, for he is one of the last survivors of those who remember the days of the Italian States. His mental gifts, indeed, cultivated by omnivorous reading, are of the very highest order, and, had he cared to enter public life, there is no question but that he would have attained the highest distinction. His exceedingly original disposition, combined with a distaste for society, has, however, precluded any career of this sort, his tastes lying entirely in the direction of collecting and reading, to which his life is devoted. In addition to his knowledge of pictures, Lord Clanricarde is a fine judge of Sèvres china. He has accumulated a small but exquisite collection of blue Sèvres, together with many other *objets d'art*, such as snuff-boxes, rare medals, and the like, all purchased with discriminating taste.

The principal art treasure, however, which he

possesses is the famous jewel, originally in the Mogul's treasury at Delhi, and brought back by Canning from India—the Hercules with the diamond sword—one of the three great Cinquecento jewels of the world. It should be added that Lord Clanricarde has, on several occasions, afforded the public an opportunity of inspecting this heirloom by lending it to art exhibitions.

Much obloquy has at times been cast upon this highly cultivated judge of art on account of his alleged rapacity as a landlord. As a matter of fact, such allegations are absolutely false, and therefore unjust. Only a short time ago Lord Clanricarde, having very kindly consented to allow a transatlantic interviewer to see his art treasures and hear his views upon American collectors, was rewarded by finding himself branded in a Yankee paper as a ruthless evictor—surely an ungrateful return!

Lord Clanricarde, ever since his retirement from the diplomatic service many years ago, has led a life of what may be termed semi-retirement, that is to say, he does not care for society generally, nor does he ever participate in public functions. Nevertheless, he takes considerable interest in current events, and on occasion attends the sittings of the House of Lords: he chooses to lead his own life. The fact of his being a great absentee Irish landlord, his reputed enormous wealth, and his unassuming and retiring mode of life, have been seized upon by agitators as reasons for bitter attack. He has been represented, indeed, as grinding down

an unfortunate tenantry, from whom he extracts the last farthing. As a matter of fact, nothing could be more untrue. On the contrary, he is a most just landlord, the proof of which is that in several instances the rents upon his estate have been actually proved to be lower than those fixed by the land courts. It should be added that the subject of these attacks is profoundly indifferent to such slanders, which he has always treated with contemptuous scorn, living his own life, and studying the history of the artistic treasures of which he is such a consummate judge.

As a girl, I knew Lord Clanricarde's elder brother, Lord Dunkellin, very well. He was a handsome and charming young man when I danced with him in the forties. His death in 1867 excited universal regret.

Of another member of this family, Lady Cork, who is happily still alive, I will only say that she combines all the qualities of a real *grande dame* with the very highest intellectual attainments. To me she has always been a highly valued, good, and dear friend.

The late Mr. George Salting was a friend of mine. A most handsome figure he was. His was a curious life, entirely given up to collecting. I think he cared for little else. At the time of his death some very severe comments were passed upon his method of interpreting life, nevertheless he benefited the country far more than many people who have perpetually prated of their solicitude for the rest of the world. True it is that Mr. Salting was

entirely immersed in the pursuit of his hobby, but what a hobby it was—collecting the finest works of art of various kinds in order to enrich the people of England, to whom his collection is bequeathed.

In the course of time I got to know this connoisseur well; indeed, I think I was one of the very few people with whom he somewhat unbent, knowing that I, too, had great sympathy with collecting generally.

His late brother, Mr. William Salting, and his wife lived close to us in Berkeley Square. We became great friends with them, and so saw a good deal of the elder brother whilst staying at Ascot, where the Saltings had a house.

Mr. George Salting took me to see his rooms over the Thatched House Club. These, contrary to what has been asserted, were rather spacious and quite comfortable, filled practically from floor to ceiling with the most priceless works of art of all kinds. I was very pleased to have obtained a view of this retreat, for such it was, Mr. George Salting having been a man of the most retiring nature, content to live almost exclusively for his beautiful things.

Dignified (in his youth, as I said, he had been a handsome man) and staid in demeanour, his was a remarkable figure in the West End, where he would sometimes walk, carrying his hat in his hand. His flowing beard, and almost invariable grey suit, were unmistakable, and, as he passed solemnly on his way, people would point him out, saying, "There goes George Salting, the great collector."

I had heard of Mr. Salting years before I met

him from a great friend of mine, also a collector, and a most artistic and clever man—the late Mr. Fisher of Hill Top, Midhurst. Mr. Fisher was a well-known judge of prints, and a man whose artistic taste was considerably in advance of his times. The dispersal of his collection after his death excited a great deal of attention amongst connoisseurs.

Mr. Fisher was essentially the type of the old-fashioned collector, studious, accurate, and not carried away by anything unless the evidence of its authenticity appeared to be absolutely unimpeachable. Cautious in giving an opinion, when given it was based upon a solid stratum of learning and research; the slip-shod judgments of modern days were quite alien to his nature.

Mr. Fisher's collection consisted principally of early engravings and illustrated printed books, which he had gathered together with discriminating taste during a great number of years. It was richest in the works of the Italian and German engravers, reaching back to an early date. One of the original members of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, he had been the intimate friend and afterwards the trustee of Mr. Felix Slade. Catholic in everything where art was concerned, Mr. Fisher also possessed a fine collection of Japanese netsukes, of which he prepared a comprehensive catalogue, together with an historical essay, the outcome of much research. As an expert authority on early Italian prints, Mr. Fisher was in 1881 entrusted by the trustees of the British Museum with the important task of compiling a catalogue of the

engravings of this school in our great National Treasure-house.

In 1890, at the age of eighty-one, much to the regret of those privileged to enjoy his friendship, the enthusiastic, liberal-minded, and kindly Sussex gentleman (he came of a good county stock) passed away.

Mr. Fisher's son married one of Mr. Cobden's daughters, and still lives near Midhurst, where I have paid him many delightful visits. The influence of Cobden's political activity would still appear to linger in this district, for, a short time ago, this old-world county town was thrown into quite a turmoil by suffragette and anti-suffragette agitation. This, however, has, I believe, of late considerably abated.

Though Mr. Fisher is a Liberal, as befits one who married the great Free Trader's daughter, he is a man of great moderation—a real Liberal, in short. His clever letters, which show a real insight into politics, are ever a delight to me. Like his father, he is one of my most valued friends.

A conspicuous example of a judicious collector was the late Mr. Justice Day, whose pictures fetched such large prices at Christie's. Many stories have been told about him. A severe man on the bench, Judgment Day, as he was sometimes facetiously called, showed little patience to barristers who conducted their cases in a wearisome and lengthy manner. On one occasion an advocate of this sort was specially verbose about some bags connected with the case which was being tried, and which he very unnecessarily described at considerable length,

pointing out that they might have been full bags, half-filled bags, or even empty bags. " Or perhaps," dryly interpolated Mr. Justice Day, " wind bags." At Bristol the drastic sentences of this judge gained him the appellation of " Day of Reckoning," which, when on one occasion he was for a moment observed to snooze on the bench, was changed to " Day of Rest."

Mr. Alfred Rothschild, most kindly and generous of men, is an unrivalled judge of French art. He has, however, never allowed his taste in this direction to obscure the many social interests which he enjoys, and though a collector, is at the same time a clever man of the world.

The late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, a certain portion of whose collection was bequeathed to the British nation, was another fine judge. He filled Waddesdon with rare and beautiful things, a number of which still remain there. I do not think, however, that its present possessor, Miss Alice de Rothschild, whom I have known for many years, is herself a collector. She is, however, a very clever woman, and my visits to her have always given me the greatest pleasure.

Amongst collectors I must not forget that most genial of Radical peers, Lord Weardale, whose fine house in Carlton Gardens contains many beautiful specimens of theFrench art of the eighteenth century, including some pictures by Drouais. No. 3 Carlton Gardens has always been noted for the graceful and cosmopolitan hospitality dispensed there by Lord Weardale and his most charming of wives.

The last century, whilst conspicuous for the vast strides made in invention and commerce, was, especially at its commencement, an age of execrable art. Perhaps the most striking example of this was the statue of a favourite Newfoundland dog, executed for Lord Dudley by Mr. Wyatt, for which nearly four thousand pounds was paid.

This statue, of life-size, was executed in various marbles in order to imitate nature as nearly as possible, both in colour and in form.

The animal was represented standing on a cushion, with a snake between his legs, and was placed on a marble pedestal enriched with mosaic work and ormolu ornaments. The cushion was of richly veined Sienna marble, and the animal of statuary and Derbyshire black marbles united together with much skill, after the same manner as the black and white were distributed on his body. His claws were of mother-of-pearl, and his eyes most curiously formed of oriental topaz, lined with sardonyx, very nearly approaching nature. The snake beneath was in metal similar to bronze, and its eyes formed of brillant diamonds. The effect of the statue, with all the assistance these decorations lend, was perhaps imposing, although not at all consonant with the principles of sound taste. Neither was the variegated effect altogether original, for, during the Middle Ages, when the arts were at their lowest ebb, a similar method was then used in the decoration of statues.

In the seventies appeared symptoms of the collecting mania, which has since conquered so many.

I think I was one of the first people to appreciate the old glass colour prints which are now so popular. The first real collector of these in London was the late Marquis d'Azeglio, a well-known figure in London society, who was fond of artistic trifles long before the majority of people gave much attention to them. A glass print portrait of John Wilkes is one of my treasures, and, whenever possible, I add to the number of the pictures which I possess. The rarest and earliest of glass coloured prints are of royal personages; the authenticity of such portraits is, perhaps, best determined by their frames. Early examples are generally in carved and gilt wood, and those after 1740 in black pear wood, with a gold mount. The best and rarest of these glass prints were coloured in a most artistic manner; the old Dutch and French ones have the gold lace of the costumes indicated by touches of real gold, cleverly laid on behind. This, however, is very rare in English examples. John Downman, the celebrated artist, employed some of the methods used in making glass prints, colour being applied behind the back of the paper of his beautiful portraits.

In these days almost every one is a collector. What a difference from former times, when so many things now highly prized were deemed worthless! Who would have ever thought that old English glass would have realised the large prices which it does to-day, when even the old rummers formerly used in public-houses, I believe, are eagerly sought for! Finely engraved glass, however, was, of course, always treasured. I possess a nice specimen in the

shape of a two-handled engraved cup, but, alas! I lent it for exhibition, and it got cracked in transit—a warning for the future. I have also a very fine Stuart wineglass which has been exhibited, and attracted much attention. A lady wrote to me some time ago describing a somewhat similar one in her possession, about six inches high, tall stem, small bowl, spiral threads running up inside the stem.

Its history was curious. When her father went to live at Moor Court, Kingston, Herefordshire, left to him by his great-uncle, James Davies, in 1857, he found the glass in a drawer with some old curiosities. It is antique, and beautifully engraved with the rose (for England), the oak leaf (for the Stuarts), and the Star of the Garter. Round the stand is the legend *Audentior ito* roughly scratched with a diamond. As far as her father could remember, the story attaching to it was as follows:—

To an ancestor of his great-uncle residing in some town near the sea-coast there came, soon after the rebellion of 1745, a stranger, seeking shelter and a hiding-place. This was given him, and, when he left, he expressed his gratitude and the hope that he might some day repay the kindness he had received. Some months later a gentleman, who had taken a prominent part in the rebellion, called on the family and said that Prince Charles Edward had commissioned him to visit them, and to beg their acceptance of half a dozen glasses of the pattern above described, in remembrance of their succour when he so much needed it.

(Her great-great-uncle's mother was a Powell of

Cromclyn, Brecknockshire, and his father, William Davies of Bryrllys Castle, in the same county.)

The legend is clearly suggested by Virgil's lines—

> Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito,
> Quam tua te fortuna sinet.—*Æn.* vi. 95.

A few years ago some one had presented to Queen Victoria for her collection of Stuart relics at Balmoral a toast-firing glass. The description given showed it to have been similar to this glass in its ornament, except that it had additionally a full-length engraving of the Prince.

Some fine Stuart glasses were recently found in an old Norfolk country house by Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham, the clever writer, who is such an authority upon collecting. A case of English glass belonging to him is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Mr. Jerningham's family was closely connected with the Stuart cause. The Pretender, indeed, is said to have made a surreptitious visit to the home of this gentleman's ancestors. During the exile of Prince Charlie a Norwich tradesman of good standing was constantly employed at Sir George Jerningham's, the head of the family, who, at the time of the rebellion, was viewed with suspicion in the country by his neighbours. After quiet was restored, and things were fallen again into their usual train, every one resumed his usual employment, and the Norwich tradesman was once more frequently at Sir George's, his station being in the steward's room, where one day it was mysteriously whispered that a certain great personage was soon to arrive. Subsequently a

solemn silence was observed, but upon inquiry the steward acknowledged to the tradesman that Charles Stuart had been there, and was gone away. He added that when he came to the house a principal member of the family had waited to usher him to the apartment that was prepared for him, in which he confined himself while he stayed, so that he was never seen by any servant of the family, except by the steward, who saw him once for a few minutes. This unfortunate stranger left the house in the same invisible manner, and none but the principal members of the family knew whence he came, or whither he went away.

The famous English artists of the Victorian Era have now, without exception, all passed away. Though this age has, with a good deal of justice, been called inartistic, much that was produced in it will undoubtedly command the admiration of future generations, especially, I think, the tapestries designed by Burne Jones, whilst the finely printed volumes, due to the interest taken by William Morris in typography, will ever remain models of what can be done in the way of artistic printing.

I have known a good many artists—Landseer, Lord Leighton, Millais, and others; but the most amusing and unconventional of all was undoubtedly Mr. Whistler. At one time I used to see a good deal of him, and I still retain some of the whimsical pamphlets which he sent me. He was, as is well known, most original in his ways, and punctuality was not one of his strong points. On one occasion, when asked to dinner by a somewhat punctilious

host, the party, after waiting for an unconscionably long time, eventually sat down to dinner. Soup and fish were served, and still no Whistler appeared; and when at last he arrived, the host was in anything but the best of tempers, as his countenance showed. Whistler, however, was in no wise disconcerted, for, cheerily grasping a somewhat limp hand, he rattled out, "Don't apologise for having begun without me. I shan't be offended in the very least," after which, taking his seat, he became the life and soul of the party.

Punctuality was, I think, a virtue more generally practised in old days than now, and being late for church, in particular, was regarded as a sort of mild crime. A country clergyman, who was a well-known character, once administered an amusing rebuke to a congregation, rather given to coming late. In the course of the week he had heard of one of his parishioners who had sold a cow and a churn, and bought a new dress and bonnet. On Sunday he perceived this woman was among the first who arrived at the meeting, dressed out in her new costume. After he had commenced, and had progressed some distance in the service, he was interrupted by the arrival of several persons who lived near the church, and who might have come before. With characteristic unconventionality he apostrophised the culprits as follows: "Are you not ashamed of yourselves to come in at this late hour, and disturb the worship? Here is a woman who has come two miles this morning, with a cow on her back and a churn on her head, and got here in time."

Mr. Boughton the painter was another American friend of mine, but though American by birth, he had become much of an Englishman by choice. London, he always said, was the most hospitable city in the world, where mere social distinction or riches did not ensure as much respect as cleverness or talent. Whether, however, such a complimentary estimate of English society holds good at the present time is not entirely beyond question. Interesting people, or those who had done something interesting, are now not lionised (as a phrase very popular in the eighties of the last century ran) to anything like the same extent as newly discovered millionaires.

Society cares, I think, little about modern art. It does not now rush to see the picture of the year at the Academy as was once the case, notably in 1858, when the receipts amounted to an unprecedented sum, more than £9000, taken in shillings at the door, a result mostly due to the attractions of Mr. Frith's "Derby Day," a picture that seemed likely to make a fortune for artist, owner, and engraver. Including copyright, Mr. Frith received for it £3000. It gave the Royal Academy £2000 in excess of their best years.

Mr. Frith died only a year or two ago. He is one of the few modern artists whose pictures have to some degree kept their value. I believe he continued painting to the end.

Many collectors of Victorian pictures have suffered very heavily in their pockets for having encouraged the artists of the last fifty years, in

many cases pictures for which four figures had been paid having scarcely fetched three. Picture-buying has always been a hazardous speculation.

Before Savage Landor, the poet, left England in 1858, he sent his collection of pictures to Mr. Capes, of Manchester, for sale. His collection had acquired (falsely enough) a kind of reputation. He had picked his pictures up in Italy, fancying himself as good a judge of art as another literary collector—Samuel Rogers. Rogers' collection brought noble prices; Landor's collection sold (and not unjustly) for insignificant prices. In short, the average price of each picture—pictures bearing the noblest names of art—was under ten shillings.

Alexis Soyer, the great chef, was a far better judge of art than Landor. A great admirer of beauty, he even carried his taste into the selection of the female assistants in his kitchen. Lord Melbourne, himself an admirer of the fair sex, was one day inspecting the kitchen arrangements of the Reform Club, under the guidance of the great chef. Attracted by the beauty of the many females engaged in cooking operations, the veteran peer turned round and complimented Soyer upon his taste in more senses than one. "Ah, my lord," was the quiet rejoinder, "it won't do to have plain cooks here!" At one time Soyer was upon the point of being married to Cerito. At his own cost (and it was no slight expense) he had the portrait of this celebrated *danseuse* painted and lithographed. A most versatile man, the inventive genius of Soyer was displayed in a thousand ways.

Amongst other whims of his, he used to cut out patterns of his own clothing, with astonishing results. One night he presented himself at the door of the opera-house in morning dress. "Can't admit you, sir," said the check-taker. "Why?" was the laconic inquiry. "Because——" when, looking again at Soyer, he saw that he was in dress clothes. By the simple contrivance of pulling a string Soyer had changed in an instant the cut and fashion of his clothing, as comedians do in a trick act.

A new generation scarcely remembers the name of this famous cook, which, nevertheless, deserves to be remembered as one of those who principally contributed to break down the absurd and wasteful system so common in English kitchens, and to train up a class of cooks whose knowledge extends farther than the common feat of boiling "a thousand pounds of meat a hundred hours to make one basin of broth."

Soyer, as I have said, was something of a connoisseur, and when he died left the following pictures to the National Gallery — "A Centenarian," "An English Ceres," "Young Israelites," "Young Bavarians," and a portrait of Madame Soyer, who was an artist of some talent.

I do not fancy that at heart the British public is really artistic. Certainly English taste in the last century stood at a very low ebb. A so-called Committee of Taste in 1858 recommended that the lions of Trafalgar Square should be of stone, painted red, which, as some one suggested, would make the

place a real "Red Lion Square." It was only through the efforts of Mr. Disraeli that the £6000 necessary for the completion of the Square in its present form was voted.

The lower grades of the people in particular entertained a profound contempt for art.

At the time when the Royal Academy was in Somerset House, Joseph Moser, nephew of the first keeper, who afterwards became a well-known police magistrate, had rooms there, where he worked as an artist in enamel, in which branch of art he attained some proficiency. He used to tell a whimsical story of the public appreciation of art.

His studio was a very large room in the apartments that belonged to the Academy. It was well furnished with plaster casts, with pictures, prints, and drawings, framed and glazed, besides his furnace, and other matters that were connected with it. The way that led to it was through the gallery of antiques. He had a chimney-sweeper to sweep his chimney, and attended himself to see it done, that none of the numerous articles should be injured. When the operation was performed, the boy collected his tools, and before he placed them on his back, stared with wonder round the room for a long time in silence. Moser asked what he was looking at.

"Pray, sir," said the boy, "do you make all these things?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Ah! the Lord help your poor head," was the blackey's reply. "I always thought my trade

was a very hard one, but I am sure that yours is a much harder ! "

In old days very few English people devoted their attention to art, which was, I think, mostly associated in their minds with the wandering Italians (formerly known as image-men) who used to be seen about the streets bearing a number of classical figures and busts made of some white composition, who have now for some years ceased to ply their trade. Nevertheless, these wanderers in all probability greatly helped to improve the public taste, and familiarised English eyes with some of the masterpieces of the past. Previous to their appearance, the English art, paraded through the streets, was confined to cats with moving heads, green parrots, wooden lambs covered with cotton wool, or, if the figure of a man was attempted, a coarse boor holding a pot of beer.

At the present moment the English school of painting cannot be said to be in an entirely satisfactory state. Not a few artists would do well to alter their professions, like the one who became a doctor, because he said he thought that then his blunders would be hidden underground.

Though England, especially in the eighteenth century, has produced some great painters, the majority of our modern artists do not seem likely to achieve a lasting reputation. Amongst the exceptions is Mr. Mark Milbanke, the clever portrait painter, who executed such an excellent picture of my cousin, Lord Abergavenny, for the Carlton Club.

X

A relic of Queen Victoria—Old cards and menus—Anecdotes—My sister, Lady Pollington—The *Aerhedon*—Boring the Admiralty—Changes of last sixty years—Pekinese dogs—A bored Pasha—English Burgundy—Lord Wemyss—Blue coats and brass buttons—Lord Brougham's trousers—Shawls and crinolines—Lady Charlotte Lyster—Some old letters—Llandrindod in 1813—Setting out for the wars—A pedagogue's epistle—Under five reigns—Conclusion.

LOOKING through some old papers, I came the other day upon a relic of the late Queen in the shape of a packet containing some dried remnants of flowers, now almost dissolved into powder. On the faded paper which holds these blossoms of long ago is inscribed—

Given by the Princess Victoria at the age of 7 years old, when she came to Eridge Castle, being the only flowers her garden at Tunbridge Wells produced.

In all probability, the flowers in question were given by the child Princess to my mother-in-law, the Honourable Mrs. George Nevill, who passed much of her time at Eridge.

The Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria were very fond of paying visits to country houses, a fancy which King William IV did all he could to discourage, highly disapproving of such progresses.

I used at one time to amuse myself by illuminating skeletonised leaves which had been stretched upon paper.

These skeleton leaves were those of the Ficus religiosa, a species of fig tree which we grew in our hothouse.

The leaves in question were first of all skeletonised by maceration, and coated with isinglass, which rendered them capable of being painted on. The delicate design was elaborated by minute illumination, which produced a very pretty effect.

One of my best skeleton leaves I illuminated for Lord Beaconsfield, and this his executors, after the great statesman's death, very kindly gave back to me.

Illuminating verses of poetry, texts, and the like, were favourite amusements of ladies in the days before they had become emancipated.

This was the time when valentines were so popular. To-day they are practically obsolete. Not so very many years ago they used to be sent in large numbers on February 14th, and in the past they were largely utilised as a medium of satire in publications such as *The Hornet*. An especially amusing one appeared as a cartoon on February 11th, 1874. It represented Britannia, with Gladstone and Disraeli kneeling at her feet. Beneath is written—

BRITANNIA'S VALENTINE

Neither of you is Choice of Mine:
Lord Derby is my Valentine.

The central large cartoon of the same number shows Disraeli as a triumphant gladiator, standing above the prostrate forms of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe. It is entitled "The Appeal to the People." Curiously enough, he is facing a body of women, whose thumbs are turned down, the ladies in question, as an inscription in front of them shows, being advocates of Women's Suffrage.

The Christmas card, I believe, is more modern than the valentine.

The earliest Christmas card published was issued from Summerly's Home Treasury Office, No. 12 Old Bond Street, in the year 1846. The design was drawn by Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A., at the suggestion of Sir Henry Cole, then Mr. Cole. I possess one of these Christmas cards—a facsimile reproduction sent me by Sir Henry and Lady Cole in the sixties.

Though I have collected most things in my time, I never thought of keeping Christmas cards or valentines. A collection of old ones would now be curious. On the other hand, I have a large collection of menus, which dates back some forty years or more. One of the most decorative of these is the menu of the dinner given to the old Shah of Persia, Naser-ed-din, by the Corporation of the City of London at the Guildhall in 1873. The border of this card is Persian in character, and of a highly decorative design.

The card of invitation to the reception given by the Corporation to the same monarch was also extremely artistic, being embellished with an ex-

cellent portrait of the Shah, the Persian arms, and those of the City of London, and a view of the town of Teheran, with Mount Demavand capped with its eternal show in the background. The card in my possession was given me by Lord Claud Hamilton, whose name it bears.

I have also the menu of the lunch given to the same Shah in the Guildhall on his second visit in 1889. Though ornate, it is not of such an artistic character as the one mentioned before, little attempt being made at any characteristically Persian decoration.

I have a large number of menus of royal dinner-parties and the like, many of them given on special occasions, such as royal betrothals. In many cases the names of the guests have been written in pencil on the backs, which imparts an additional interest. Not a few collectors have made a practice of this when dining out, and there was a somewhat eccentric individual (who collected literally everything) who, wherever he dined, persistently noted down not only the names of the people he met, but also any particulars of the dinner which struck him as being worthy of record. Meeting some one whom he had not seen for thirty years, who said, "I suppose you don't remember me," the collector at once replied, "Oh yes, I do, for the soup was so cold the last time that we had the pleasure of dining together that I made a special note of it." This character belonged to a dining club to which he often went, and every evening before leaving he made it a practice to inquire

of the steward, who had dined at the club? carefully taking down the names. He was in consequence able to recapitulate the diners for many years back. Another of his manias, for they were little else, was carefully to put away and keep certain papers. The *Daily Telegraph* was his favourite, and he possessed every copy of this from its first appearance in 1855. Eventually, owing to the enormous bulk of paper, he became seriously embarrassed as to what to do, and was eventually only extricated from his embarrassment (for he resolutely declined to destroy any of the papers) by a friend, who very kindly offered to store the weighty mass in his country house, to which, with considerable trouble, it was eventually removed. It should be added that the collector in question, besides gathering together a good deal of rubbish, had many really valuable things, including some good English furniture and clocks, of which he was a judge At the sale held after his death a few years ago good prices were realised.

In my scrap-books I have a few old ball programmes. How different were dances in the past from those given to-day!

There were formerly few waltzes, quadrilles being the principal dances, and these were very popular. I myself have danced in a quadrille at a fête at old Vauxhall Gardens; the late Lord Mayo was my partner.

My sister Rachel, a very good dancer, was one of the first young ladies to dance the polka in London. At Mrs. Spencer Stanhope's ball in the

late thirties of the last century a deputation of ladies begged the hostess about three in the morning to allow the polka to be danced, as there were six ladies in the room who understood it. Permission having been accorded, the six (one of whom was my sister) stepped out with their partners, all of them, curiously enough, dressed in black, which caused people to say it was a chimney-sweep's dance. Extraordinary excitement was created by the innovation, Lady Jersey, the Duchess of Bedford, and numbers of other fine ladies clambering up on chairs and benches to get a good view. My sister was then just out of the schoolroom, and had recently married Lord Pollington, son of Lord Mexborough. She adored dancing, her love of which may be realised when I say that the night before her only son, the present Lord Mexborough, was born, she was at Lady Salisbury's dance in Arlington Street till one-thirty—the child was born an hour and a half later.

How different was the appearance of the London streets in my young days, when the West End consisted almost solely of the box-like Georgian houses, which year by year are growing fewer in number.

The lamplighters still went their rounds, carrying ladders in order to reach their lamps, and the picturesque-looking milkmaids, or rather milkwomen, always with coloured shawls about their shoulders, carried their pails suspended from a wooden yoke, such as, I fancy, has long gone out of use.

As far as I recollect there were no German bands in those days, though hurdy-gurdys, ground by men who were usually accompanied by a monkey, were not uncommon. Punch and Judy shows were quite frequently met with in the West End, where, I believe, one alone now survives, though a more elaborate and pretentious form of the same entertainment is a regular feature of children's parties.

In the middle of the last century a good many inventions, which have now been brought to perfection, were being vaguely foreshadowed.

As long ago as 1858, for instance, Lord Carlingford announced to the public that he had discovered the secret of flight. Paragraphs appeared in the papers to the effect that he had "clearly established the principle of aerial navigation," that the *Aerhedon*, or "aerial chariot," in the construction of which his lordship had spent several years, "having flown and proved the perfection of its principle, and of the manner in which it has been carried out, it is now a question of forming a company for the purpose of bringing it out, and then for the whole world to witness at last the long-sought-for discovery, advancing civilisation, and administering to the happiness and prosperity of nations."

During my youth the telegraph was unknown, for only in 1844, after an experiment across the Thames at Somerset House, did Professor Wheatstone, in conjunction with Mr. Cooke, lay down the first working line on the Great Western Railway from Paddington to Slough.

Some twenty years before, Ronalds, a clever but unlucky inventor, had submitted a form of telegraphy to Lord Melville, then First Lord of the Admiralty. The latter, however, had replied, through Mr. Barrow, "that telegraphs of any kind were wholly unnecessary, and that no other than the one then in use would be adopted." "I felt," wrote Ronalds, with the spirit of a true philosopher, which we can now thoroughly appreciate, "very little disappointment, and not a shadow of resentment on the occasion, because everybody knows that telegraphs have long been great bores at the Admiralty."

Things which are now ordinary features of everyday life were unknown in my childhood. Only in 1839 did lamps with sperm oil replace the mutton-fat candles generally used in our Norfolk home.

Tinder boxes were then not obsolete, whilst rushlights and dip candles were still in general use. The spring candlesticks of that day were the joy of mischievous children, who used to revel in the delight of letting the spring go, and thus shooting the lighted candle up to the ceiling—a most destructive and dangerous trick it was.

The original inventor of Lucifer matches was, I believe, Mr. John Walker, of Stockton, a chemist, who died in 1859. The discovery was made by him whilst experimenting with various chemical substances, and for a considerable time he realised a handsome income from the sale of his matches in boxes at one shilling and sixpence each. This

did not last long. Professor Faraday, being in the north, heard of the invention, and in passing through Stockton obtained a box, which he took with him to London, and referred to in one of his lectures.

Though the world in which I lived as a child was a totally different one from that of to-day—in many ways as different as that of prehistoric times—I am not conscious of having witnessed any sudden changes; everything, indeed, seems to have evolved by gradual steps, though of late years violently Radical ideas seem to have made very quick progress.

The world of my childhood knew neither the telephone nor the electric light; railways were in their infancy, and the motor-car and airship undreamt of as practical possibilities The aristocracy still possessed real power, and enjoyed considerable privileges; whilst the Utopian conceptions of Socialism, if thought of at all, could have been publicly preached only at considerable personal risk. The cosmopolitan ideas which are now becoming so widely spread, would have then been very unpopular amongst the overwhelming mass of Englishmen and Englishwomen, for dread and dislike of the foreigner yet lingered from the not very distant time of the Napoleonic wars.

In former days, when life moved slowly, people became very attached to the houses in which they lived, and did not change from one to the other as is at present the case. Now a house is purchased one year and sold the next. Some persons possessed of a

knack for doing up their houses in an attractive manner have at times made almost a profession of this. The idea of a permanent home seems to have but slight attraction for those of the present generation well endowed with the good things of the world; in all probability the custom of making frequent trips abroad, and staying in luxuriously equipped hotels, has largely contributed to such a state of affairs. Formerly, people troubled themselves little about artistic surroundings, and provided a house was comfortable to live in, little more was required, and they often spent the whole of their lives in one house, for which, from habit, they felt a sentimental attachment. To-day the vast majority of those living in the West End appear ready to sell or let their residence without the least feeling of regret, provided they can secure advantageous terms. A great number of the houses about Mayfair appear to be quite new, but such is in a vast number of instances not the case, the real truth being that the old building still exists in a remodelled form, together with an ornate façade, generally of a style somewhat out of keeping with the staid Georgian spirit of the locality.

At the same time, it must be admitted that the modern houses are generally far more bright and comfortable than were those of half a century ago, in which too often a dull uniformity of colouring produced an inevitable feeling of depression.

One of the greatest changes is that which has taken place in house decoration, and especially in the adornment of rooms, which were formerly much

stiffer and less comfortable, in appearance at least, than to-day. The rooms used by men were especially bleak, and any attempt at their artistic adornment, decoration by flowers and the like, would have been branded with the stigma of effeminacy. People had a sort of idea that a certain amount of discomfort fortified and strengthened the character. It is now difficult to decide whether they were right, but without doubt the strengthening process, as applied to delicate children, frequently led to their untimely demise. Delicate boys, if not positively forbidden by school regulations to wear greatcoats except on certain stated occasions, were yet prevented from doing so by the public opinion of their schoolmates. This was the state of affairs at Eton up to a comparatively recent period, and directly or indirectly it produced, in all probability, a good deal of illness.

Girls, now encouraged to take part in healthy out-of-door pursuits, were the victims of all sorts of prejudices as to what was and what was not proper for a young lady to do, the result being that the natural developement of their minds, as well as of their bodies, was shackled and cramped.

On the whole, I should say the physical side of life is far more natural and healthy to-day than ever before since the days of primitive man, for it is now pretty generally understood that fresh air, which our ancestors generally tried to exclude by all the means in their power, is as necessary to humanity as fresh water to the fish. The stuffy atmosphere of rooms, where windows were seldom opened and the rays of

the sun scarcely allowed to penetrate, must have been responsible for thousands of deaths, for, as we now know, the germs of terrible diseases flourish best under such conditions.

In former days many things which are accounted quite ordinary now were considered great luxuries. *Pâté de foie gras*, for instance, was in England not to be obtained so easily as is at present the case, and a terrine from Strasburg was a gift highly appreciated in most country homes. We all remember the Rev. Sydney Smith's high appreciation of this delicacy. "My idea of heaven," said he, "is eating *foie gras* to the sound of trumpets."

Foreign truffles were also not to be obtained in as fresh a condition as prevails at the present time. Personally I have always been fond of the somewhat neglected English truffle which grows under beech trees, and is to be found in many places in Hampshire. *Pâté de foie gras*, without its succulent truffles, has been aptly called a flower without perfume. The French in particular have always highly appreciated the esculent in question. Of it a Frenchwoman once wrote: "Rien que le voir les yeux rient et les cœurs chantent."

Besides taking a great interest in the English truffle, *Tuber æstivum*, I at one time took up the subject of edible fungi, to the study of which I was prompted by a great muscologist, the Rev. M. B. Berkeley. Most people regard anything in this line, except mushrooms, as being poisonous in the extreme, but this is not strictly true; many

so-called toadstools, indeed, are valuable, though neglected, accessories of the table, capable of accentuating and varying the flavour of many a dish. The most dangerous fungi closely resemble harmless species. Mushrooms are like men—the bad most closely imitate the good. Cup-shaped toadstools, and the gorgeous ones which grow in such profusion in shady spots, are also highly dangerous. Puff balls, on the other hand, are said to be fairly harmless, though hardly fit for eating. Admirable are the qualities of the neglected Fairy Ring, and also of the edible Boletus, so much liked by Dumas; the tall parasol mushroom is also one of the most delicious of edible fungi. The highly poisonous Amanita, red, salmon, and yellow, with white scales beneath, is no doubt largely responsible for the ill-odour in which so-called toadstools are held, some, like the giant puff ball, quite unjustly. Fried and sliced this latter is harmless, and quite palatable.

A great change in country houses has been the introduction of bathrooms, formerly very rare even in London, at a time when bathing conveniences for the public at large were non-existent. The first Turkish baths in London were established in Jermyn Street, about forty years ago, by a Mr. Urquhart. This gentleman, who had extremely original views, was a peace advocate of the most uncompromising kind. He actually put forward a proposal that any unjust war should be prevented by the leaders of the various schools of religious thought, who should prohibit those over whom

they had influence from fighting. This was at a time when trouble was brewing with Afghanistan, and Mr. Urquhart went so far as to urge the Archbishop of Canterbury to excommunicate the Queen!

London formerly contained a number of curious exhibitions, some of them dating back to the eighteenth century. The most important of these was Miss Linwood's exhibition of needlework pictures in Leicester Square, which was first opened to the public in 1787, lasted well into my time, being closed in 1846, when she died in her ninetieth year. Most of the pictures in question, which were skilfully worked, were copies after famous masters. It would be interesting to know what has become of these works, which at one time were reckoned amongst the sights of London.

People were much interested in curiosities, which now would provoke little interest, though I observe that dwarfs still attract the public. What a sensation the famous General Tom Thumb used to produce! He was a very irascible little man, and the following anecdote was told about him.

The General, having had an angry discussion with his mother, in whose favour he had previously made his will, the dame menaced his little person with a flogging unless he complied with her wishes. But Tom, notwithstanding, continued to hold out, until, finding himself suspended in mid-air in one hand, and the birch ready to be applied in the other, he roared out at the top of his infantine voice, "Mind what you are about, mother; if you

hit me I'll change my will, you may depend on it," and the birch, as by enchantment, fell harmless from the uplifted hand.

The introduction of many usages, now general, gave rise to amusing incidents. Such a one was the story told of an old-fashioned couple who received a card of invitation to dinner from some much gayer folks than themselves. At the bottom of the card was the then new R.S.V.P. This puzzled the worthy pair, who could not make out what the mysterious letters meant. The old gentleman took a nap upon it, from which he was awakened by his helpmate, who said, after shaking him up, "My love, I have found it out. R.S.V.P. means—Remember six, very punctual!"

In former days there was a great deal more etiquette as to certain social usages than is the case to-day. The paying of calls, for instance, was strictly regulated by a code, any breach of which was seriously regarded. The leaving of cards was also subject to well-defined social laws, and usage decreed that, of two people, it should always be the one of higher rank who first left their visiting cards.

Visiting cards, it is probably not generally known, originated from ordinary playing cards, which were used as such as late as the close of the eighteenth century. A proof of this is that when, some time ago, certain repairs were being made at a house in Dean Street, Soho, a few playing cards with names written on the back were found behind a marble chimney-piece. One of the cards in ques-

tion was inscribed " Isaac Newton," and the house had been the residence of his father-in-law, Hogarth, in one of whose pictures of Marriage *à la mode*—Plate IV.—several 'playing card' visiting cards may be seen lying on the floor in the right-hand side of the picture, one of them inscribed, " Count Basset begs to no how Lady Squander slept last nite." As time went on specially devised visiting cards, with somewhat ornate calligraphy, took the place of playing cards, and these in time developed into the small and simple pieces of pasteboard in use to-day.

At one time there was a great mania for concealing doors by all sorts of devices, and in the libraries of old English country houses there was generally a door contrived in the bookcases, one side of which was covered with sham books to match the rest of the room. The titles were sometimes very amusing, the best instance being in the library at Chatsworth, where the titles in question were composed by Tom Hood for the Duke of Devonshire of the day. Amongst them is *On cutting off Heirs with a Shilling*, by Barber Beaumont. There actually existed a gentleman of this name, J. T. Barber Beaumont, F.S.A., Major of the Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters, who wrote several real books. *Percy Vere* in forty volumes (the latter an allusion to the forty volumes of the Percy Anecdotes) is another good title; so is *Annual Parliaments, a Plan for Short Commons. Michau on Ball Practice* is an allusion to my old dancing mistress, Madame Michau, who was widely

known in the thirties of the last century. *Debrett on Chain Piers*, *Shelley's Conchologist*, and *Ude's Tables of Interest*, all allude to well-known men. M. Ude was a famous French cook in the royal household, who afterwards was engaged by Mr. Crockford for his celebrated Temple of Chance in St. James' Street. Perhaps the best of all is *Chronological Account of the Date Tree*, but *Memoirs of Mrs. Mountain*, by Ben Lomond, and *Boyle on Steam*, run it close. Mrs. Mountain, it should be mentioned, was a celebrated singer who died in 1841.

At my Hampshire home we used to make a particular feature of decorating the dinner-table with flowers after a fashion which is seldom, if ever, seen now. One or two of our gardeners were great experts in the art of producing designs formed of flowers and leaves, and when people were staying with us, an hour or two before dinner these men would set to work and convert the table into a veritable floral carpet. The effect they produced was often quite beautiful, being chiefly composed of elaborate tracery, often formed of petals and the like, though, of course, far more artificial than that conveyed by the modern fashion of flowers with long stalks in bowls and vases.

With regard to dinners, within recent years a considerable change has taken place as to the number of dishes. Formerly a constant subject of complaint with regard to dinner-parties was that there were too many courses, but if things go on as they have been going of late, guests will soon begin to complain that they have had no dinner at

all, the fashionable modern tendency being to give a very light *entrée* in the place of a joint, which now seldom figures on a menu. This, and another *entrée*, soup, a little fish, and a very light sweet, seem considered sufficient dinner for even a large party, and those guests who may not care for the *entrées* practically get nothing to eat at all. In addition to this, everything is served at such lightning speed that it is as much as one can do to swallow the few mouthfuls called dinner before one's plate has been snatched away. The whole system of these hurried modern meals is uncomfortable and unhealthy.

Fashion in dogs, as in most things, has undergone many changes within my experience. Formerly comparatively little attention was devoted to the breeds so popular to-day, which had not then been brought to anything like their present perfection. Many people were quite content with clever little mongrels, though a breed of very small black dogs belonging, I think, to the great family of terriers, were favourite pets with ladies thirty or forty years ago. A number of men, strongly suspected of being dog-stealers when opportunity occurred, used to frequent Rotten Row, offering little monstrosities of this kind for sale. Many of these small rats (for they were little else) were of mixed breed. They were rather tiresome and mischievous creatures, much given to eating up anything which came in their way, from a ball of worsted to a box of chocolates. Personally, though I have never been without a dog as a pet, I have never bought

one in my life, having always had the offer of more than I was able to accept from my friends.

The Pomeranians, which people are so fond of now, were not in much request in past days, whilst, as far as I recollect, the French bulldog was unknown. Amongst the dogs I have had I was particularly fond of several lion dogs, or Pekinese spaniels, given me by the late Duke of Richmond, who used to breed them at Goodwood.

The lion dogs, I believe, originated from a cross between the King Charles and a Chinese species —they are generally something of the colour of a Chow and possess great hunting instincts, though I have never heard of one catching anything. Nevertheless, they will roam about all day perfectly happy, engaged upon what is surely the most bloodless and inoffensive form of sport. These dogs have very powerful paws, and when necessity arises can jump from great heights with extreme safety and ease.

The Duke of Richmond, I believe, was the first to introduce the Pekinese into England, having bred from some sent to him by a cousin from China. To-day there are many breeders—Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, Lady Decies, Mrs. Douglas Murray, and several other ladies being noted for the perfection of their dogs. Mr. Charles Davis, not content at being an expert in questions of art, at one time also became a highly successful breeder of these beautiful little animals. Though he never kept many of these dogs, he had the great good fortune to breed an extraordinarily fine one

called Kia-mien, for which he was once offered no less than £600. He preferred, however, to keep his pet, which died only a few years ago. I have often envied him the possession of the lovely little Pekinese, which I have seen luxuriously curled up before his fire, according perfectly with the priceless *objets d'art*, when I have gone to have a pleasant chat with this most cultured and agreeable connoisseur of art.

It may interest some to know what the chief points of a Pekinese should be. They are—

Lion-shaped body.

Flat skull, and large eyes—very wide between.

Black mask and jet-black nose, which must be very short.

Long feathering on the ears and feet.

Short bowed front legs and broad chest.

Long bushy tail, turned over on to the back.

The usual weight of the Pekinese dog is about 8 to 10 lb., but some weigh as much as 16 lb., while others only weigh 4½ lb., and then there is what is called the sleeve specimen, which weighs considerably under 4½ lb., but these are very rarely met with.

The colours most admired at the present day are dark chestnut, sable, golden red, and black. There are also many other colours, such as biscuit, black and tan, black and white, brindle, chocolate, and liver.

A dog which now seems completely to have disappeared is the "Plum Pudding" variety, so many of which used to be seen running under carriages.

These have now long vanished with the splendid coaches, powdered coachmen and footmen in gorgeous liveries, who were such features of the West End in the days before bowler hats and cloth caps had carried everything before them.

People of other days had far fewer amusements than is now the case, and were often very embarrassed as to how to amuse distinguished visitors.

When Ibrahim Pasha was in England in the late fifties of the last century, every effort was made to make his time pass pleasantly. Amongst other things, he was taken to see a cricket match at Lord's. After staring weariedly for the space of two hours at the strenuous exertions of the picked players of England, he at length, in despair, sent a message to the captains of the elevens, that he did not wish to hurry them, but that when they were tired of running about he would be much obliged to them if they would begin their game.

In old days it was the custom at the proper season for people to go and eat strawberries in the market gardens, which then were quite easily accessible from London. I frequently went. Hammersmith not so very long ago, as is well known, was noted for its strawberries and early fruit, which the market gardeners of the locality made a point of producing.

That old-world flower the fuchsia, which used to be prominent in every cottage garden, was, it is said, first introduced into English gardens from Hammersmith, at the close of the eighteenth century, when some nursery gardeners called

Lee were celebrated for the flowers which they grew. The nursery garden of the Lees had once been a vineyard, from the grapes of which tradition asserted that large quantities of Burgundy were made. In view, however, of the somewhat indifferent success which has attended modern attempts to make wine from English-grown grapes, one cannot help speculating as to who can have cared to drink this Hammersmith Burgundy, especially as I believe the nearest approach to any successful manufacture of English wine has been in the direction of light-coloured brands. In all probability this so-called Burgundy contained other ingredients besides grapes, and was compounded of various mixtures such as went to the making of the home-made wines, cowslip, ginger, currant, and the like. Wine made from beetroot was occasionally passed off upon unsuspecting people, not used to French wines, as claret, and a wine made from mangel-wurzels used to be highly appreciated by English villagers, who declared that its taste reminded them of sherry.

In the eighteenth century a Mr. Warner, who had studied the history of the English vineyards cultivated by the monks, made an attempt to grow grapes for wine at Rotherhithe. He chose Burgundy grapes, because he had observed that they ripen early, and planted his vines as standards. It is said that he occasionally made as much as a hundred gallons of wine in a season, but history is silent as to whether anyone liked drinking it!

Horse-drawn carriages are now disappearing.

The first and original brougham, it may be added, built for the Lord Chancellor of that name, after whom the carriage is called, still existed some years ago, and probably exists to-day. The property of Lord Bathurst, it was exhibited during the coaching exhibition which was held at the defunct Westminster Aquarium. The brougham was finished and delivered to the clebrated Lord Brougham upon May 15th, 1838.

Amongst the changes of the last sixty years, that in the uniform of our soldiers is especially conspicuous. The old coatee with epaulettes, which they formerly wore, survives only in the dress of such corps as the Gentlemen-at-Arms, the Royal Scottish Archers, the officers of the Yeomen of the Guard, the City Marshal, and in a few other instances, such as the Lord and Deputy Lieutenants, who, after being for some years doomed to wear the modern tunic, were once more accorded their old costume by the late King. The sight of the Guards in coatees would seem surprising to the present generation, yet, up to about 1855, they, and all the British Infantry, wore them, whilst the Guards also donned white trousers in summer. At the same period policemen and postmen both wore top hats, whilst some of the early volunteers were wonderfully equipped. I wonder if anyone remembers the "six foot guards," as some specially tall volunteers were called?

The early days of the volunteer movement excited great enthusiasm. The force in question served a very good purpose in its day, although

it has been described as having been born in a panic, nursed in neglect, and developed in its maturity into a military monstrosity.

The old volunteers, though occasionally subjected to ridicule, if perhaps scarcely efficient, were thoroughly patriotic. They went long marches (principally, it was jokingly said) by train, attended the meetings at Wimbledon and the Easter Monday volunteer reviews. Whilst perhaps of no very great value from a military point of view, it should not be forgotten that in their day they were utilised for some really useful purposes, such as the protection of armouries during a Fenian scare.

A great pillar of the volunteer movement, Lord Wemyss, still survives. The years have passed lightly over the dignified figure of this "great gentleman," for whom I entertain the very highest respect as the beau-ideal of what an English peer should be. His wife, also a friend of mine like her husband, is a clever and charming woman.

In old days people were somewhat mistrustful of the post. Some made a point of posting their own letters, for greater safety they thought. Such a one, a susceptible gentleman, who had written a letter to a lady with whom he had fallen in love, determined to do this, thinking the missive too precious to be entrusted to a servant. Strolling out of his club he walked leisurely along in the hopes of finding a pillar or letter-box, musing on his love, in the course of which meditation he unconsciously dropped the precious document into

a solicitor's box near the Strand. In the hurry of the moment the letter was opened, and, greatly to the surprise of the man of law, it was found to contain a great deal of what this worthy individual termed "balderdash!" The letter was at once returned to its writer, with this laconic remark, "Love, not law. Further communications to be addressed to the Divorce Court." This untoward event reminds one of a story told of a country letter-carrier, who, to his avocation of postman, combined that of an *accoucheur*, and upon whose cards appeared the following eccentric information: "Letters and Ladies safely delivered!"

Perforated postage stamps first appeared in the early fifties of the last century—as a matter of fact, I believe, 1853 was the exact year. The process of perforation was invented by a Mr. Archer, whose patent was acquired by Government for £4000. A claim to having originated a device for easily separating postage stamps has also been made for a Mr. Wilkinson of Yarmouth, but in any case it was Mr. Archer's machine which, on the recommendation of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, was taken into use by the Post Office. As late as 1854 unperforated penny stamps were still in use—the remains of the old stock.

It is difficult in these days to realise that photography was only brought to perfection in comparatively recent years. In the fifties a successful portrait depended entirely upon the action of the sun. The following illustrates this—

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT
SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.
19th day of December 1859

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—Upon inquiry I find that the Sun has not done sufficient justice to portraits of Mr. Redgrave and myself to justify us in sending a copy of his performance.

When he resumes his operations, we shall be very pleased to be placed in your gallery, and will endeavour to have justice done to Nature's handywork.

Pray remember me to Mr. Nevill, and believe me, always faithfully yours, HENRY COLE

In the old days, when the children of a landed proprietor married, there was always a concourse of mounted tenantry to greet them on their return home after the honeymoon. After my marriage to Mr. Nevill we passed some days at Burnham Thorpe, after which we returned to my father's house. The following was written by my dear governess a day or two before our return —

WOLTERTON, *Wednesday*

MY DEAREST DOROTHY,—Don't think it ungracious if we beg of you to defer your return one day, and not to come until Friday ; as the tenants, imagining your return was to be on that day, had prepared to meet you at Itteringham and escort you home, and it would be so great a disappointment to them and they cannot be ready before. Lord Orford, though pleased with the attention

proposed for his darling, is sorry to lose one day of your company, but he gives it up to please others. Pray be at the Walpole Arms, Itteringham, or near, about half-past two on Friday; you will come of course in your brougham, and we hope the day will be propitious as before. There will be a tenants' and servants' ball in the evening. I was quite sorry to find that by a mistake in the letter-box, a letter I wrote to you did not go until several days after it was written. It was not worth sending, but that I could not bear you should think I had been so remiss as not to send you one word of affectionate remembrance when, in reality, I never for five minutes forget my darling, and in the midst of storms rejoice that you have found a haven of rest. The cart leaves here this afternoon; will you send as much luggage as you can spare by it to-morrow. If you are not able to get to Walsingham, Lord O. says you can easily manage to visit it from Wolterton, and that it would be a pleasant excursion for the whole party here to join you in on a fine day—such as this for example. It is much feared that the Wests must leave us on Saturday, but it is not quite a settled thing. You will hear of all the events small and great when you return. Till then and for ever, God bless you, dearest. With best love from all here to you and Mr. Nevill.—Believe me, ever your most affectionate,

ELIZABETH REDGRAVE

Remember half-past two on Friday.

The last survivor of the Wests mentioned above is my cousin, Sir Algernon West. Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff, then quite a boy I remember, was also at Wolterton at this time, where he was much given to playing jokes. Throughout his life he was of a very lively disposition.

The postilions with their quaint blue jackets, with nosegays at the breast, and smart white beaver hats, have now long ceased to figure at weddings. I fancy, however, that the custom of throwing an old shoe after the happy couple still continues. This, it is said, originated from an occurrence at the marriage of John Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough, who was assailed on his wedding day by an angry aunt, who threw her old slippers at him. His great good fortune was by some attributed to this, which caused the custom to be generally adopted. Whether there is any historical foundation for this fanciful explanation I am unable to say.

As late as the fifties quite a number of peers wore blue coats and brass buttons. Lord Redesdale, for instance, wore a swallow-tailed blue coat with brass buttons, a white neck-tie, and shoes tied with a bow of black silk ribbon. Nobody ever saw him in any other suit except at a levée. On the whole there has been comparatively little change in gentlemen's dress during the last half-century, though, of course, minor variations have been frequent. Not so very many years ago quite a number of men wore white duck trousers with a frock-coat in summer. The ducks seem now to have totally disappeared, whilst

I fear the frock-coat is in a fair way to follow them. The hideous, though convenient, cloth cap is a quite modern invention, as was the dinner jacket, which appears after a hard fight to have been conquered by the old swallow-tailed evening coat, which was probably never so firmly established in public favour as it is to-day. The top hat, though threatened, still holds its own. A great change has taken place in the shape of this headgear since the sixties, when it was far higher than it is now, and thoroughly deserved the appellation of " stove-pipe," which the Americans, I believe, still call it. During the sixties there was a craze amongst men for large and loud checks and plaids. Some people carried this to a great extreme.

Lord Brougham, for instance, was noted for his shepherd's plaid trousers. It was said that once, when he was at Edinburgh canvassing the electors, a manufacturer of the neighbourhood presented him with a large roll of a new design of tartan which he had brought out. It was a piece of some twenty or thirty yards. His lordship had it all made up into trousers, and wore them ever after. People declared that he had been heard to say that he had pairs enough left to last him his lifetime.

The modern tendency would appear to be to suppress all eccentricity of colour or cut in man's dress. In fact, the whole object of a well-dressed gentleman is now to escape notice by the unobtrusive nature of his well-cut clothes. This was not always the case in the past, when West End tailors permitted themselves various extravagances.

It was the confusion and interchange of hats on leaving parties (not always accidental) that led to the fashion, now obsolete, of carrying opera hats in the hand when entering the room.

A story used to be told of a gentleman who, leaving a party about one in the morning, asked the attendant to get him his hat. The man inquired the description of hat. "A perfectly new one," was the answer. "Ah!" rejoined the other, shrugging his shoulders, "your chance is hopeless. After eleven o'clock we never have a decent hat left."

In the fifties the sleeves of men's coats began to be made very full indeed. At last they became almost gigot sleeves, which caused it to be said that the "peg tops" (as the full trousers then fashionable were called) were leaving the gentlemen's legs, and taking shelter under their arms.

Woman's dress, of course, has varied very greatly since the days when the crinoline went out of fashion. Within the last ten or fifteen years it has become far more artistic, and a great deal of time, thought, and money is now devoted to the designing of costumes, which have, of course, enormously increased in price.

One article of female dress, formerly highly popular, has now completely disappeared. This is the shawl, which, about forty-five years ago or so, was in great favour with high and low. Many a young lady spent the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette and the London dressmaker went to their work with a little shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost

gin-drinker covered her rags with the remnant of the shawl of better days. The peasant's daughter bought a cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it was washed and dyed until, having wrapped all her babies in it, it was finally dyed black to signalise her widowhood.

The crinoline was an odious, hideous, and dangerous affair. On one occasion I was as nearly as possible burnt to death owing to one I was wearing catching fire, and had I not had the presence of mind to lie down and roll myself in the hearth-rug, I should certainly have been burnt to death. Even at the time when crinolines were in fashion, it was generally admitted that they were monstrous things, though some ladies defended them.

One of these, a silly woman, having archly remarked that if crinolines had no other advantage they at least kept men at a distance, added, "That, at least, you will admit is a great blessing." "To the men," growled an old bachelor who was present. Feminine dress began almost imperceptibly to inflate, as it were, until the change in the ten years from 1851 to 1861 was almost as great and as marked as in the palmy days of the hoop petticoat, which were from 1700 to 1800.

So cumbersome and heavy did the distended skirts become when the crinoline craze was at its height, that an invention for mechanically raising them was actually patented. The date of the Patent, No. 158, was February 3rd, 1858, and the specification was as follows:—

"Improved apparatus for raising and lowering

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL IN 1865

the skirts of ladies' dresses. This consists in the use of a girdle, with cords united at one end in a knot, whilst their other extremities are attached to the garment. By drawing them up by hand at the knot, the dress will be raised to the distance required, uniformly all round. The cords are passed over pulleys."

Owing to the amplitude of women's skirts, great inconvenience was caused in churches, theatres, and public places generally

A very embarrassing and somewhat amusing instance of this once occurred at a fashionable church. A gentleman sitting at the end of one of the open seats had placed his hat upon the ground, when his attention being directed to the spot by the occupier of a seat opposite to him, he discovered that his hat had suddenly vanished! His consternation, which was great, was in no way lessened by a whisper from his neighbour that "the lady yonder has taken it away"! The "lady yonder" was a demoiselle attired in the height of fashion and the fullest breadth of crinoline, who was sweeping up the aisle to her accustomed pew. "What! that lady taken my hat? Impossible!" But before verbal explanation could be given, a sudden halt made by the fair one at the entrance to the pew, a flutter of excitement, and a shaking of the broad expanse of dress skirt, made all manifest. The hat, over which the crinoline had dropped *en passant*, and which had been dragged, or swept, or carried, at the lady's heels, was shaken off, the lady entered her pew suffused

with blushes, and the owner of the buffeted hat had to make a grand tour up the aisle, amidst the titters of several lookers-on, to regain the sadly battered head-covering so strangely spirited away.

Defenders of the crinoline enlisted all sorts of evidence to prove its advantages and beauty. A great emporium which did a large trade in the monstrosity drew support, indeed, from an unexpected quarter, and issued the following manifesto—"The great art critic, Mr. Ruskin, has said that the female dress of the present day is as near perfection as possible. Although we may wisely remember that our ancestors probably thought the same of garments which we now consider hideous, it is difficult to look upon the costumes in the picture before us without some feelings of admiration of the justness and propriety of his remarks. The costumes of the men are exactly suited to display their proportions, and leave them the free use of their limbs; whilst those of the women continue the soft flowing lines of the neck and bust in a graceful sweep, which is an improvement on Hogarth's celebrated 'line of beauty.'

"Surely the author of the 'Enormous Abomination of the Hoop-Petticoat' would have found all his shafts of ridicule or indignation fruitless as against these present graceful articles of clothing. His principal objections are at once removed; the present hoop-petticoats in Kensington Gardens are guiltless of any 'creaking or rattling'; they

at once resume their original shape if pressed out of it, and do not 'sway ridiculously from side to side when the wearer walks.' If it were within our province, we might dilate on the improvements effected in the 'hoop,' not only in its external appearance, but could perhaps weary, but certainly astonish, our readers with an account of improvements in its mechanical application. Even now we have before us an account of 'Gemma,' or jewelled jupon (so-called, we presume, from some polished rivets, to connect the steel bands, being substituted for a band of metal). This jupon, with all its hangings complete, only weighs 14 oz.! Surely this must be a boon to invalids and watering-place belles? The 'Sansflectum,' the 'Ondina,' or waved jupon, have all their separate advantages, and, no doubt, their individual advocates and patronesses."

"Did the Vanessas, the Mary Bellingtons, the Molly Lepels, wear pork-pie hats or sansflectum skirts, which form such brilliant motes in this our midsummer evening dream? No; the fact is too plain. The extreme products of civilisation intrude themselves upon us, and we awake to look upon the excited iron age of England, and to be reminded of its existence even in the dresses of England's fairest daughters."

The last page of this pro-crinoline tract is occupied by descriptions beneath cuts of various forms of dress distinctions, the cost of which varies between ten and forty shillings. Most of these have fanciful names, such as the "Gemma," the

"Sansflectum," or the patent "Ondina," or "Waved Jupon," which, an appended quotation from a newspaper of the day somewhat quaintly says, "does away with the unsightly results of the ordinary hoops, and so perfect are the wave-like bands that a lady may ascend a steep stair, lean against a table, throw herself into an armchair, pass to her stall at the opera, or occupy a fourth seat in a carriage, without inconvenience to herself or others, or provoking the rude remarks of the observers, besides removing or modifying in an important degree all those peculiarities tending to destroy the modesty of Englishwomen; and, lastly, it allows the dress to fall into graceful folds."

Some ladies continued to wear the costume of their youthful days well into the seventies of the last century. Such a one was Lady Charlotte Lyster, a dear friend of the late Lord Rowton and his sister. She entirely withdrew from the world after the death of her husband, in whom she was wrapped up to the exclusion of every other thought. It was a curious, if somewhat pathetic sight, to see her and Lady Forester—a great friend—dressed in poke bonnets, crinolines, and the widows' caps of thirty years before. Both of these ladies refused to change a shred of their old fashions.

Amongst old family letters I have found several which are of interest as describing the life of a past generation.

The following is an account of a visit to

Wales in 1813, at which time Llandrindod seems to have been a somewhat peculiar pleasure resort—

HARDINGSTONE
October the 11*th*

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—Vade was so worn out with the fatigue of preparing to quit Llandrindod and travelling home by a circuit of 300 miles, that he has hitherto been unable to dictate the sequel of our history, but as such pleasant events are not soon forgotten, I now write in continuation of the subject: Our provisions (of which I think I have yet said nothing), in point of quality, variety, and cooking were not ill suited to our habitation; of Beef and Mutton (for veal and lamb it seems are unknown in these regions), the former does not attain the age of 2 years and being fed on the common has *much bone, little flesh,* and no *fat,* and the latter tho' of all ages, from an equal defect of condition, has more the flavour of the *goat* than the *deer.* Poultry of all kinds, there being no buyers, is cheap, and when judiciously cooked, no doubt good, but as this talent was not among the numerous perfections of our hostess, it might, when served up, be put on a footing with the Beef and Mutton, being always burnt to a cinder or boiled to a jelly; in order to remedy this evil of Mrs. Watkin's roasting, or rather toasting the meat, for having no *Jack,* the spit was *only occasionally* turned round. We once ventured to request she would *broil* some steakes in the parlor, but

unfortunately, either never using, or at that time not having a *flag*, she substituted the natural *mouchoir* instead of the *artificial* one, in the midst of the process, which for ever deterred us from a second experiment; superadded to the flavor of the mutton and beef, we for some time enjoyed the addition of mustiness, it being usual in this part of Wales to preserve meat from flies by closing it up in a pan, as this evil was intolerable; the meat, there being no other place, which freely admitted air, was hung up at the entrance of the house, the ceiling of which, being low, made it necessary for those who entered to stoop lest it should come in contact with their heads; just as this arrangement had taken place the weather changed, which gave rise to fresh discoveries, matts and scrapers not being among Mrs. Watkin's list of furniture, the entry with the meat above and the slippery dirt below, had now the air of a slaughter house and the parlor from its condition within, and the noise of the swine without, was like a pig stye.

Picture to yourself our return from a walk between the showers and finding each side of the door ornamented with a child of the Landlady's (who lately had twins), sitting in perforated chairs and having to pass thro' such a vestibule, to such a parlor, where, finding the fire at its last spark, the servant girl makes her appearance with the bottom of an old warming pan containing a few small coals, and some turf, the effect of which fuel, in conjunction, we found by experience would

not burn, so that we should have had no fire unless Vade had not obviated the evil by robbing the hedges in our walks of all the rotten wood he could find. During the dry weather our sleeping apartment had often puzzled us by the capricious appearance of the floor in respect to dirt and cleanness, but the rain, which was very liberally admitted by the dilapidated state of the roof, fully explained the riddle and Vade is enclined to think he might have saved himself the trouble of sending for a shower bath, could he have depended upon the continuation of weather, so favourable to the purpose. Just before our leaving this earthly paradise, we were much alarmed (as the same complaint prevails here which does in Scotland, and from the same cause), on account of an irruption which appeared upon Vade attended with pain and irritation, but fortunately it turned out to be nothing more than the bite of the harvest bugs, which he thinks he must have got among his cloaths in the stable, that being the place in which William performed the Office of Groom of the bath. In Wales, as well as England, they have base coin and dirty notes ; I enclose you a specimen of each, the former you may thro' into the fire, and the latter, tho' I believe it is genuine, we could not pass on account of its being from North Wales ; the value is not great, viz. 10s., but if Mr. Jones could forward it in a frank, to any acquaintance who lives in those parts and get it changed, it will be better than its remaining useless in Vade's pocket book.

Mrs. Mercier's note you will be so kind as to forward. We hope Lord A. and Lady Harriet are well.—Yours affectionately,

M. R. VADE

The Honourable John Nevill (who, as an officer of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, fought in the Peninsula, where he was wounded) after his return to England became a clergyman. In the course of time, it may be mentioned, he succeeded to the Earldom of Abergavenny. The following is a letter from him written to his sister Harriett (mentioned in Mr. Vade's letter) when he was setting out for the wars—

CHICHESTER
November 22nd, 1807

MY DEAREST HARRIET,—A thousand thanks to you for your very kind letter which I got on my arrival here yesterday from Arundel. We march to-morrow to Portsmouth, 18 miles, we don't know wether they will send us on board as soon as we get there, which they generally do, not having room for many soldiers in the town, or else they send you into Barracks made on purpose for troops going to embark, untill the second division comes up, which will be on Wednesday. We are still ignorant what part of Ireland we are going to but first we think to Cork and then proceed to Barracks in the country. You may depend my dear Harriet that you shall hear from me the moment I land, if it should please God to let me, but don't be dis-

appointed if you don't receive a letter so soon as you could wish, as the wind, and a thousand different things may prevent you receiving it. I tell you this that you may not think that anything has happened. I am afraid that I shall be sick, but a soldier must not mind that, as he must some time or other go to sea and the sooner I get used to it the better, now that I am eager for the profession. This place is completely filled with Military, marching in all directions. The 89th, General Wittloch's, 31st, 73rd, German Legion, 2nd Dragoon Guards, and the 25th, are all here this day—there is nothing but quarrelling with them. It rains here very hard. We are lucky in having this a halting day. I am afraid you will have a bad journey to Eridge. I hope that the Medicine that Dr. Arnold has prescribed will be of service to you and that when I come home I may be permitted to see you all and that I may find you quite recovered and enjoying better health.

I have wrote to my father to-day, whom I hope is quite well, and also my Aunt and Uncle to whom please to give my most affectionate love to them, and please to tell them how very grateful I am for the affectionate love and kindness they have shown me, which I shall never forget. Give my love to Nan and Reginald,[1] whom I hope are quite well, and tell Harry that I think of him very often and that he must grow very fast and be a good boy and then I will give him a Commission in my Regiment *when I get one,* that's to say. You shall hear from

[1] Mr. Reginald Nevill, my husband.

me at Portsmouth if I have time. You had better not write if you do not get it by Wednesday or Thursday at Portsmouth as we shall sail by that time at farthest.

As I have no more to say and in a hurry as usual, I must conclude with wishing God may give you health, happiness and every blessing and with best love to yourself and all friends at Eridge, not forgetting Mrs. Morgan, who I hope are quite well.—Believe me to be your ever affectionate brother,

J. NEVILL

God bless you Harriet. Like an ass I forgot to put this letter in father's.

The following is a good specimen of a schoolmaster's letter in the early nineteenth century. It was written to my mother-in-law, the Honourable Mrs. George Nevill, about my husband's brother Henry, cousin of Lieutenant John Nevill.

RICHMOND
October 5th, 1822

MADAM,—After I wrote to you about Mr. Henry's foot, the Surgeon adopted a different mode of treatment, which appeared to answer so well, that I thought it unnecessary to take him to Town.

I entertain the highest opinion of the disposition and principles of my Young Friend, and am quite certain that had he been induced at the commencement of his Education to be attentive and correct in what he had to learn, his abilities would have

enabled him to make very considerable attainments, notwithstanding the then state of his health. He is at present perfectly aware that considerable exertion will still be necessary to enable him to take his Degree at the University with respectability, and perhaps that impression may prove the best preventative against the effects of that disposition to yield to imaginary difficulties, from which my anxiety on his account solely arises.

Should the facility of his Disposition lead him into an occasional error, I am satisfied that his good understanding and right feelings will show him his fault, and protect him from a repetition of it. Much, however, must depend upon a choice of associates, and I am happy to say, that he has at least listened attentively to what I have urged upon that subject.

I flatter myself that the dissolution of our relation as Tutor and Pupil, will not affect our friendly feelings towards each other—which on my part, I can very sincerely affirm amount to affectionate esteem.

Mrs. Gream desires I will assure you that she will ever retain an affectionate recollection of our Young Friend, and that she will never forget his uniformly attentive and respectful conduct towards her—and that his departure is regretted by every member of our family.

I cannot conclude without offering to you my most sincere thanks for the kindness with which you have continually treated me, and for the support you have uniformly given to my authority with my

Pupil, without which my efforts must have been unavailing.

Mrs. Gream unites with me in respectful Compliments to Lord Abergavenny, Lady Harriet and Mr. Nevill, and I remain, with great truth.—Madam, your obliged and Obedient Servant,

ROBERT GREAM

And now the time has come to bring these stray notes to an end. They were begun under one reign and finished under another, for during the last few months our beloved King Edward has passed away. From him, as from his best of Queens, I received much kindness, and his death therefore was in my case a personal, as well as a national, loss.

Born in the reign of "the first gentleman in Europe," I have lived to see five monarchs on the English throne. The reign of George the Fourth I scarcely remember, for I was a mere child at the time, but I perfectly recall how scandalised we all were when on the death of the sailor king — William IV—my father, who, as I have before said, was extremely unconventional, made little change in his dress and continued to wear light-coloured pantaloons. These, however, in London, very much to our relief, were more or less concealed by the rug over his knees when he went out in his favourite conveyance—a cabriolet.

To-day yet another "Sailor King" sits upon the throne of England.

May all prosperity and health ever be the lot of our new Monarch and of his charming and gifted

Queen whom, in former days, it was my privilege to know as Princess May.

To the indulgent reader I will bid farewell by paraphrasing the words of Mr. Gream on a preceding page, and offer to him my most sincere thanks for the kindness with which he has continually treated me, and for the support without which my efforts must have been unavailing.

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